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## Jemima Jacobs.

### A STORY OF PRISON LIFE.

I am married, and long out of business now, but some fifteen years ago I was an assistant matron in a prison for female convicts, situated on the south side of London. I am not inclined to give its particular name, though I got reports and a fair share of promotion in the establishment, and left it with the character of an efficient officer; for the story I am about to tell might appear somewhat compromising, in the eyes of strict lady superintendents, if it ever came across them.

Well, I had been about a year in the service, and got fully acquainted with its duties, when a Jewess named Jemima Jacobs was placed in my ward. She was young, not over twenty, I should say, but not at all handsome, being coarse-featured, squat, and of a dirty-brown complexion, which the prison dress did not improve, as you may imagine. Her trial had taken place at the central criminal court, on a charge of stealing plate and jewelry to a large amount from a wealthy Jewish family in which she had been kitchen-maid. The evidence was clear against her, the family being the chief witnesses. Jacobs was convicted, and sentenced to one year's penal servitude, a lenient sentence, as it was thought for her offence. But the family, while they appeared against her, were unanimous on the subject of her previous good conduct, and showed a laudable anxiety to mitigate her punishment by all the means in their power.

After her arrival within our penal walls, no visiting-day elapsed without some of them coming to see and converse with their unlucky kitchen-maid. As my readers are (as I hope) without experience of prison discipline, I may mention that such interviews take place through two opposite grates, the convict standing at the inner, her friends at the outer one, and a prison officer seated in the space between them, to see that nothing is said or done contrary to regulations. I frequently occupied that post, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the whole family, for they came in turn by ones and twos.

Let me premise that their name was Josephs, and their place of business a notable one in Cheapside, with a jeweler's shop in front, and a pawnbroker's office round the corner. They consisted, as far as I ever knew, of a father and a son, a mother and two daughters. The father, a tall thin stooping man, who looked as if he had cried "Cio!" in his time, was always rather shabbily dressed. The son was exactly like him, only some inches shorter; to me he did not look many years younger, though, of course, he must have been; and I cannot say how I found out that his name was Samuel. Probably it was from hearing his mother call him so, for he came with her on the first day. She was an enormous woman, dressed in expensive but half-soiled finery. Her two daughters were handsome, dashing girls, with full faces, an abundance of jewelry, and very fashionable bonnets. They mostly came in their carriage to the door of the road in which the prison is situated; there it waited for them till the interview was over, and father, mother, son or daughters never stayed more than five minutes. The sight of Jacobs and the exchange of a very few words with her seemed to satisfy them, but one and all accosted her with the same sorrowful kindness, as if deeply grieved by her unfortunate position. There was a brief inquiry after her health, an admonition to submit implicitly to the prison regulations, and consider them all for her good, and a declaration that they would take her again to their service, at the expiration of her sentence, if she behaved well. Jacobs made suitable responses and very humble acknowledgments; but one thing struck me as remarkable, and it was never omitted in one of their visits,—they never went without asking if she had come to a proper repentance of her great sin yet, and Jacobs as invariably answered—"I'm afraid I have not." This was so regularly one, that I at last concluded it must have some religious significance only to the Jews. The conduct of the Josephs toward their convicted kitchen-maid was certainly more amiable than Gentiles generally show in like circumstances. But the matrons and assistants soon began to think that the cause might be found in Jacobs herself. A more civil or submissive creature no prison-officer could desire to have in charge. In fact, Jacobs required little care; she scrubbed the stone floors, made the rough bags, was locked up at night, and even attended chapel, with the same uncomplaining hu-

mility. Jacobs gave no trouble; and anybody accustomed to look after female convicts will have an idea of what a rare jewel she must have appeared in our eyes, and what a contrast she presented to the other women of the ward.

I am not going to enter on the woes of an assistant matron; but the unexampled good behavior of my new prisoner, while it spared my nerves and temper, could not but gain my best regards. I positively liked Jacobs before she had been a fortnight under my charge, and the poor Jewess seemed to return my good will. There was no trouble she would not have taken, no haste she would not have made, to serve me; she ran without being bidden; and when allowed to clean my room, as a reward for good conduct—because it conferred additional liberty,—she made everything as bright and polished as if it had been new. I was pleased, of course; but cleaning and scouring appeared to be Jacobs's hobby,—an uncommon one for a Jewess, and still more rare among the inhabitants of our wards. All the time she could spare from prison-work was devoted to sweeping, scrubbing, and polishing up her own cell in the corner. Walls, floor, even the ceiling, got the benefit of her exertions; she reached them with an agility which nobody would expect from her squat figure. Almost the entire ward was indebted to her in this way,—which brings me to the only troublesome inclination Jacobs ever showed.

There was no such thing as getting her to rest or remain in a cell more than two or three weeks; once it was fairly scoured out, and there was nothing more for Jacobs to clean, not a speck of dust left on its bare walls or in its four corners,—she became uneasy, restless, always imploring leave to change with her next neighbor. Prison rules do not recognize such humors; but as in the workings of every system rules will be relaxed and modified according to character and circumstances, so in female convict prisons, the good will of officers, the consideration of directors, and sometimes the general desire for as much of a quiet life as can be got in such places, admit of small matters and allowances beyond the strict regulations. Jacobs seemed to understand the fact, and took her measures accordingly. The only request she ever made to directors, lady superintendent, or chaplain, the only privilege she ever coaxed from me in return for her spontaneous services, the only approach to intimacy with her fellow prisoners she ever tried, was for leave to exchange her cell. There was a report among us—I knew not how it originated—to the effect that the Josephs had made interest in her favor with the prison authorities. Whatever the influence brought to bear on the case might be, certain it was that Jacobs's request was always granted; she got leave to exchange. I could not be more obdurate than the directors to a creature who served me with such zeal; and as for her fellow prisoners, though by no means inclined to assist or gratify each other generally, they were willing enough to oblige Jacobs. In short, before half the time of her sentence had elapsed, she had made the round of the entire ward; and at last requested, with her usual pertinacious humility, an immediate transfer to No. 49, the last cell at the extreme end of the corridor, and the only one she had not tried.

No. 49 was indeed a sort of forgotten or unused cell, partly because it was out of the way, and partly because there was a dark tradition attached to it. I must tell you that my ward formed part of what was called the old prison, a division of the building much more ancient than the rest, which, in former times, had been on certain occasions appropriated to male convicts, and a noted burglar was said to have escaped public execution by hanging himself in that very cell. Such stories never can be got to die out, particularly in prisons; but it was hushed up as far as possible, to save the officers trouble in case the cell should be wanted. That did not happen, to my great satisfaction, and No. 49 was left in its emptiness till Jacobs took a fancy to occupy it. Whether she had heard the tale or not, I had no certainty; it was very likely that some old inhabitant of the prison would make her aware of it. I advised the Jewess against her meditated exchange; told her she could not expect to have another, after going round the ward as she had done; warned her that No. 49 was the most solitary, and probably, from its long emptiness, coldest of all the cells. But my advice and warnings were alike in vain; humbly obstinate as ever, in Jacobs would go and in she went. I determined, in my wrath, that she should

not make another flitting in a hurry, whatever recollections of the burglar might arise. But, to my agreeable surprise, Jacobs appeared to think nothing about him; she scrubbed and cleaned and polished No. 49 with as much energy as she had shown in her former apartments,—if possible, I thought, rather more. The ward-women were unanimous that she knew all about the burglar; but in the cell Jacobs remained, as if perfectly satisfied at last; and when nearly a month had passed, I congratulated myself on the prospect of no more removals.

In the meantime, the Josephs kept on coming to see her at the gate, chiefly the mother and daughters; indeed, I observed that the gentlemen of the family, having doubtless more business on their hands, were but rare visitors, particularly the son Samuel. The dialogue was always the same, concluding with the accustomed inquiry regarding her repentance, which Jacobs continued to answer in the negative; and it appeared to me that the Josephs heard that reply with increased sorrow every day. Their kitchen-maid did not seem to share their grief; she made the accustomed response humbly and calmly, as if certain the requisite amount of contrition would come in good time; and I could not help thinking it a sort of Jewish penance which made her take to the scrubbing and scouring of her out-of-the-way cell more resolutely after every visit.

Things had been going on in that fashion for some time. It was mid-winter, and, besides being unusually cold, a season of peculiar concern to us matrons and assistants. Whoever has had to do with female-convict establishments will be aware that in the dark December, or rather the Christmas and New-year times, there is always a disposition to small riots among the inhabitants of the cells. Whether it arises from the remembrance of former festivities, contrasting with the monotony of prison life, or from some occult influence of the season acting on the spirits and tempers of those difficult subjects, I cannot say; but certain I am, from woful experience, that more windows are then broken, more blankets and sheets torn up, more fierce battles fought, and more women carried off screaming to the dark cell, than at any other period of the year. We had nothing of the kind as yet, and were hoping to get over the troublesome time in comparative quiet; but increased watchfulness was nevertheless considered necessary, and those who did the night duty were enjoined to make the round of the wards more frequently than usual. A dreary business it was for the assistant matrons, to whom the work generally fell, to pace about, all the winter night, through those gloomy stone passages,—wrapped in a cloak, and with lantern in hand,—listening for every sound, looking in at the inspection-hole above every cell-door, and anxiously waiting for the six-o'clock bell, which would relieve their watch.

I was on duty one night about the middle of December. I had made the stipulated rounds, and found everything quiet, when it occurred to me, about three o'clock on the morning, the weariest hour in the whole watch, that all night long I had not looked into or even approached No. 49. The cell, as I have said, was out of the way; there was a sort of bend or angle in the passage, which led to its door, and might have suited for its ancient use—the condemned-cell of the old prison. Jacobs had never given any trouble, and was certainly not a breaking-out subject. I felt it no neglect of duty to leave her alone from hour to hour, while all the rest of the wards were duly inspected; but, for regulations' sake, I felt that I ought to see the door of No. 49, as this was almost my last round. Back I went in its direction,—and let me remark that I had on a pair of list slippers, which were thought perfect treasures to a matron on the night-watch for their noiselessness;—but judge of my amazement and confusion when, on softly approaching the cell of my model prisoner, I caught a low rasping sound, as if something were being done with a file or chisel. There was a faint light, too; I shaded my lantern, and looked through the inspection hole. The gas was burning very low; and crouched in the corner, with her face close to the floor, but working with both hands and a small bit of broken iron, as if to widen a crevice she had made between it and the wall, I saw the hitherto quiet and most manageable Jacobs. She had not heard and could not see me; and great as my surprise was, my curiosity to know what she could be about, or intend by making that crevice, was still greater. I stood for a minute or two watching her work, and soon

perceived that her object was to get her fingers in or to get something out. The effort seemed desperate, for her hands were scratched and bleeding in many places by coming in contact with the sharp edges of the stone and the broken bit of iron; but at length she succeeded in getting two fingers into the crevice, and with them came a string of beads so brilliant that they flashed like so many drops of fire in the faint gas-light.

"What on earth are you doing, Jacobs?" said I, speaking out my astonishment; and the Jewess turned round with a far less amazed look than mine must have been.

"You have caught me, miss," she said, in her customary low and humble tone; "I knew you would. But you won't be hard on me;—you are a merciful lady; the Josephs will make you any present you like; and maybe you would be good enough to take this," she continued, coming close to the locked door, and presenting to me, through the inspection-hole, a small but very brilliant pin.

"No, Jacobs," said I, "I will not take any bribe from you, and I want nothing from the Josephs; but I want to know what you have been doing up at this hour in your cell, and what that was you took out of the crevice between the wall and the floor."

"I'll tell you all, miss, and leave my case to your charity," replied Jacobs. "Thank my stars, the women are too far off to hear a word."

I knew that was correct, and it made me stand at the inspection-hole, to hear her tell, in the dead silence of the winter night, one of the most singular tales of device and endurance that ever came to my knowledge.

The string of brilliant beads was an old-fashioned diamond necklace, valued at—I forget how many thousands. It had been sold or pawned—Jacobs could not decidedly say which, but I believe the latter—to a grand-uncle of the Josephs, who carried on a business similar to their own, but on a much more extended scale, by a certain Russian countess, who came in the train of the Emperor Alexander, when the allied sovereigns visited England. The transaction was a private one, to be kept from the knowledge of the lady's family, and doubtless the Josephs' grand-uncle had his own reasons for keeping a strict silence on the subject. Yet some intimation of the diamonds and their whereabouts must have reached a noted gang of burglars, who infested London early in the Twenties, for they made an attack on his premises one night, and carried off, among other spoils of less value, the Russian countess' necklace. The grand-uncle had pursued them with all the force of law, and with all the power of riches. Many of the gang were taken, and among them the leader, in whose possession the diamonds were believed to remain. But no bribe, no promise that the Jewish attorney employed for the purpose could offer, would induce him to give the smallest information regarding the place of their concealment. The man was a strange and desperate character, and owed the firm a grudge on account of a brother in the same trade, whom they had been instrumental in bringing to justice, for an unsuccessful endeavor after those very diamonds. He stood out stoutly against every persecution. The Jew sought not knowledge out of him; he would not be executed; and the burglar kept his word, in the manner already mentioned, leaving his cell invested with traditional terrors for all future prisoners. But the Josephs' attorney, in the course of his frequent conferences with him and his associates, made one discovery, or rather, guess. From hints inadvertently dropped, and looks involuntarily cast, he took a suspicion that, in spite of prison-searchers and other improbabilities, the diamonds had been smuggled in with the chief of the robbers, and hidden in some crevice of his cell. Like a prudent son of Israel, the attorney had kept the surmise for his own future benefit; but years passed, and no opportunity for acting upon it came within his reach. He grew old, infirm, and ready to retire from business, in which it appeared he had not realized much money; and then it occurred to him, as a proper and profitable course, to sell his suspicion for a respectable sum to the surviving relatives of the diamond-loser. According to Jacobs, the bargain had been a stiff one, though owing to the lapse of time, the failure of memory, and the alterations made in the old prison, it was impossible for the attorney to say what cell the burglar had occupied. By judicious inquiries, however, the Josephs found out that such a cell still existed,

marked and made memorable by its peculiar legend; and their kitchen-maid, Jemima, being of pure Jewish race, and a distant relation, volunteered to recover the family treasure by an expedient and for a reward which nobody but a descendant of him who served the fourteen years for Laban's daughter would have thought of.

It appeared she had fixed her affections on their son Samuel—whether on account of his being heir of the house, or for some special attraction she had discovered in him, Jemima did not make clear to me; but on the strength of a promise that she should be made Mrs. Samuel Josephs, if her scheme proved successful, this true daughter of Jacob (of course with the contrivance of the family) stole plate and other valuables, concealed them in her box of clothes, incurred suspicion and search, was committed, tried, and sentenced to a year of penal servitude within the prison where the diamonds were believed to be hidden. She depended on her own ingenuity for getting into the dreaded cell, and discovering the hiding-place; hence her frequent removals, her scrubbing and scouring propensities, and, I sincerely believe, her humble service to me. How she contrived to bribe the women to those exchanges with small articles of jewelry brought to the prison, and retained in spite of hair-cutting and changes of clothes, Jacobs frankly confessed, for the pin she offered me was one of them. But the most curious part of the business, to my thinking, was the Josephs' regular question concerning her repentance, which was nothing less than the agreed-on signal, and meant—"Have you found them yet?" Jacobs made a perfect clean breast,—there was nobody within possible earshot,—and when she had told me all, the poor Jewess concluded with that sad and simple appeal—"I leave my case to your charity, miss."

Perhaps it was weakness, perhaps it was something worse, in an assistant matron; but notwithstanding the gravity of that title and office, I was but a young woman at the time; moreover, I was keeping company, on my Sundays out, with Mr. John Adams, my present lord and master; we were engaged in waiting only till he got a step higher in a certain city office, and could begin housekeeping with respectable prospects. My own little romance made me sympathize with poor Jemima more than I ought to have done, according to strict regulations. I promised, on the spot, never to report, never to reveal, her secret; and after a good long look at the diamond necklace, which certainly was magnificent enough to purchase the heart and hand of any Jew, I left her and it safely locked up in No. 49, believing that the energy which had recovered the long-lost gems would keep them securely, made another round, thinking over her exploit, and heard the six o'clock bell ring with accustomed satisfaction.

When the Josephs came next visiting day, there was a variation in the dialogue. Jemima solemnly assured them of her complete repentance, and the unfeigned joy which sparkled in their Jewish eyes would have given anybody unacquainted with the secret an immense opinion of their moral principles. After that, no stone was left unturned, no effort spared, to abridge the time of Jemima's penal servitude. Every official, from the Home Secretary downward, was besieged and applications and petitions, and what influence they brought to bear on the superior authorities was never made known to me, but Jacobs got her sentence commuted, and was released from my ward and custody within one month, reckoned from that memorable night.

She went her way exactly as she came; there was nothing remarkable in the departure of the Jewish maid but an unusual amount of humble thanks and acknowledgments to all the prison matrons, especially myself. The next night I got of her was on one of my Sundays out, when the Josephs' carriage passed me in Cheapside, I presume from the family mansion, and there was my model prisoner seated beside the large mother and quite as well overlaid with finery. If Mrs. Samuel recognized me, she did not appear to do so. Our ways were different, and we never came in slightest contact; but two years after, when Mr. Adams and I were thinking of going to church together, a very handsome wedding-dress was sent home for me, with a small brilliant stuck in one corner of it, and I knew the gift came from Jemima Jacobs.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A gentleman taking an apartment, told the landlady, "I assure you ma'am, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered with a very inquiring look "I hope it was not, sir, that you went away without paying?"

Job work of all kinds, done at this Office.

**WORKS KILLED WITH CARE.**—Every woman must have a best parlor, with hair-cloth furniture, and a photographic book; she must have a piano, or some cheaper substitute; her little girls must have embroidered skirts, and much mathematical knowledge; her husband must have two or even three hot meals every day of his life; and yet her house must be in perfect order early in the afternoon, and she prepared to go out and pay calls, with a black silk dress, and card-case. In the evening she will go to a concert or lecture, and then, at the end of all, she will very possibly sit up after midnight with her sewing-machine, doing extra work to pay for little Ella's music lessons. All this every "capable" woman will do or die! She does it, and dies, and then we are astonished that her vital energy gives out sooner than that of an Irish woman in a shanty, with no ambition on earth but to supply her young Patricks with adequate potatoes.—[T. W. Higginson.]

**THE FARMER'S CREED.**—A local contemporary gives the following: "We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. The soil loves to eat as well as its owners, and ought therefore to be nurtured. We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it,—making both the farm and the farmer rich at once. We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore in deep ploughing, and enough of it—all the better if with a subsoil plow. We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil is the spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence; without this, lime and gypsum bones and green manure, marl or plaster, will be of little use. We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm house, good stock and a good orchard. We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, and a clean cupboard, dairy and conscience. We firmly disbelieve in farmers that will not improve, in farms that grow poorer every year, in starved cattle, in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants, in farmers' daughters unwilling to work, and in all farmers who are ashamed of their honorable vocation."—[Scientific American.]

**HOW LONG SHOULD COWS GO DRY?**—In answer to this question the editor of the Boston Cultivator remarks:

"When cows are kept for the manufacture of butter and cheese it is not desired to have much milk in cold weather, as neither butter nor cheese can generally be made to advantage on a large scale except under a mild temperature. Hence the object is to have all the cows 'come in' near the commencement of butter or cheese-making seasons, and they are usually dried up at its close, or at the recurrence of cold weather. By this course the cows do not require so high feeding as they would do if milked longer. Good hay, in connection with proper shelter and care, will be sufficient to sustain them in fair condition. Their constitutions will not be impaired, their calves will be born strong and healthy, and all the essential requisites of a thrifty and profitable stock secured. We might say, then, that where it is intended to rear stock, and the keeping of the cows is not superior to good hay in winter and grass in summer, both the cows and their progeny will do better to go dry not less than two months."

**THE UNMARRIED MAN.**—"Fraser's Magazine" has this: "Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man. For the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advice are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly."

One evening Douglas Jerrold was at a party where several other literary men and publishers were assembled, and the conversation turned upon epitaphs. Jerrold gave his opinion that an epitaph should not consist of more than one or two words, including the name. When the laugh had subsided, for no one dreamed he was in earnest, Chas. Knight, who was present, handed a piece of paper and a pencil to Jerrold, and begged him to write his (Knight's) epitaph. Jerrold took the paper, and instantly wrote down two simple words, "Good night!"

The Chinese in California are said to embrace the Christian religion. Sabbath Schools have been formed at San Francisco, but the attendance is very small. To induce a large number of Celestials to attend, the magic lantern and some other apparatus have been brought in as auxiliary aids; these have been used in endeavoring to give profitable as well as entertaining instructions.

Gen. Fremont has at length written a letter of withdrawal, which is the most sensible thing he ever did in his life.



### The Decline in Gold.

Startling and unexpected has been the recent decline in gold. No one pretends to give any satisfactory account for it. It is supposed, however, by some, that the better prospects of peace in the nomination and vigorous support, by the Democrats, of Gen. McClellan for the Presidency, is one cause, and that the recent glorious victories, in the taking of Atlanta, and the defeat of Gen. Early in the Shenandoah Valley, is another. The diminished imports may have contributed to the decline, and the produce ready to be shipped to Europe, of the present year's growth, may have exerted an influence in a similar direction. The scarcity of money owing to the high prices of everything, calling for immense sums to carry on trade, manufactures and commerce, has probably given a check to the extravagant speculations of the hour, and reduced the price for gold.

Whatever the cause or causes of the depreciation of gold, a most exciting consequence has been the rapid falling of prices of merchandise. Those having large stocks of goods on hand, may well be alarmed, and buyers may be expected to pause before they purchase in a market that has been so suddenly and greatly affected, and may be still more so in a downward direction.

To those whose means are limited, and who have stood aghast at the rising scale of prices, the decline of gold will be welcome news, and they will hope and pray that it may fall still lower. One extreme leads to another and an opposite one, and gold may go down much lower.

The condition of things is not very comforting. Bank bills no longer are redeemed in specie, and paper money, even in the smallest fractions, is now the only circulation. It is desirable to have a change, and that soon, but while the war continues we have no reason to hope for an improvement.

Very great losses must have been sustained by speculators, and those whose importations have been paid for at a high figure in gold, will have to mark their goods down some 30 or 40 per cent. There is, we understand, a great business in trade on account of the present state of the gold market, and it must continue so until something more permanent takes the place of the present uncertainty. The government will be enabled to buy at lower prices, and contractors will rejoice who found prices advancing so high above the scale prevailing at the time of their contract.

As gold has declined suddenly it may also suddenly advance, and perhaps even go up higher than ever, reaching 300 per cent. Changes may come over the political world to make the prospect of peace small and distant, and render necessary the issuing of more government currency. Like the Kilkenny cats the two contending parties may finally have nothing left but the tip of their tails after the fight, and a little scrap of gold may buy up five or twenty times its usual value in paper currency. He who builds his hopes upon men acting rationally, when they get their tempers raised, or when they are under a mental hallucination, builds on an airy foundation. After the present conflict is over, and the parties have had time to cool and to reflect, they will see their errors, and repent of their follies. Gold, then, having resumed its par value, and trade and commerce having settled in old and safe channels, society will move on prosperously.

The best advice to be given now, is to buy and sell cheaply, or in small quantities. Make no great ventures and sail near the shore, that in a sudden storm you may hasten into port. Business is in a feverish state, and, as in a fever, the patient is uneasy, distressed, and disordered in his head. Things do not appear in their true light, and shapes portentous pass to and fro around the couch of the sick man. If he recovers he may sail boldly out upon the sea and steer for the most distant port, and, if he dies, of course there is an end of trade and speculation, and gold, high or low, is a matter of no consequence. But we hope the country will survive and be united and prosperous as before. But all is in God's hands to do as he pleases.

Our Winchester subscribers will hereafter find their papers at the Post Office. They have heretofore been left at Dr. Brown's drug store, and those who have not received all their papers, can find the missing numbers there.

The Republicans of Woburn have established their Headquarters in the rooms over the Woburn Bank. They have put up their "sign," and everybody is invited to participate in their deliberations.

The Democratic Headquarters in Woburn are established at the room over the Post Office. Meetings of the McClellan Club are held every Monday evening at the Town Hall.

A Richmond paper advertises a cow for sale—price \$3000.

THE PACIFIC COAST is contributing most generously to the Sanitary Commission, more than a million dollars having already been received from that quarter. Nevada has given about a quarter of a million, and liberal contributions continue to come in. Rev. Dr. Belows has raised nearly \$200,000 during his brief stay in California, for this national charity. In a recent address, delivered in San Francisco, Dr. B. stated the following facts, as reported in the Bulletin:

"The workingmen of Nevada are presenting Sanitary bricks—one just received from the Gould & Curry workmen weighs two hundred pounds, and is the biggest ever cast. Such bricks the speaker did not object to put in his hat. With them he could build a noble hospital, wide as the country, for the care of the suffering soldier. A little mining community in Warren's Diggings, Idaho, sent down a gold brick, lately, worth over three thousand dollars. The people of this coast everywhere seem to be alive to the needs of the Commission, and to have the patriot soldiers, their brethren, ever in mind. They do not need prompting, and give without begging. The speaker said he had received one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in Gould & Curry since he came to this coast. California has earned the title of 'The Soldiers' Nurse,' and her motto, Eureka, should be explained to mean that she has found the way to do good, to bind up the wounds and heal the diseases of the brave soldiers of freedom. It is proposed to methodize the contributions of the State hereafter; to organize them everywhere through the interior, on the basis of monthly dime subscriptions, which everybody will pay, and so keep the beneficent stream of California's gold pouring into the treasury of the almoners of her patriotic bounty—the devoted, unsectarian Sanitary Commission, which asks not what a man's religion is, but if he is suffering and in need of help.

THE LATE SURGEON HEATH.—A private letter from an officer of the 2d Mass Infantry, now in Atlanta, says: "Dr. Heath's death has been a sad and unexpected loss to the regiment. You remember his kindness to—, and many others have great reasons to remember his disinterestedness and devotion in similar cases. He fell in the line of his duty, a willing sacrifice to the welfare of others and the good cause. God knows where we shall find a better man or an abler physician."

To the Editor:—I see in your paper of the 10th inst., a statement of your correspondent "Excelsior," that the suit long pending against the town of Winchester, by the Lowell Five Cent Savings' Bank, has been passed upon by the Supreme Judicial Court. I am glad that this has been done, as the seal of silence is now removed from my lips. I can now speak without prejudicing the interests of either the town or the bank. Newspaper controversies of this nature are never profitable. This is a matter strictly between the town of Winchester and myself. How the notes came to be given, and for what purpose, and did the Selectmen sign them freely and deliberately. I shall be in Winchester (my life and health being spared,) at the annual town meeting in November next; prior to that day, I shall ask for the insertion of an article in the *Town Warrant*, so relating to this matter that I can then and there be heard in a full, frank, and open statement of the whole subject, of which I have nothing to conceal, and nothing to withhold. I shall make charges, and furnish evidence that the loans were made, known, and urged by the Selectmen; one of them, against my judgment, as being illegal. That many thousands of dollars had been borrowed before (and paid) with their knowledge and consent.

N. A. RICHARDSON, Ex-Treasurer and Collector of the Town of Winchester. Virginia, Sept. 22d, 1864.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.—See special notices.

MADAME DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.—This is a very valuable work for the ladies who desire to keep posted on the fashions of the day. A new feature has just been added to the magazine, and the choicest literature of the age now fills up a good portion of its contents.

The "Continental" for October is a very interesting number.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The October number is a good one, and we have read it with pleasure and profit. The price of this magazine has been advanced to \$4.00 per year, which is cheap enough in these times of high prices.

THE SPECULATORS BITTEN.—In alluding to the panic in the merchandise markets by the fall in gold, the New York Herald says that in some articles which were bought largely some time since on speculation, such as coffee, &c., the prevailing quotations indicate losses to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars. On the one item of losses some of the leading speculators, if compelled to sell now, would sink nearly or quite \$800,000 to \$1,000,000.

The rain yesterday was very acceptable.

THE SPECULATORS are in a bad way. They are receiving the wages of their iniquity. The long continued success that had attended their movements had given them confidence that they would continue to fatten on the sufferings of their fellow men, and that still greater gains were in store to satisfy their cupidity and love of luxury. Sugar and molasses, hides and leather, silks and satins, cotton and wool, potatoes and corn, coal and wood, butter and lard, and recently flour and bread, have risen in turn into the regions of extravagant speculation, and meats have for a long time been on the ascending scale. But now comes the fall in gold, and all these must have a tumble. These speculators are no better than pickpockets. They are swindlers in trade, and feloniously and deliberately hold the products of the earth at prices beyond the reach of the poor. Our country, through their labors, is fast progressing to be in the condition of the despots of the old world, when the middle classes of society shall be depressed to the situation of the poor, and bloated wealth and ostentatious grandeur shall only be contrasted with the poor and dependent serf or white slave, who shall kiss the foot which kicks him and lick the hand that deals a blow. There will be a general rejoicing when these speculators are utterly used up and overthrown by the retributive vengeance of the people. A thief taking a loaf of bread to appease his hunger, is forthwith arrested and sent to jail, but these well-dressed plunderers of the public are permitted to go at large, and ride in their carriages, and receive public homage, because there is no statute-law to reach them; but the law of trade, so long outraged, is now rapidly gaining its wonted ascendancy, and the whole vile hoard of public plunderers, we believe, are destined to receive their reward. God, in his retributive vengeance, will speedily overturn this band of wolves, who fatten on human misery, and drag them down to the dust, from which we trust they may never rise again.

### Our Army Correspondence.

FORT MCHEERY, Sept. 26, '64. Mr. Editor.—On the evening of the 20th inst., orders were issued for all troops not necessarily on other duty, to be paraded on the parade ground at 9 o'clock the next morning, to witness the execution of one Sergt. George McDonald, alias M. M. Dunning, Co. F, 3d Md. Cav., who had been tried as a deserter, at a court martial held in Baltimore, and sentenced to be shot. Accordingly the next morning at 9 o'clock, we were on the parade ground. The Regulars took the right; the 91st were next, and then C and G, of the 5th, (the only Cos. now here). We were drawn up on three sides of a hollow square with opened ranks. We waited but a moment before the drum corps began playing a dirge, and the prisoner was marched from the prison. With measured step they marched to the right and then between the ranks to the left—the drum corps ahead followed by a portion of the guard, then came four men bearing the coffin on their shoulders, and behind them walked the prisoner with firm and steady step, beside the chaplain. The remainder of the guard brought up the rear. Having marched before all the troops they took their position in front. The coffin was placed on the ground and the prisoner stood beside it while the Adj. Gen. read the charges against him; the chaplain then made a short prayer, after which the prisoner made a few remarks, and closed with a prayer. The Provost Marshal, Capt. McDermott, 91st N. Y., then placed him upon his knees at the foot of his coffin and blindfolded him. At the commands, ready! aim! the prisoner straightened up, threw his chest forward, and at the command, fire! he fell backwards and never afterwards moved a muscle. There were twelve rifles discharged at him, one loaded with a blank cartridge. Eight of the balls pierced his body, and the Dr. said that any one of six of them would have killed him. The body was removed to the dead house, and afterwards buried. Major Grammer had charge of the execution.

The same day we received the news of Gen. Sheridan's glorious victory, and a salute of one hundred guns was fired at noon. On Saturday a salute was fired at Fort Federal Hill in honor of his later victory. Gen. Early must have ere this come to the conclusion that he is not early enough for Sheridan.

Squads of prisoners are daily arriving and leaving here. Eight hundred "Johnnies" passed here on board a transport last night en route for Point Lookout. And since I've been writing two more transports have passed loaded with rebel prisoners. More at another time.

IRA.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society, which is composed of delegates from all the Unitarian Sunday Schools, will be held in the town of Leominster, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct 4th and 5th. Those attending the Convention will be furnished with return tickets, free. Rev. Dr. Hill, of Cambridge, will give the sermon, and essays will be read by Rev. W. T. Clarke, and others.

Two men and one woman were killed and several others were wounded in a political riot at Cincinnati Saturday night.

### Acknowledgments.

The books so handsomely contributed by the Centre and North Woburn people for the Hospital Library at Readville, will be assorted and sent off next week.

Mr. Marcellus Littlefield sent a handsome box of preserves to the Portsmouth Grove Hospital, where his timely donation will be very acceptable.

Miss R. M. Leathe received a long letter of thanks, for a package of very useful articles, from Albert W. Haskell, (belonging to Beverly, Co. K, 40th Mass. Reg.) at the Knight's Hospital. He was severely wounded and says he shall never forget the kindness.

James Stanton, Co. E, 66th Reg., belonging to Springfield, acknowledges from Knight's Hospital, to Mrs. John Cummings, Jr., a well-filled box, which he needed much, as, poor fellow, he has but few relations to assist him. Mrs. Thomas Richardson received a very interesting letter, full of gratitude, from Warren Hatch, of Hingham, a member of Lieut. Tidd's Co., 32d Mass. Reg. Mr. Hatch writes from Carver Hospital, Washington. He says the good people at home little know how joyfully a soldier receives such a box. Mrs. M. F. Winn, and Mrs. Charles Nichols, each received a despatch from Mrs. Harrison Grey Otis, Boston, each for a box of useful articles for the disabled soldiers; the same ladies also forwarded to the front some good supplies.

Mrs. S. E. Davis received an acknowledgment for a box from a 15 year old soldier, Lyman S. Wheeler, Co. I, 25th Reg., belonging to Melrose, wound at the Wilderness, Va. Many of the boys of the 5th Mass. Reg., were made happy by a good cap. Mr. Timothy Winn and Mr. Elijah Wyman, 2d, were among the donors. They got another box of a good many parcels, made up in Mr. G. R. Gage's store, and still another one, presented by Mr. Schwabe, who sent three boxes to the 5th Mass., a few weeks ago for different companies, Woburn and Stoneham included. Mrs. Thomas J. Pierce received many thanks from T. S. Strong, (Co. C, 37th Mass. Reg., Knight's Hospital,) for a package of useful articles. He writes it was just what he needed.

Alfred A. Carver, (Co. A, 20th Mass. Reg.) writes from City Point Hospital, Va., to Miss A. S. Johnson, "Your box, sent by Mrs. Otis, of Boston, was not only of use to me but some 20 others; every article was of use; it was well packed and alleviated the suffering of many a soldier. A little drummer boy, was robed in a dressing gown. He is but eleven years old. Mrs. E. W. Hudson and Mrs. Abijah Thompson, received a long and very interesting letter each, from Rev. Mr. Crane, Chaplain U. S. A., of the 1st and 2d Bat. of Invalid Corps, each, for a box of useful contents for invalids. The Chaplain is very thankful, and says they were needed much. He asks if the Woburn people could not send some hymn books for his Chapel. He has some 1700 attendants. Our boys on Galloups Island, in the 11th Reg., have also been remembered. Mrs. John L. Parker and Mr. Schwabe, each, sent a well filled box with which the boys were much pleased. The reverend gentlemen of Woburn each added handsomely from their libraries to the Readville Hospital Library.

MILITARY.—Musician Henry G. Weston, of Woburn, who has been attached to the Brigade Band of the 2d Army Corps, is at home on furlough. He has been transferred to the 16th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, stationed at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Sergeant Dudley Nason, of Woburn, of the Invalid Corps, (formerly of Co. F, 22d Mass. Regiment,) has returned home, his term of service having expired.

Private Perley M. Griffin, of Woburn, who returned home with the 6th New York Independent Battery, after having served three years, left town on Friday of last week, to accept a position as Clerk in the Quartermaster's Department, at City Point, Va.

Daniel O'Connor, of Woburn, Corporal of Marines on board U. S. Sloop-of-War "Hartford," has returned home, his term of service having expired. Corporal O'Connor was on board the Cumberland when she was sunk by the Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, Va., March 8th, 1862.

Corpl. Charles E. Richardson, of Woburn, a member of Co. K, 59th Mass. Regt., has been transferred to the hospital at Readville, Mass.

Private Philip Doherty, of Woburn, a member of Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., who was wounded at the battle of the Weldon Railroad, has arrived home on furlough, from the U. S. General Hospital, Bucks County, Penn.

Mr. William H. Childs, of Woburn, has enlisted in the 11th Mass. Regt. Mr. Childs served three years in Co. D, 1st Mass. Regiment.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.—Arrangements have been made for the laying of the corner stone of the new Masonic Temple, corner of Tremont and Royston streets, Boston, on Friday, the 14th day of October. There will be a procession, embracing the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, Encampments, Chapters and Lodges of Boston and other cities and towns in the Commonwealth. A large gathering of the fraternity is expected, and banquets, levees, &c., will be given for their entertainment.

### WAR NEWS.

Since the defeat of Early, at Fisher's Hill, Gen. Sheridan has been closely pushing after the rebels, and on Saturday he was at Mount Jackson, where he was unable to bring on an engagement. His cavalry are scouring the country, and capturing a large number of stragglers. Twenty pieces of artillery were captured at Fisher's Hill, 1100 prisoners, and a large amount of caissons, intrenching tools, &c. All the towns on the route are filled with rebel wounded. Official intelligence has since been received that Early evacuated Mount Jackson, and is retreating towards Lynchburg, where it is supposed he will be reinforced.

GEN. GRANT MOVING.—Despatches from Gen. Grant, announce that he has made a forward movement against Richmond. Gen. Ord's corps advanced on the morning of the 29th, carried the very strongly fortified long line of entrenchments below Chapin's Farm, with some 15 pieces of artillery and from 200 to 300 prisoners. Gen. Ord was wounded, though not dangerously. Gen. Birney advanced at the same time from Deep Bottom and carried the Newmarket road and entrenchments and scattered the enemy in every direction, though capturing but few.

REV. ELI FAY, of Woburn, preached for the new Unitarian Society in Milford, last Sabbath. His labor of love, for such it was, proved beneficial and timely. He gave us a close and logical discussion of the question, "Is there place for Christianity in Nature?" A rational and liberal faith was based on the daily needs of the soul, and made of value to this life as well as that which is to come. Thus we reach the hard-pan upon which to rest our hope, and are able to show the naturalness of Christianity in opposition to the dwarfish idea that it is an afterthought of the Deity to meet the extremity of the soul's want, and checkmate the chicanery of Satan.

The evening service was a candid statement of the doctrine of the Atonement. This theme, made practical, is of great value to aid our trust and hope that we may become co-workers with God. Blessed are the ears that hear, and the heart that understands the difference between God's being reconciled to his wandering child, and that of reconciliation of man to his Creator. [Christian Inquirer, Sept. 24th.]

Thompson's Bank Note Reporter makes the following sensible and truthful remark:

Better take half—three quarters—yea all you have, and give to your country, rather than not have her ride successfully through this rebellion; for what are your homes and lands—deeds and mortgages, your stocks and chattels worth—and can you ever retain your bags of gold—if the Government is not sustained? The breaking up of the Government is the rich man's doom.

The Boston Herald says, Seventy-three millions of greenbacks have just gone out of the Treasury to pay the army. The "pile" would block Washington street twenty feet high and twenty feet long.

COMING DOWN.—The prices of everything are falling with gold. Dry goods tumbled yesterday 30 to 40 per cent; tailors, shoemakers and hatters are coming down. But those who want to buy should wait for the crash. It will soon come. Speculators are trembling and the long-suffering consumers rejoice. [Boston Herald.]

TO RESTORE FADED PHOTOGRAPHS. The prints should be unmounted by soaking in water for a time, and then immersed in a saturated solution of bichloride of mercury, in which they may be left for two or three minutes, and afterwards thoroughly washed. The change takes place directly they are in the bichloride solution.

A little ragged urchin, begging in the city the other day, was asked by a lady who filled his basket, if his parents were living?

"Only dad, marm," said the boy.

"Then you have enough in your basket now to feed the family for some time," said the lady.

"O, no, I haven't neither," said the lad,

"for dad and me keeps five boarders; he does the house-work, and I do the market."

MAKE A BEGINNING.—Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings' bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things; then make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning?

WHITE PINE COMPOUND.—Why so named? Because the bark of the White Pine is one of its most valuable ingredients. DR. J. W. ROLAND, of Melrose, Mass., was the discoverer of its use in the form of a compound. Not one person has ever yet spoken against it; hundreds and thousands speak in its favor.

### WINCHESTER.

POLITICAL.—The McClellan Club raised a large flag from their headquarters last Friday, bearing upon it the names of their candidates and the motto, "The Union and the Constitution."

An adjourned meeting of the Republicans was held last Tuesday evening, to hear and act upon the report of the Committee appointed at a previous meeting to make arrangements for the formation of a Union Club.

The Committee reported a Constitution and By Laws, brief and comprehensive, which were adopted. A Committee, consisting of Messrs. E. A. Wadleigh, H. Parker and H. K. Stanton, were appointed to retire and nominate a list of officers for the Club. Their report was as follows:

President—Hon. Oliver R. Clark. Vice Presidents—William A. Stone, Dr. Alonzo Chapin, S. P. Bartlett, A. K. P. Joy, Stephen A. Holt, George H. Chapman, Jr., C. J. Bishop, Dr. Frederick Winsor, H. K. Lawrence. Secretaries—Stephen Thompson, Charles F. Lunt. Treasurer—H. K. Stanton. Executive Committee—William Simonds, K. W. Baker, C. H. Dunham, S. W. Twombly, Sumner Richardson, J. C. Johnson, Wm. H. Carlton. Marshal—A. Thompson, 3d.

The nominations were confirmed, and the officers assumed their several positions. The President elect returned, in brief, his thanks for the honor conferred and urged the importance of united and vigorous action in the campaign.

John S. Sayward, Esq., editor of the Kennebec Journal, in Maine, was introduced and gave a very interesting account of the *modus operandi* of the work of the Union party in his State, and earnestly enforced upon his hearers the duty of securing a full vote in the coming election, as the best and most sure method of finishing the rebellion.

Vice President Stone, accepted his office in a few well chosen remarks. Some fifty names were obtained to the Constitution this evening, and the Club will hold weekly meetings in Lower Lyceum Hall.

ACCIDENT.—Last Monday afternoon our fellow townsman, Mr. David Alden, was accidentally shot at his place of business, No. 1 Tremont street, Boston. It seems that one of the young men in the store was handling a pistol, unaware of its being loaded, when it accidentally went off, the ball striking Mr. Alden, who was sitting in a chair with his hand up to his head, on the side of the head, the ball passing through a portion of the scalp and lodging in the hand. He was conveyed to the hospital, where the ball was extracted and the wound dressed. He was able to go home in the next train, but has since been confined to the house. The wound is not thought to be serious, but it was a narrow escape. Had the ball passed a little further into the skull it would have caused death. The frequent occurrence of these accidents, through the careless use of fire arms, should serve more effectually as a warning and prevention against similar occurrences.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.—A Convention of delegates from the fifteen Churches and Sabbath Schools comprised within the limits of the Woburn Association of Orthodox Churches, was held last Wednesday in the Cong. Church in this town. The weather was fine and a large attendance was secured. Rev. J. C. Bodwell, D. D., of Woburn, was chosen President of the Convention, and Rev. E. P. Hooker, of Medford, Secretary.

Brief reports were made by the Superintendents of the present condition of respective schools, showing them to be flourishing and doing a good work. "The relation of the Sabbath School to the Church," and "The best method of conducting the Sabbath School Concert," were discussed by Messrs. Barrows, Reading, Swallow, of Burlington, Clark of Winchester, Byington, of Stoneham, Pollard, of Woburn, Allen, of South Reading, Bodwell, of Woburn, Bliss, of South Reading, and Richardson, of Winchester.

After the discussion, a Committee, of which Rev. Mr. Robinson is Chairman, was appointed to make arrangements for having the convention held permanently at least once a year. A recess was then taken for the purposes of refreshment, and the Winchester Society furnished a simple collation in their vestry for those not otherwise provided for.

In the afternoon, a Children's Meeting was held, which filled the church in every part. It is estimated that some twelve hundred were present. The programme consisted of interesting addresses from Rev. Mr. Barrows, of Reading, Reed, of Malden, Perry, of Medford, Bodwell, of Woburn, and Farmer Allen, of South Reading, interspersed with singing by the children. A duet, by two Misses Gould, of Woburn, was very finely done. The singing, under the direction of J. C. Johnson, was well performed and admirably managed.

The Convention was a complete success, and will serve to give a new impetus to the course of Sunday Schools among those represented at this meeting, besides giving the experience of many devoted workers upon subjects of vital importance.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Last Thursday morning an accident occurred upon the Boston and Lowell Railroad, which



From the manufactories of Coudray, Maugeuet  
Coudray, Gelle Freres, Lowe, Son & Haydon,  
Gatty, Gleun, Worsley, and others,  
For sale by  
W. C. BRIGGS, Apothecary,  
**-Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,**  
Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGGS







# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

## Never Despair.

The magistracy or hall of judicature in which Mr. Beaseley usually held the scales of justice, was a large and formal room, with a few ponderous straight-back chairs ranged along the side of the apartment. A writing-table, with a row of serious-looking volumes upon it, a few packets of papers tied with red tape, together with a profusion of letters strewn over its surface, comprised almost everything worthy of comment in this temple of justice.

Mr. Beaseley was aroused from his state of mental abstraction by his servant announcing that a poor woman who had called twice before wished to see him, to obtain some relief. Mr. Beaseley gave orders to have her shown up.

The individual who presently enters the apartment was a pale, emaciated female of five or six-and-twenty, but who, to judge by her hollow and anxious countenance, should have well passed for forty. A thin calico dress hung wet and clinging to her ankles; her shoes, by long servitude, worn bare, were fastened by tapes across her instep, and as she crossed the room left the broad marks of her feet upon the boards, and the water oozed at every motion from the saturated leather. Round her neck was pinned a scanty triangular shawl that barely hid her bosom, and only partially protected it from the invading storm. An old bonnet, so large that it almost hid her shrunken features, completed the meagre habiliments of this once neat and comely woman.

After some questioning, in reply to which the poor woman explained that her husband was lying at home starving, and that the object of her application was to obtain more immediate relief than possible by the necessary slow legal process, she obtained from Mr. Beaseley a trifle of money, and an order for a barrel of flour.

Pulling the mockery of a shawl closer over her bosom, she hurried quickly down the avenue that led from the magistrate's house, and had just reached the gates that opened on the village street, when a carriage driven with speed, rapidly turned the angle; and before the driver, who kept his head down to shield his face from the sleet, could see the coming figure, or arrest his horses, the poor woman was dashed to the ground by the pole of the vehicle, and thrown several yards from the wheel into a pool of water that had collected at the park entrance. The carriage was instantly stopped, and a gentleman alighting, hastened forward, and raising the female from the ground, expressed in the kindest manner, his regret and pain at the misfortune.

"I am not very much hurt, thank you, sir, only very much fatigued," she said faintly, as the gentleman led her to the steps of the carriage.

"Poor creature, she is wet through!" exclaimed a soft sympathizing voice from the coach. "Tell us where you live, my good woman, and we will drive you home."

"Oh, no, thank you, madam! It is not very far, and I think I can walk now. Don't let me keep you in the rain, madam! Thank you, I am better now."

"Poor creature! I am sure she is hurt. Send for a surgeon, now, Charles, and let her be taken care of till I can visit her myself. To be out on such a day as this, and so thinly dressed! I am certain you are hurt!"

"Oh, dear no, madam! I don't think the horse touched me at all; and I must go home to my poor husband. Thank you, madam."

"Then come to my house to-morrow at twelve; I wish particularly to see you—Mr. Chesterfield's, at the elms. But you are sure you can walk?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, madam, quite well."

"Do not forget Mrs. Chesterfield's wish to-morrow," added the gentleman, kindly, as he drew out his purse; and after a moment's hesitation, as if fearing to hurt the poor woman's feelings, he returned it unobserved to his pocket; and repeating his lady's injunctions, stepped into the carriage, and was rapidly driven away in the direction of the magistrate's hall.

Pressing her hand tightly on her side, and drawing her breath with short inspirations, for she was much hurt, though from delicate motives alleging the contrary, the poor woman slowly proceeded down the straggling street, and ultimately reached her miserable abode on the outskirts of the village.

On a stump bedstead in the nearest corner to the huge chimney and long extinguished fires, lay the attenuated form of a sick man, whose shrunken features and

large lustrous eyes bespoke too plainly the ravages of disease and want. An old coat drawn over his shoulders shielded his body from the keen wind that howled down the chimney, and found a hundred months through the broken plaster and rifted door, whirling the sand upon the bricked floor in sweeping eddies round the room.

Before him, on the druggist of the bed, rested an old tray, a small chisel, knife and file, a few chips of wood, and the carved figure of a king in armor, cut from a little block of the white ash. With his long skinny fingers he had just set the finished workmanship upon the tray, as his wife entered; and he turned his gratified gaze from his completed task, with mournful inquiry and affectionate solicitude, upon his drenched and not less miserable wife.

"You are wet and cold, Mary, and there is no fire to warm you," said the husband mournfully, as with a deep sigh he glanced at the few white ashes strewn over the broad hearth, as his wife divested herself of her shawl and bonnet. "I wish you had not gone, though God knows we have kept off the Parish till the last. Would they do nothing! Well, it is not for myself that I care—for my stay here is getting very short—but for you—"

"The Lord be good to us!" exclaimed his wife with sudden grief. "If I haven't lost the money the Squire gave me, and the order for the flour! But I'll go back directly and look for it. I know I must have dropped them when I fell;" and wiping away the tears that gathered in her eyes, she began to fix the wet bonnet. "Oh, don't give way, I know we shall do better yet."

"Better yet!" replied the husband, with a bitter smile that imparted a deeper ghastliness to his wasted features. "Yes, in Heaven," he added, solemnly, "the poor man's only comfort. Take off your wet things, love; you shall not go out again to-day. Take them off, Mary!" he continued with gentle authority, as she shook out the little shawl, before throwing it over her neck. "Not again to-day. There's bread enough for one meal more—sit down and make a fire and dry yourself. Young Knowles has given us a fagot—God bless him for it! up there in the chimney corner."

"How did it happen? But never mind, Mary; see dear, I have finished them at last. Though God knows they are no use to us, for nobody will buy them; but I am sure the wish I had to finish them, and your confidence, has kept me alive all the year. How do you like it now? That is the Christian King," and with sad voice, and momentary gleam or pleasure in his hollow eye, the mechanic placed the last of a set of chessmen that he had designed and executed, in her thin hand—making the two armies consist of a Christian and Sarcen host, each piece being a perfect figure armed in respective costume, and executed with the utmost truth and delicacy.

A turner and wood carver by trade, Robert Weston had long contemplated completing a set of chessmen that should supersede the uninteresting figures in general use, and give a martial air to a purely military game. But while in health and constant employment, he had never found an opportunity of doing more than selecting choice pieces of wood, and making drawings of the several men; for Western possessed a natural genius for the pencil, and could depict the human form in all its attitudes, with ease and grace. But the failure of his master in the country town, and the loss of all Western's savings, threw him at once into poverty and distress; and after in vain seeking work around the country, he at length settled in the village of Brookfield, where, for awhile, he continued to earn a scanty subsistence, by working at the coarser branches of his trade. But at length this failed, and distress, long threatened, at last settled on his frame, and shut him out from all exertion. It was then, supported on his bed of sickness, that he beguiled the weary hours of pain and privation, in the performance of his cherished object.

"Oh, how very beautiful it is, Robert," exclaimed his wife, with real delight, contemplating the mail-clad king, and brushing a tear from her eyelashes. "It is more beautiful than all the rest. Shall I wrap it up, and put it by, Robert?"

"When you have lit the fire and dried your gown, you shall put them all out on the table, and let me look at them once more. It is very foolish, but I have grown so fond of them, and I should like to see them all together for the last time, for I know that I shall never look at them again. Don't cry, Mary, dear, don't cry, or you will stain it with your tears."

Light the fire, love, and warm yourself. Oh, God help us."

"He will, he will, Robert, if you will not despair," ejaculated his affectionate wife, as she carefully set down the carved figure, and wiping her eyes addressed herself to chop the wood and light the fire, from the fuel so opportunely and charitably given them by a neighbor almost as poor and comfortless as themselves. Having completed her task and given a cheerful aspect to the dreary chamber by the ruddy flame from the ignited wood, she spread her wet garments before the fire to dry, and seated in a corner of the chimney, recounted to her husband the result of her errand to the Justice, and narrated, as briefly as possible, the accident that had deprived her of the proceeds of her journey, for she had no doubt she had lost the paper and money when she fell, and ended by telling him of the wish expressed by Mrs. Chesterfield to see her in the morning. "And so, Robert," she went on, "I will take the chessmen and show them to her. Perhaps she may buy them, though God knows I would almost as soon sell myself, if it was not for the hope of getting you something nice to eat, and some medicine for your cough. And if I take the men, it won't look as if I went for charity, Robert."

"Do as you like, Mary, though I have no hope of your success. We have been so often disappointed."

"Oh, don't give way, Robert; I am sure better days will come. No, no, don't shake your head and look sorrowful—better for you, I mean, and you will be well again. Now, now, don't despair so," and with a confidence she scarcely felt, she strove to instill a healthier tone into her husband's less sanguine heart.

"There must be something very holy in your confidence, dear Mary, for it has had the power to keep me for many months; for without your trustful spirit, I should have given way long ago. God bless you for it; but I feel now that to hope longer is but an idle delusion. My only wish now is, that when I am dead you may be able to sell the men in some large town and get enough—"

"Don't talk of dying, Robert, or you will break my heart. If I don't sell them to do you good I will never part with them. Oh, do not give up yet, hope a little longer, do, for my sake, and—but where is he, where's the child—is he asleep?" she inquired suddenly, rising from her seat and going to the bed.

Western slowly turned down the druggist as she approached, and exposed a beautiful but pale faced boy of two or three years old, nestled close by his father's side, and sleeping soundly.

"He cried at first when you went out, and asked for dinner," said the husband mournfully, as the mother knelt down and kissed the lips of her sleeping child; "but I had not strength to get out and reach the bread, poor child; so I told him some little stories to divert his mind, and said he should see all the men to-night, and then his eyes grew heavy, and he laid his head upon my lap and fell asleep, talking of the soldiers. Oh, what a blessed thing is sleep to the hungry poor, for, by it, they can cheat the craving stomach of a meal or two. See, dear, he is awake."

True to her appointment on the following morning, the mechanic's wife, with the prized chessmen, carefully folded in separate papers, and enveloped in a white napkin, repaired to the mansion of Mr. Chesterfield, and was instantly introduced to the benevolent mistress. Mrs. Chesterfield, with the tact women only know, gleaned from the poor wife the concise history of their long privation, who touched with innocent pride on her husband's skill, and ended by displaying before the amazed eyes of the lady the proofs of it she had brought.

Mrs. Chesterfield was no mean judge of art, and she gazed with admiration and surprise on the costume, execution and faultless symmetry of figures, enchaned by the ivory whiteness and beautiful texture of the wood in which they were wrought, and calling her husband, participated in his lavish delight and encomiums, while the poor woman, unable to suppress her joy that her husband's merit was at last appreciated, sobbed aloud from excess of pleasure.

"These are, indeed, superior specimens of art," observed Mr. Chesterfield, after a rigid scrutiny of every piece. "What does your husband require for them?"

"Oh sir," replied Mary, speaking through her tears, "I have carried them to so many places, but no one would offer me anything for them, that my husband said he would sell them for a shilling

apiece, if you wouldn't think it too dear, and there is the board he made long ago."

"A shilling apiece! Impossible, my poor woman; you must be dreaming!"

"Well, then, sir, what you please; for my husband is very ill, and I want to buy him some medicine," she replied, almost choking from revulsion of feeling.

"You mistake me, my good creature; I mean to say they are too valuable to be sold without consideration, and for fear I should not be just to you, I will consult some friends as to what I should give—for I mean to purchase them. For the present here are ten sovereigns; whatever price is put to them by my friends, I will pay you again. A man of your husband's genius must not be left in obscurity and want. I will send a physician to attend to him, and now go home and come back on Monday for what I shall then be in your debt. Your husband shall not be neglected, depend upon it."

Unable to speak her thanks, but grasping the gold in her hand with a nervous tenacity, the bewildered woman was led out of the room by the hand of the sympathizing Mrs. Chesterfield, and when she found herself again in the road, it was with the addition of a well filled basket of wine and provisions. Casting her dimmed eyes to heaven, and muttering a prayer of thankfulness, poor Mary turned in the direction of home, and ran with the speed of a chamois till the battered door and broken casement of her abode stood before her. The luxury of that moment, as she doled out her treasure before the hectic husband, was worth a life's privation to enjoy. The sick man, unable to express the sense of struggling happiness, bent his head meekly on his chest, and groaned from the fullness of his soul; while his wife folding her arms around his neck, pressed his face to her bosom, and between hysteric tears and laughter, whispered,—"I told you not to despair. I knew that better days would come, and that you would live to see and bless them."

Under the skillful hand of the physician, Western was soon restored to comparative health, and aided by the patronage of Mr. Chesterfield, was in a few months removed to London, and a situation obtained for him as designer in one of the first houses in town, where he still may be found, directing the energies of a large establishment, respected, prosperous and happy, and daily thankful to his wife for that faith in the bounty of Eternal Providence, that under heaven, had through all the petulance of disease and crush of poverty, kept a living principle of hope within his heart. Nor does his now restored and comely wife forget in thankful prayer, her gratitude to God, for the courage that opposed so long her husband's gloom, and gave her power to prove the confidence that buoyed himself—NEVER TO DESPAIR.

## Our Brother Thomas.

BY MRS. P. A. MANAFORD.

Another wears the crown of glory now,  
Where holy angels sing,  
Another from the white-robed throng has met  
A joyous welcoming;  
Why should we mourn because our ranks are thin,  
When fuller grow the ranks that know not sin!  
Our brother Thomas, dear to all our hearts!  
Thine is the favored brow  
To wear the crown of endless life and joy,  
Amid the angels now;  
We miss, we mourn thee with a sister's love,  
And yet rejoice that thou art safe above.  
Life hath its trials, its burdens and its woes,  
But death opens wide the door  
To that fair mansion where the blest abide,  
And grief is known no more.  
Oh, brother! though we love thee we resign,  
Our wills imperfect to the wills divine!  
Again we hope to meet thee where no sin  
Shall mar our holy joy,  
Where we shall find the rose without its thorn,  
The gold without alloy.  
Where all our circle shall unbroken stand,  
A glorious company at God's right hand.  
READING, MASS.

INDIAN JUSTICE.—Many years ago, when a gentleman from the central part of New Hampshire was in the Pequawket county, attending to his property near the village of Fryeburg, a company of Indians from the Penobscot tribe came there for temporary abode, and pitched their tent on an elevation near the Saco river. In passing to his lands he noticed a squaw kneeling to pick strawberries, and creeping to different parts of the patch that furnished the fruit. Her attitude struck him as singular; but he concluded she took that posture as most convenient for the purpose.

On his return she had disappeared, and he supposed had gone to sell berries. But as he approached the settlement, he ob-

served the unusual sight of an Indian carrying a squaw on his back. A nearer view showed him the person whom he saw in the strawberry field. After having witnessed the occurrence several times, on inquiry of the Indians as to the cause of this action, one of them replied: "He had Indian. He drink much Saacapee. He drunk, and Cheepie (devil) get in him. Then he put squaws feet in fire. They burn off." As he looked he saw they were crippled and useless. The tribe resented the cruelty, and its council was about to decide on his immediate execution. But one of the elder and wiser of the number interposed his opinion, and gave this advice:—"No shoot; make him live long as squaw live; make him carry squaw, when she want walk; when squaw die, then shoot."

The decision was in accordance with this counsel, and thus secured to the injured woman perpetual kind treatment from her husband. The fact of his own death as soon as she died, made him careful to preserve her health and life; and the punishment of bearing her as his constant burden, as well as the compelled attention to her welfare, formed a striking example of the retributive shrewdness of "Indian Justice."

CRANBERRIES.—It is an important fact, which those who may be disposed to plant a cranberry field should not lose sight of, that there are several varieties some of which are far better than others, and that some of the rankest growing vines are almost barren. In short, there is as much necessity to select good cranberry vines for a plantation as there is to make a choice in strawberry vines. It is as much owing to this unproductiveness of some vines that many persons who have attempted cranberry culture have failed and become discouraged, as it is want of skill in planting, or unsuitableness of soil.

All who have the opportunity of getting vines from a natural cranberry meadow should go when it is the bearing season, and select them for transplanting. They will find patches growing within a few rods of each other, one of which produces the most abundant crop from vines so small that they make no show, while other places will be completely matted with rank vines, which never produce a quart per square rod.

RESPECT THE BURDEN.—Napoleon, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; but Napoleon gently waved her on one side, saying, "Respect the burden, madam." You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows they do not "respect the burden"—whatever the burden is. Sometimes the burden is an actual visible load, sometimes it is hunger, sometimes it is grief or illness. If I get into a little conflict (suppose I jostle or am jostled) with a half clad, hungry-looking fellow in the street on a winter morning, I am surely bound to be lenient in my constructions. I expected him to be harsh, rude, unforgiving; and his burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent, so far as common amenities go; I am a brute if I quarrel with him for a wry word, or an ungracious act. And how far, pray, are we to push the kind of chivalry which "respects the burden?" As far as the love of God will go with us. A great distance—it is a long way to the foot of the rainbow.—[Good Words.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN FORM AND COLOR.—The Ohio Farmer has the following directions upon this subject:—"Procure a quantity of fine sand and wash it until free from all dirt, and the water comes from it clean. Then with a fine sieve sift from it all the particles. It should then be sifted with a course sieve, taking from it all the coarse particles. The sand now, being perfectly dry, is ready for use. Place it in a dish, which should correspond in depth with the length of the flower-stems which are to be used for drying. The flowers, when picked, should be perfectly dry or exempt from rain or dew. Insert the flower-stems in the sand to the base of the flowers. Then with a steady hand sprinkle the sand evenly over the flowers until they are completely imbedded. Place them in a very dry place, either near the fire or in the sun, and let them remain several days. When perfectly dry the sand may be poured off. Double flowers, with stiff petals, are most easily preserved, but most varieties will repay the little trouble and care required by this simple process."

HOW THE DUTCHMAN GAVE A PROMISSORY NOTE.—There were two early settlers in the western part of Pennsylvania, whose names were Peter —, and John —. Peter had increased the size of his farm by annexing to it a small tract of land adjoining, and he lacked about a hundred dollars of the sum which was necessary to pay for his new acquisition. He called upon his neighbor John to borrow the amount. John consented at once, and, going into another room, he brought out an old bread basket, and counted out the desired number of dollars, and then the two sat down to two large earthen mugs of cider, and as many pipes of tobacco. After smoking over the matter for a while it occurred to Peter that, in a similar transaction he had seen or heard of something like a note passing between the borrower and the lender, and he suggested as much to John. The lender assented to the propriety of such a course. Paper, pen, and ink were produced, and between the two a document was concocted, stating that John had lent Peter one hundred dollars, which Peter would repay to John in "tree mounts." This Peter signed, and thus far the two financiers made the thing "all regular and ship-shape." But at this point a difficulty presented itself. They both knew that the notes were drawn in the operation of borrowing and lending, which they had witnessed, but neither of them had observed what disposition was made of the documents, neither could tell whether it was for the borrower or lender to take charge of the paper. Here was a dilemma. At last a bright idea struck John.

"You have de money to pay, Peter, so you take dis paper so as you can see as you have to pay it."

This was conclusive; the common sense of the thing was plain, and Peter pocketed his money and his note, "so as he could see that he had to pay it." Three months passed over, and punctually to the day appeared Peter, and paid over the promised sum to John. This being done, the mugs and pipes were again brought out. After puffing awhile, Peter produced the note, and handed it to John, with the remark, "Now, John, you must take the note, so that you can see that the money has been paid."

AUTUMN PLOWING.—Farmers we commend you to plow all that is possible this autumn. There are several reasons why this should be done. We have had a great drouth, and that being followed by warm rains, has and will produce an unusually large growth of herbage, which will enrich the land if turned under while green. If suffered to ripen its seeds, it will exhaust the soil, and seed it for a great crop of weeds next year. When you plow, do it as though you meant something. Let it be ten inches deep at least, and then you will get the benefit of frost, the great refiner of hard earth. If you really cannot sow winter grain upon the land that you do plow, let it lay naked. But we assure you that it would more than pay you for seeding land that you intend to plant to corn next spring, to put in rye, making a great manure crop. It is also important to plow every day that it is possible to do so, before frost stops you, because you do not know how short of time and how costly labor will affect you next spring, and it is your duty to prepare for it now. One farmer says of his operations this year of dear labor and drouth: "Last season I plowed in the fall for all my spring crops. This season, when ready to plant corn and potatoes, I harrowed the ground thoroughly and then rolled it. At this time I have as good a field of corn as any one would wish to see, and the best I have ever had." Better probably than he would have had if he had waited till spring to plow the ground, by more than enough to pay four times the expense of plowing. That certainly was our experience in a piece of oats. The best piece of oats that we ever grew was upon ground, deeply plowed in autumn, manured in spring and plowed with a subsoil plow, as deep as it would run; then harrowed to stir the surface and mix the manure; then sowed four bushels to the acre, and the seed plowed in and the surface dragged smooth with a bush. We ask farmers to try this course the present autumn.—[N. Y. Tribune.

Truth is the only real lasting foundation for friendship; and in everything but truth there is a principle of decay and dissolution.

If you wish to get your son on in trade what business would you advise him to mind? Ans.—His own.



WOBBURN:  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

**WHAT WE OWE, AND OUR ABILITY TO PAY.**—When any party proposes to borrow our money, we naturally inquire, Is the borrower solvent? Is he worth property sufficient to pay his debts? The United States is now in the market for money to complete the great work of crushing the rebellion, now evidently tottering to its fall. Yast numbers would give their money, as they have already given their sons, without hope of other reward than the consciousness of having performed the great and solemn duty that devolves upon every true patriot. But we will leave all considerations of duty and patriotism aside, and, taking only the business view, merely glance at the inventory of wealth, which is the foundation of credit.

According to that authentic document, the U. S. Census Reports for 1860, the sum of the wealth of the entire country at that time was sixteen thousand one hundred and fifty-nine million dollars (\$16,159,000,000), of which only four thousand seven hundred million (\$4,700,000,000) was in States now in rebellion, and of this four thousand seven hundred millions, over one and a half millions was in slaves. When the war is prosecuted to a successful termination, the property of the entire country will have to contribute to the payment of the national debt. But it is not the wealth of to-day that will pay it; it is the wealth that will be accumulated in the series of years that will elapse before the debt is finally due. The increase of our national wealth from 1840 to 1850 was 64 per cent., and from 1850 to 1860, 127 per cent. If our country was worth sixteen thousand millions in 1860, is there any reason why its property should not double every succeeding ten years? War may stop this increase in part, but not entirely. Unlike the nations of the Old World, we have only begun to develop our resources. We have half a continent that the plow has never touched, gold mines that have only begun to be developed, and other mineral resources that only future generations will know of.

But let us avoid rhetoric, and keep to the bare facts of our statement.

Taking the wealth of the nation as in 1860, without increase, and it stands at.....	\$16,159,000,000
The national debt, as stated at the last Treasury Report, Aug. 30, 1864, was.....	1,878,565,223

Surplus, .....	\$14,280,434,777
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The ratio of liability thus shown is only about 12 per cent. of the assets, and, throwing the rebellious States quite out of the question, is only about 16 per cent. Would not a private individual with such a balance-sheet be considered worthy of credit?

But, a glance at what others have done will best illustrate our own position. Take Great Britain, during one of the gloomiest periods of her financial history. At the end of her great wars in 1816, her wealth was estimated at ten thousand four hundred millions (\$10,400,000,000), and her national debt of that time was four thousand three hundred millions (\$4,300,000,000), or more than 41 per cent. of her entire property. In 1861 her property was stated at thirty-one thousand five hundred millions (\$31,500,000,000), while her debt was three thousand eight hundred and ninety millions (\$3,890,000,000), or was a charge on the property of the country of only about 12-13 per cent.

We write this not that we think any one fears the solvency of the country, but because we believe that every citizen should understand his general as well as individual account, and who will give the best security as well as the best interest for his money. We know of no form of investment that combines so many advantages as the Government Loans.

**WOBBURN BANK.**—The stockholders of the Woburn Bank held their annual meeting, on Monday, Oct. 3d, for the choice of Directors for the ensuing year, and unanimously made choice of the old board of Directors, viz:—Abijah Thompson, Bowen Buckman, Charles Choate, J. B. Winn, John Cummings, Jr., Stephen Dow, Charles Bond, Moses F. Winn, John Hill, and Stephen Nichols.

At a subsequent meeting of the board of Directors, elect, Gen. Abijah Thompson was unanimously elected President for the ensuing year. A dividend of 5 per cent. above all taxes, was declared to the stockholders, payable on and after the 1st inst.

The democrats of Woburn were out in force last Tuesday evening. At 7-1-2 o'clock, a splendid flag, bearing the motto, "Union at all Hazards," and the names of McClellan and Pendleton, was displayed from their headquarters in Lyceum building. It was greeted with cheer upon cheer by the crowd, while the band played lively airs, and the darkness of the evening was rendered brilliant by the rockets which were constantly ascending in honor of the occasion.

Are we to have a course of lectures in Woburn this season?

The country is passing through a severe trial of our Republican form of government, and it is precisely that proof which all wise and reflecting men were fearful of, a civil strife. When it was suggested in the formation of our Constitution, the coercion of States which might rebel, a case involving the rights of minorities, the discussion of the subject appeared so full of peril, that it was relinquished on the threshold. The love of liberty on the part of the people at that time, was so intense and excited, they had made such great sacrifices to secure it, that it was with difficulty they were persuaded to come into an arrangement to transfer, even to so limited a degree as they did the rights of free and sovereign states to the general government that they formed. Rhode Island, whose early history showed so wide a toleration, such a diversity of opinion, and such a reluctance to restraint, did not for several years adopt the Constitution. Several hundred men, many of them armed with muskets, kept watch at a bridge near Providence, to intercept and endeavor to persuade those who were thronging to a barbecue, where an ox was to be roasted in honor of the ratification of the Constitution, that they were losing their liberties, and should not countenance such a celebration.

How wisely and well our truly great and patriotic statesmen formed that instrument of law, liberty and cohesion, the experience of seventy years has demonstrated. State rights have been enjoyed, limited only by bounds indispensable to National unity, efficiency and success. The great problem of securing the highest liberty compatible with the existence of a strong and honored government, for the individual and for the States was solved, and the United States of America became second to none of the nations of the earth in power and dignity, and exceeded them all in the genuine freedom which was enjoyed, the lightness of taxation, and the promise of a brilliant future.

But the question forces itself upon us now, are we to be as free in the future as in the past? How is our war to terminate,—in separation or in union?—in the subjugation of one portion of the land to the other as a subject province, to be kept down by the bayonet, or, are we again to be united by mutual consent, and all the States to possess the rights and privileges guaranteed by the Constitution?

There are those who say that we must have a stronger government, a new Constitution and Code of Laws. Are there not some fears, that the people being unwilling to be disturbed by the cares of government, are willing to east the burden upon one or a few individuals? Is not the subject of politics disgusting to many, as they see how corruption mingles in it? Do not some complain of the turmoil that every four years comes upon the country in the election of a President? Have not some expressed regret, that it is necessary while we are engaged in civil war, to excite and divide the people by going into the canvass of rival claimants for the Presidential chair?

The vast and increasing immigration from foreign lands, and the prospective emancipation of four millions of blacks, to become voters, with the degeneracy of the times in morals, patriotism and love of liberty, may certainly give some anxiety for the stability of our free institutions.

Intelligence and religion are our great safe-guards, but ignorance and impiety, if suffered to prevail and get the ascendancy, will work our ruin. The prolongation of our civil war is fraught with dreadful forebodings, but if peace and union should soon come, and energetic Christian measures should be used afterwards, to reform those who have been corrupted in the army, and bring back the public mind to the earnest and saving consideration of religious truth, we might hope to enjoy in the future our former prosperity.

The Committee, consisting of the following named persons, George L. Champney, L. L. Whitney, D. D. Hart, John Cummings, Jr., Bowen Buckman and M. F. Winn, chosen at a meeting of the citizens of Woburn interested in the welfare of the soldiers, to solicit subscriptions for the purpose of purchasing materials to be worked up by the patriotic and benevolent ladies of Woburn for the "Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission," have attended to that duty. Before entering upon the work, the committee pledged themselves to raise the sum of three hundred dollars for the object. They have collected three hundred and twenty-six dollars and fifty cents, and paid the same over to Mrs. S. E. Davis, Secretary and Treasurer of the Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission.

**THE POTATO CROP.**—Contrary to all appearances, and in happy disappointment of the general fear that the drought of June and July had ruined the potato crop, the yield of that important vegetable proves to be larger and better than usual. We never saw, in "old times," better potatoes than this season's crop; and the yield is enormous—up to the old fashioned standard of 200 bushels to the acre. The price in Hartford has suddenly fallen to \$1 a bushel, and potatoes are a drug at that. In Boston they have sold by the quantity at 80 per cent.—the Vermont and New Hampshire and Maine farmers bringing in immense quantities. (Hartford (Ct.) Times.

#### Acknowledgments.

East Woburn, Winchester and Burlington, have made a handsome addition to the book collection for Readville. The acknowledgment of the whole will appear soon. Each town has also made other donations for the soldiers.

Mr. Wm. B. Harris received a kind letter of gratitude, for a fine box of good things from Sergeant Wheeler, Co. A, 25th Mass. Reg., Knight's Hospital.

Mrs. S. O. Pollard received a very interesting letter from a box of articles from J. A. Lawton, of Chelsea, 4th Mass. Cavalry. Mr. L. is a Norwegian by birth, come out to defend our cause, and has not many friends. He is wounded severely, and therefore Mrs. Pollard's donation is a blessing.

Mr. Fred W. Ellis, and Miss Lilly Nelson, received a long and interesting letter from Capt. Chas. Converse, 5th Mass., from Fort McHenry, for packages of reading and bandages; just the thing they needed in Co. G. All the boys in Co. G, send their thanks for the remembrance.

Mrs. Capt. John P. Crane had a pleasant letter of thanks for her box from a very young soldier of 16 years, Nathan Hennaway, of Framingham, Co. A, 32d Mass. Reg., who lost a leg, and is now at the Discharged Soldiers' Home.

Dr. Edwin Jameson, of Woburn, 29th Mass. Reg., Brigade Surgeon, acknowledges a box of Hospital stores from City Point, Va., the gift of Mr. Schwabe for the brigade.

The children of the different schools had a tip-top time by making a fine collection for the Readville Library of books.

Miss Eugenia Parker, of Winchester, had the pleasure of receiving a very kind letter from James Jones, Co. C, 37th Mass. Reg., for a box of useful contents, which arrived at a time, the recipient says, when most needed at Knight's Hospital.

Mr. Stephen Nichols received a polite note from Geo. T. Tilton, 23d Mass. Reg., for having had the honor in distributing some useful articles to needy soldiers at Knight's Hospital, the gift of Mr. Nichols.

Mr. Fred C. Parker, of Woburn, got a diploma for a box of coffee, from Mrs. H. G. Otis, for the disabled soldiers. Mr. Parker also sent some good things to Knight's Hospital. The following persons received a diploma from Mrs. Otis: Miss Charlotte Lindley, of Winchester, for a box of Hospital stores; Mrs. John Wood, for a box of preserves; Mrs. Silas Cutler, for a box of pickles; Mr. John J. Munroe, for a box of preserves; all of Burlington.

Mr. Elijah Wyman, 2d, has received a well written letter from Lieut. James P. Stevens, 22d Mass., for a fine box of good things, to be distributed among the invalid corps, which the Lieutenant now commands, on account of having lost a leg on the battlefield.

Mr. Schwabe, and many other people, were agreeably surprised at the post office, on Wednesday evening, by the arrival of a large wagon full of barrels, with onions, potatoes, apples, and all kinds of vegetables, for our brave soldiers. This is the generous gift of Messrs. John J. and Geo. J. Munroe, of Burlington. Mr. J. K. Woodman followed close behind, with a fine lot of onions and potatoes, and bandages. They will be forwarded with pleasure at an early day.

Mrs. Timothy Winn, in behalf of the Woburn Branch Society, received two most interesting letters for two large boxes, and one large package, containing dressing gowns, slippers, linens, shirts, &c., for the paroled prisoners at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md. Miss Phillips says too many thanks cannot be given to the generous people of Woburn, and Miss Henrietta Williams, daughter of the late Isaac Williams, known as "Sister Netty," says, "How can I ever reward your timely gift for my noble soldiers. Surely Woburn has done bravely; everything was of great use to us." In these boxes was also a large lot of good linens, the gift of Mrs. Charles Choate. The above boxes were all forwarded as usual, by Mr. Schwabe.

**OBITUARY.**—At a meeting of Washington Engine Co. No. 3, of East Woburn, held at their Hall on Tuesday evening, October 4th, 1864, the following Resolutions were presented and adopted:—

Resolved, That while we recognize the hand of an All-wise and merciful Providence in the removal of Capt. John I. Richardson, we would cherish his memory as a good and faithful man and a kind-hearted neighbor—one whose loss will be most severely felt by all who knew him best.

Resolved, That we tender to the widow and orphans of the deceased our warmest sympathies in this hour of their affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the Family of the deceased and also published in the Middlesex Journal.

CHARLES PORTER, Foreman.  
T. A. HENSHAW, Jr., Clerk.

**DR. WALBECK'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.** This is said to be an excellent preparation for the hair. It is selling rapidly at Mr. Brigham's apothecary store.

"Angels carrying lanterns," is the last explanation of the aurora borealis given by a little three year-old.

**MILITARY.**—It is with regret that we announce to our readers this week, the death of Capt. JOHN I. RICHARDSON, of Woburn, late of Co. K, 39th Reg. Mass. Vols., who died at his residence last Saturday evening, of hemorrhage of the bowels.

The deceased went out in command of Co. K, in the fall of '62, but not enjoying very good health, he received his discharge a few months since. He had not been enjoying good health for some time previous to his death. He was buried last Tuesday, from his residence, the returned soldiers, under command of Capt. John P. Crane, and a delegation from the Masonic (Mount Hope) Lodge, of which the deceased was a member, following his remains to the grave. Capt. Richardson was a highly esteemed citizen, and his loss will be severely felt by his family and the community generally.

Corporal Elisha J. Mann, of Woburn, a member of Co. H, 59th Mass. Vols., has been transferred to the hospital at Readville, Mass.

Private Philip Doherty, of Woburn, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regiment, has also been transferred to the same hospital.

Lieut. William R. Bennett, of Woburn, late of Co. F, 22d Mass. Regt., has been commissioned Captain in the 11th Mass. Regiment.

Corpl. John L. Parker, of Woburn, late of Co. F, 22d Mass. Regt., has been commissioned 2d Lieutenant in the same regiment. Both commissions date September 24th.

Corporal Arthur B. Wyman, of Woburn, Co. K, 59th Mass. Vols., who has been missing since the fight at Petersburg, July 30th, has been heard from. A letter has been received from him, which states that he was at Danville, Va., and was treated well.

Corpl. Uriah Perkins, of Woburn, a member of Co. H, 59th Mass. Vols., who is now at home on furlough, has been promoted Sergeant.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.**—The Tenth Annual meeting of this Society was held at Leominster on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, and was well attended by pastors and delegates from the several Sunday schools of the denomination. Rev. A. P. Putnam, the President, declined a re-election. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for the ensuing year, viz: President—Rev. William P. Tilden of Boston. Vice Presidents—Rev. Eli Fay of Woburn, and Rev. C. A. Staples of Milwaukee. Secretary—Moses T. Rice of Boston. Treasurer—Edwin A. Wadleigh of Winchester. Directors—Henry Bigelow, M. D., of Newton, Rev. L. J. Livermore of Lexington, Rev. W. G. Scandlin of Grafton, Theo. H. Bell of Roxbury, and S. G. Studley of Charlestown.

The report of the Treasurer shew the receipts the past year as follows: From donations, \$1146.90; Life Membership, \$40; Annual Membership, \$48.50; subscriptions to Gazette, \$1811.38. Balance from former Treasurer, \$21.64; Total—3068.42.

Expenditures: For Sunday School Gazette, \$2635; miscellaneous expenses, \$109.15; total \$2745.09. Balance of cash on hand \$323.33. A debt of \$1200 has been paid the past year and all its current expenses. 108,400 copies of the Gazette have been printed the past year, among 9000 subscribers. It represents the Unitarian denomination in the Sunday School work.

#### Public Meeting.

STONEHAM, Oct. 5th, 1864.

A meeting of the Irishmen of this town was held in Whittier's Hall, on Saturday evening, Oct. 1st, for the purpose of forming a Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood.

The meeting was called to order at 7-1-2 o'clock, P. M., by Mr. Matthew Foley, who presiding, announced the object of the meeting as above stated, and introduced as the first speaker, Mr. Sennott, of East Boston, who addressed the meeting at some length, on the condition of Ireland under British rule, the inefficacy of petitions, except the petitions of glittering bayonets, and treated the subject of British injustice and organization to resist it with much ability, also defining the spirit and doctrine that characterize the "Fenian." The chairman next introduced Mr. William J. Hynes, of Springfield, central organizer for New England, who, after a lengthy and able discourse on the right of Irishmen to govern Ireland, and the necessity of organizing to bring about that ultimate object, concluded by calling on those who believed in the doctrine of Fenianism, to come forward and enroll themselves. The invitation was responded to by 42 coming forward and signing.

Next in order was the selection of officers by a committee appointed for the purpose, who nominated the following gentlemen as candidates: For Centre—Matthew Foley, For Secretary—Bernard J. Dolan, For Treasurer—J. P. Colahan, who were duly elected the officers of the Circle; after which all arose and were pledged members. The officers then proceeded to acknowledge their obligations in patriotic little speeches, with promises of faithfulness in the fulfilments of their duties, when, after appointing a time and place for their next meeting, the assembly adjourned. The meeting was characterized by order and good feeling throughout.

**Forty-Five Million Seven-Thirties Subscribed.**—The subscriptions to this popular loan are now over forty-five million dollars, and they continue to come in at the rate of about a million a day. The public are satisfied that there are no other investments so profitable as U. S. securities. While nearly all the hundreds of miscellaneous stocks sold in the New York market have been declining for several weeks (in many instances twenty-five per cent), Government stocks have remained firm; and while lenders loan very sparingly, and at high rates, on the best mercantile paper, they have plenty of money to lend on Government paper, at as low rates as ever. While the Government needs the people's money, and pays for it liberally, it offers the highest possible consideration besides, and that is, safety.

**REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.**—The Republicans of the Sixth Congressional District, held a Convention in Charlestown on the 5th inst. Hon. D. W. Gough was nominated for Congress, by acclamation.

The following persons were appointed a District Committee:—Francis Childs, of Charlestown; Hiram Hall, of Saugus; Thomas Wright, of Lawrence; Samuel O. Upham, of Waltham; H. P. Wakefield, of Reading; David Boynton, of Haverhill; Horace Conn, of Woburn.

Hon. George L. Davis, of North Andover, was selected as the candidate for Presidential Elector.

**THE "RANGERS."**—This company now numbers for duty, 10 privates, 5 corporals, and 2 sergeants. The company is now stationed at Fort Dushane, before Petersburg, Va.

**NEW MUSIC.**—The Fairy Glen Polka Redowa, by Albert H. Fernald. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

#### WAR NEWS.

On Thursday Gen. Grant made one of the bold movements, for which, many times, in the course of this war he has been famous. Two of our corps, the 18th, Gen. Ord, and the 10th, Gen. Birney, advanced on the north bank of the river towards Richmond. The 5th corps, Gen. Warren, remained at the Weldon Railroad, and the other portions of the army in their old position in front of Petersburg. The portion of the army north of the James, advanced upon the first line of rebel works at Chaplin's Farm, which were taken after a desperate resistance, and about 20 heavy guns, with ammunition, camp equipage, and about 300 prisoners fell into our hands. We lost nearly as many prisoners as the rebels, among which were two companies of the 2d Penn. Heavy Artillery. We lost very heavily in this charge. Gen. Burham was killed, and Gen. Ord and Stannard were severely wounded. After this our troops pushed on after the rebels, to the junction of the Varina and Newmarket roads, where they were found strongly posted. Gen. Birney ordered the works to be carried, and twice were they assaulted, but the rebels held their ground, and our troops retired to a strong position.

On Friday the rebels made three desperate attempts to capture Butler's position opposite Fort Darling, aided by their rams, but were repulsed with a loss of 1000. Sunday morning the rebels attacked Gen. Ayer's division, but were repulsed. Since then everything has been quiet. Our troops are strongly intrenched.

A despatch from Gen. Sheridan dated Oct. 1, says that he has destroyed the iron bridge on South river at Waynesboro, also the bridge across Christiana Creek, and the Railroad from Staunton to Waynesboro. The World's despatch states that our cavalry has entered Gordonsville, but it is believed to be without foundation.

Missouri is still much disturbed. Prisoners captured report Price about eighteen miles south of Franklin, with 7000 men. Frederickton is still occupied by the rebels. The Iron Works at Pilot Knob have suffered to an extent of \$25,000. Price's army is supposed to number 25,000 veterans, and some 5000 recruits will be readily obtained in the State.

The latest reports from Fort Smith, Arkansas, say that our troops there are on half rations. Their forage is exhausted and the cavalry are without horses.

A witty gentleman, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone. "If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the by-laws."

A man brought before a justice of the peace in Vermont, charged with some petty offence, pleaded in extenuation a natural infirmity. "I should have made a considerable figure in the world, Judge," said he, "if I hadn't been a fool; it's a dreadful pull-back to a man."

A young lady was told by a married lady, that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Falls into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom!"

Advertising is the life of business.

#### SOUTH READING.

**SOLDIERS' RELIEF.**—At a full meeting of the Committee of the Soldiers' Relief Association, the hearty thanks of the board were voted to John Sullivan Eaton, Esq., for his gratuitous labors and untiring efforts, while at Washington, in seeking out the sick and wounded from our town, and ministering to their wants; to Mr. Geo. Seaver, for his mission to Washington, and rendering like services; and to Mr. O. S. Moulton, now resident at the seat of Government, for his sympathy in visiting hospitals, and rendering aid and comfort to the sick and suffering. It was determined by the Committee that early in the winter, efforts be renewed to raise additional funds for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, and their families. A vote was passed to invite Rev. Mr. Bliss and Rev. Mr. Bullen, at a proper time, to give each a lecture in behalf of the association.

**UNION CLUB.**—A Union Club has recently been organized in town, with Daniel Allen, Esq., for President, and Jacob C. Hartshorne, for Clerk. Headquarters, with reading room attached, are established for the campaign in the pleasant room over Mr. Martin's store, corner of Main and Albion streets, where all good men and true, are invited to assemble for consultation and encouragement.

**SOUTH READING BANK.**—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the South Reading Bank, was held at their rooms on Monday afternoon, and the following board of Directors unanimously re-elected, viz:—Thomas Emerson, Lucius Beebe, Samuel Gardner, Edward Mansfield, Cyrus Wakefield, Geo. O. Carpenter, and Hubbard Emerson. Hon. Thomas Emerson was re-elected President.

**So. R. M. and A. INSTITUTION.**—A semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent. has just been declared by the South Reading Mechanic and Agricultural Institution. The annual meeting of the stockholders was held on Monday evening. The officers of the Institution are:—Thomas Emerson, President; Samuel Gardner, Vice President; Directors:—Arch Smith, Jonathan Nichols, Lemuel Sweetser, Jacob Tufts, John F. Hartshorn, and Hubbard Emerson; Lilley Eaton, Treasurer and director ex-officio.

**GAS COMPANY.**—At the annual meeting of the Citizens' Gas Company, of Reading, South Reading, and Stoneham, held at their rooms on Tuesday, P. M., the following persons were chosen Directors for the ensuing year:—H. P. Wakefield and Stephen Foster, of Reading; Wm. Hurd, of Stoneham; E. F. Farrington, of Boston; Thomas Emerson, Jr., of South Reading, and Edward Mansfield, of South Reading. M.

#### WINCHESTER.

**THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.**—The persons injured by the recent accident upon the road excepting Mr. Sullivan, of Woburn, who died, are recovering from the injuries inflicted.

**LEGAL SUITS.**—Though not strictly local, yet it may be of interest to the passengers upon the Lowell Railroad to know that a suit has been instituted at the present term of the Supreme Court for Suffolk County, by the widow of the late Thomas Hickey, of Woburn, against the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation, for injuries inflicted on her husband, which caused his death. It is alleged that by the negligence and carelessness of the defendants' servants and agents, the car in which said Thomas Hickey was a passenger, was run into, upon, and against a baggage or smoking car, standing thereupon and across the rails or track of the Woburn branch railroad, and by reason thereof the said Thomas Hickey was badly hurt, both of his legs broken, his head and body bruised and wounded, whereby within twenty-four hours afterwards the said Thomas Hickey died. Damages are laid at \$5000. Ranney & Morse, Plff's counsel. An indictment for murder of the said Hickey has also been brought against this Railroad Corporation by the Grand Jury. EXCELSIOR.

**Mr. John E. Bryant,** formerly of Woburn, died at Newberne, N. C., of the prevailing epidemic, resembling yellow fever, on the 1st instant. Mr. Bryant, for the two past years, held a position in the post office at Newberne. His many friends in Woburn and elsewhere, will deeply regret his death, for no one could become acquainted with him without feeling that he was sincere in all his actions, and that his friendship was true and lasting.

**The 22d Mass. Regiment,** now on their way home from Washington, have been invited to visit Woburn, on Monday next. The Home Guard, of Woburn, will do escort duty on the occasion, and the citizens generally will form a cavalcade. The stores will be closed, and the schools in town will have a vacation for the day. The occasion promises to be one of rare interest. It will be recollected that the "Union Guard," of Woburn, was one of the companies comprising this regiment.

Half of our forebodings as to our neighbors are nothing but wishes that we are ashamed to utter in any other form.







**Mary's Hollow.**  
A shady dell beside the road,  
Sequestered, cool, and grassy;  
A pleasant brook near it flows,  
Its current pure and glassy.  
And Mary's home was on the hill,  
Up in the farm-house yonder;  
But in the dell so cool and still  
It was her wont to wander.  
Her father's sheep the tender maid  
Her steps had taught to follow;  
And frisking lambs around her play'd,  
Down in the grassy hollow.  
And there she sat on summer days,  
Her nimble fingers flitting;  
Through many an interesting maze  
In curious arts of knitting.  
And there she sang some simple song  
Or hymn learn'd from her mother;  
The hours to her were never long—  
Each moment chased the other.  
A native quietude of mind  
So graciously became her,  
The maidens on the village-green  
With honour loved to name her.  
The quiet meekness of her brow  
Awoke no special wonder,  
Though like a brook beneath the snow  
A stream of thought ran under.  
And oftentimes a sudden smile  
Her countenance stole over,  
As sitting unobtrusively she  
O'er fields of blooming clover.  
The very angel of her heart,  
Her mother's hand caress'd her;  
She caught her father's care to mirth,  
And silently he bless'd her.  
On Sunday, in the village choir,  
Her pure, sweet voice outpealing,  
Struck up in listening hearts the fire  
Of deep and holy feeling.  
When sorrow's burden fell upon  
Some soul too weak to bear it,  
She bent her willing shoulder down  
And kindly sought to share it.  
The great wide world was all astir  
And heaved in toppling billows;  
But all was calm as heaven to her,  
Beneath her drooping willows.  
As life ran on with silent pace,  
Her meek and pious spirit  
Grew merrier for the holy place  
The pure in heart inherit.  
And when the leaves were turning red,  
And autumn winds were sweeping,  
Sweet Mary with the early dew  
Beneath the grass was sleeping.  
The neighbours, still, who pass that way,  
Where Mary's sheep do follow,  
Remember her; and to this day  
They call it Mary's Hollow.

**THE PASSION FOR DISPLAY.**—The world is  
crazy for show. There is not one person in  
a thousand who dares fall back on nothing  
but his real, simple self for power to get  
through the world, and extract enjoyment as  
he goes along. There is too much living in  
the eye of other people. There is no end to  
the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the  
superficial arts. It requires rare courage,  
admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions  
in these times. Unless you consent to  
join in the general cheat, you are jostled out  
of reach. There is no room for you among  
the great mob of pretenders. If a man dares  
to live within his means, and is resolute in  
his purpose not to appear more than he really  
is, let him be applauded. There is something  
fresh in such an example.

**GEN. DIX ON PEACE.**—While at Sandusky,  
Ohio, the other day, looking up the rebel  
pirates on Lake Erie, Gen. Dix was serenaded  
by the citizens and made his acknowledged  
return of their courtesy in a brief speech. Re-  
ferring to the rebellion he said:

"It has been my conviction from the begin-  
ning that we can have no honorable peace  
until the insurgent armies are dispersed  
and the leaders of the rebellion are expelled  
from the country. [Loud cheers.] I believe  
that a cessation of hostilities would lead in-  
evitably and directly to a recognition of the  
insurgent states; and when I say this I need  
hardly add that I can have no part in any  
political movement of which the Chicago  
platform is the basis. [Renewed cheering  
and applause.] No, fellow-citizens, the  
only hope of securing an honorable peace—a  
peace which shall rest on the Union and the  
Constitution—lies in a steady, persistent and  
unrelenting prosecution of the war; [great  
applause] and I believe the judgement of every  
right thinking man will soon bring him this  
conviction."

**CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.**—In dig-  
ging at the city of Modena, in Italy, and  
about four miles around it, when the  
workmen arrived at the depth of sixty-  
three feet, they came to a bed of chalk,  
which they bore with an auger five feet  
deep. They then withdrew from the pit  
before the auger is removed, and upon its  
extraction the water bursts up through  
the aperture with great violence, and  
quickly fills this new made well, which  
continues full, and is affected neither by  
rains nor droughts. But that which is  
most remarkable is, that at the depth of  
fourteen feet are found the remains of an  
ancient city—paved streets, houses, floors,  
and different pieces of mosaic. Under-  
neath is a soft earth made up chiefly of  
vegetable matters; and at twenty-six  
feet deep large trees entire, such as wal-  
nut trees, with the walnuts still on the  
stem, and the leaves and branches in a  
perfect state of preservation. At twenty-  
eight feet deep a soft chalk is found,  
mixed with a vast quantity of shells; and  
this bed is eleven feet thick. Under it  
vegetables are found again with leaves  
and branches of trees, as before.

**LOST.** On Tuesday forenoon last, a new  
morocco Porto Monico, containing a small  
sum in currency and a 910 counterbill. The  
finder will please leave it at the Woburn Book  
Store.

**The Middlesex Journal,**  
E. MARCHANT, PROPRIETOR.  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.  
TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.  
No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are  
paid, except at the option of the publisher; and  
any person wishing his paper discontinued, must  
give notice thereof at the expiration of the term,  
whether previous notice has been given or not.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
One square (12 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.50  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (six lines), one insertion, 1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .50  
One square six months, 8.00  
One square three months, 5.00  
Half a square one year, 10.00  
Half a square six months, 5.00  
Half a square three months, 3.00  
Less than half a square charged as a half square.  
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.  
SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 15 cents per line for  
one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.  
All advertisements, not otherwise marked  
on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT,  
and charged accordingly.

**AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.**  
South Reading—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD  
Stoneham—E. T. WHITTIER  
Winchester—J. H. HAYES  
Reading—L. E. GLEASON  
S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New  
York: S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer),  
Seely's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly  
empowered to take advertisements for the JOUR-  
NAL, at the rates required by us.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**—The attention of business  
men everywhere is called to this paper as an ad-  
vertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely  
in the towns that surround Woburn, and all  
will increase their business by advertising in its  
columns.  
Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short no-  
tice on reasonable terms and in good style.  
We do not hold ourselves responsible for the  
opinions of correspondents.  
Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the  
office of publication.

**BOSTON AND LOWELL**  
And Nashua & Lowell, Stony Brook  
Lowell & Lawrence, and Salem & Lowell  
Railroads.

**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.**  
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May  
16th, 1894, trains will leave BOSTON  
for—  
Upper Railroad, 6:00 a.m., 8:00 a.m., 12:00, 5:30 p.m.  
Wilton, Milford, Danvers, Lowell, 6:30, 8:30, 12:30, 5:30 p.m.  
Nashua, 6:00, 8:00 a.m., 12:00, 5:30 p.m.  
Tyngsboro', 6:00, 8:00 a.m., 12:00, 5:30 p.m.  
Groton Junction 10:00 (exp.) a.m., 3:30 p.m.  
Lowell, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00 a.m., 12:00 (exp.) 3:30, 5:30  
p.m.  
North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilming-  
ton, 6:00, 10:00 a.m., 2:30, 6:00 p.m.  
S. Wilmington, N. Wilmington, 6:00, 10:00, 2:30, 6:00 p.m.  
Woburn W. S. 6:00, 10:00 a.m., 2:30, 6:00 p.m.  
E. Woburn, 6:45, 10:00, 11:30 a.m., 9:30, 3:00, 5:15,  
7:30 p.m.  
Winchester and West Medford, 6:45, 10:00, 11:30,  
a.m., 2:30, 3:00, 5:15, 6:00, 6:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.  
College Hill 6:45, 10:00, 11:30 a.m., 3:00, 5:15, 6:30,  
7:30, 9:30 p.m.  
Mondays at 11:30 p.m., a train leaves for Lowell,  
Nashua and Wat. Stations.  
The 10:00 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. Trains from  
Boston stop at Milk Row, Somerville Centre,  
and College Hill Stations, to take passengers for  
Stations above Winchester.  
Saturdays at 10 p.m.

**TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE**  
Wilton at 6:15, 11:00 a.m., 3:30 p.m.  
Milford, 6:30, 11:00, a.m., 3:55 p.m.  
Danvers, 6:30, 11:15, a.m., 4:05 p.m.  
North Merrimack, 6:35, 11:21 a.m., 4:23 p.m.  
Nashua at 7:00, 11:45, a.m., 5:00, 8:40 p.m.  
Tyngsboro' at 7:15, 11:55 a.m., 5:15 p.m.  
North Chelmsford, 7:20, 11:55 a.m., 5:10 p.m.  
Groton Junction, 8:00 a.m., 12:45 p.m.  
Lowell, 7:30, 8:00, a.m., 12:15, 3:45, 5:30, 9:45 p.m.  
North Billerica, 7:00, 9:30 a.m., 2:30, 5:45 p.m.  
Billerica and Tewksbury, 7:15, 9:45 a.m., 3:30, 5:45 p.m.  
Wilmington, 7:30, 9:55 a.m., 3:30, 5:45 p.m.  
South Wilmington, 10:00 a.m., 2:45 p.m.  
North Woburn, 10:00 a.m., 2:45 p.m.  
Woburn Watering Station at 7:30, 10:00 a.m., 2:30,  
6:00 p.m.  
East Woburn at 7:00, 9:00, 10:00 a.m., 1:15, 2:45, 5:00,  
6:30 p.m.  
Winchester at 6:05, 7:05, 7:45, 9:05, 10:15 a.m., 1:30,  
3:00, 5:05, 6:35, 8:20 p.m.  
West Medford at 6:15, 7:15, 7:52, 9:15, 10:22 a.m., 1:30,  
3:00, 5:05, 6:35, 8:20 p.m.  
College Hill 6:15, 7:15, 9:15 a.m., 1:30, 3:15, 5:15, 6:45,  
9:25 p.m.  
Or on any of trains from Nashua.  
Northern Depot.  
The 9:30 A. M. and 3:15 P. M. Trains from  
Lowell Railroad Depot for Stoneham at 6:45, and  
11:30 A. M., 3:00, 5:10, and 7:30 P. M.  
Leave Stoneham for Boston, at 6:52, and 8:51 A.  
M., 1:00, 3:00, and 6:50 P. M.  
Saturdays at 10:00 P. M.  
J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendent.  
B. L. and N. & L. R. R.

**Woburn Branch.**  
Trains for Woburn Centre, leave Boston, at 6:45  
11:30, a.m., 3:00, 5:10, 6:30, 7:30, 9:30, p.m.  
Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston, at 6:00,  
7:00, 7:40, 9 a.m., 1:15, 5:00, 6:30, 8:15 p.m.  
Saturdays at 10 p.m.

**Stoneham Branch.**  
The Trains on this Road leave Boston (from  
Lowell Railroad Depot) for Stoneham at 6:45, and  
11:30 A. M., 3:00, 5:10, and 7:30 P. M.  
Leave Stoneham for Boston, at 6:52, and 8:51 A.  
M., 1:00, 3:00, and 6:50 P. M.  
Saturdays at 10:00 P. M.  
J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendent.  
B. L. and N. & L. R. R.

**VERNATELLA.**  
WARRANTED TO MAKE THE  
SOLES OF BOOTS AND SHOES  
WATER AND DAMPNESS PROOF,  
AND WEAR ONE-THIRD LONGER.

**VERNATELLA,**  
is a preparation from Copper, having no grease.  
It makes the soles wear enough longer to more  
than pay for it, leaving as a net gain the making  
of them Water and Damppness Proof and the preser-  
vation thereof at that precious cost, the health.

**At Wholesale in Boston by**  
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., No. 28 Hanover street.  
S. M. COSCROD & CO., 86 Hanover street.  
S. M. BURK & CO., 36 Tremont street.  
CARTER, HUNT & CO., 43, Hanover street.  
And Wholesale Druggists generally. Also by all  
the Principal Dealers in Boots and Shoes.  
Manufactured in the CHEMICAL DEPART-  
MENT of the

**Cahoon Manufacturing Company.**  
WYMAN & TYLER, Agents.  
40-42m, 82, Water street, Boston.

**ATKINSON'S** Highly Recommended  
for CORNS,  
BUNIONS, BAD  
JOINTS, NAILS IN-  
GROWING, or any  
Disease of the Feet.  
This Plaster effects a cure without pain or in-  
convenience. After the application the boot or  
shoe can be worn with perfect ease. Warranted  
not to injure. Procured of all principal druggists  
and foot and shoe dealers. Made only by W. D.  
ATKINSON, Jr., Tremont corner Boylston  
streets, Boston, Mass. Wholesale agents, G. C.  
Goodwin & Co., John Wilson, Jr. & Co., Boston.

**A LARGE ASSORTMENT**  
OF  
**Drugs and Medicines,**  
AND FANCY ARTICLES.  
For sale at the lowest market prices, by  
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

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THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE is well  
supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing  
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is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and  
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FAMILY BIBLES supplied to order.

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The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the  
different Societies, are always kept on hand.  
Those of particular binding, when not on hand,  
will be furnished to order.

**Sabbath Sch'l Books,**  
Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books,  
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in good variety, and at different prices, from 50  
cts. upwards.

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suitable for children of all ages, including the  
works of the most favorite authors, in great sup-  
ply. TOY BOOKS of all kinds and prices.

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Ledgers, Journals, Record Books, Pocket  
and Tuck Memorandums, and all kinds of Blank Books  
usually called for. BLANK BOOKS, of particular  
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The various kinds of Books used in our Public  
Schools, are always on hand. Also, Rewards of  
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The stock of Writing Paper is always large, and  
includes all kinds—Letter, Bill, Cap, Bank Post,  
Blank, and Ornamental.

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Of all colors, sizes and qualities.

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All kinds of Gillott's, Washington Medallion,  
and many others, too numerous to mention.

**Penholders,**  
In Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c., at all prices.

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A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Win-  
dow Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable  
patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand.

**Miscellaneous.**  
Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper;  
Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Inkstands;  
Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory  
Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Stated, Pencil  
Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing  
Wax, Wafers and Stamps, Crayons, Drawing  
Books, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes,  
Pen Racks, Paper Teasers, Bill Files, Date  
Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes.  
Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c.,  
&c.

**Fancy Goods and Toys.**  
A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticles; Puff  
Ball, Round, Pine, Pocket and Dressing Combs;  
Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes;  
Crochet Needles, Embroidery Cushions, Port Monnaies,  
Walters, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing,  
Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and  
toys of all kinds

**Main St. Woburn Center.**  
**L. H. ALLEN,**  
**FUNERAL UNDERTAKER,**  
FURNISHES at his Wareroom, four doors  
north of the Central Depot, a large and complete  
assortment of Coffins, of all sizes and  
materials, Black Walnut, Mahogany, White Pine,  
and Pine coffins, of every size and price. Plates of  
various styles, and Plain and Fancy Handles.  
Tallies, Cashmires, Colored Lawn, Muslin, and  
Cambric Shrouds. Metallic Cases furnished at  
the shortest notice. Every thing furnished at the  
lowest living price.

The subscriber having received from the Board  
of Selectmen the appointment of Funeral Un-  
dertaker for the town, and in order to the public  
mind the features of the departed, and the corpse  
will keep much longer than in the ordinary way.  
The subscriber would take this opportunity to  
return his thanks for the liberal patronage he has  
hitherto received, and hopes with his new im-  
provement to continue to give his customers the  
highest satisfaction.  
All orders answered with promptness, and Coffins  
delivered within ten miles free of expense.  
L. H. ALLEN.  
Woburn Center, March 4, 1894.—33-6m

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**ANIMOTYPE, MELANOTYPE, AND**  
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Main Street, Woburn.  
PHE subscriber having taken the store for  
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**BRUSHES,**  
FOR THE  
HAIR, TEETH, AND CLOTHING.  
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W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

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In endless variety, many of which will be  
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**HOTTESTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,**  
The most remarkable medicine of the day, and the  
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in cases of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness,  
Debility, and other diseases arising from a disor-  
dered stomach or liver, places it at once among  
the most astonishing discoveries which have taken  
place in the medical world. The diseases to which  
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are but few of our friends who may not test their  
virtues in their own families or circle of acquaint-  
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there is at least one remedy among the many ad-  
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Good Stock & Mutual Companies;  
Also, PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,  
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New Bank Building, Woburn,  
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and  
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Particular attention paid to making  
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He has on hand a large stock of the best and  
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on hand.  
Woburn, March 19th, 1894.

**DR. C. T. LANG,**  
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Keeps constantly on hand  
BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS,  
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Corner of Oakley Court and Main Street, (opposite  
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Harnesses of every description made from the best  
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Repairing neatly done.

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of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity to a  
good assortment of  
Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink,  
Sund, Mucilage, Sealing Wax, and  
all articles usually found  
in a Stationery  
Store.

Daily Papers and Periodicals of the day.  
Sheet Music—Vocal and Instrumental.  
Violin and Guitar Strings.  
Confectionery of all kinds, and of the best qual-  
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Also, HOVEY'S HAIR BALM, one of the best  
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Advise to the Hair, offered to the public.

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**WAR-CLAIM ASSOCIATION,**  
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THIS ASSOCIATION has been formed to  
aid Soldiers, Seamen, and their Families, in  
obtaining PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,  
PRIZE MONEY, LAND, and other claims against  
the Government.

Applications for the collection of claims should  
be made by letter, or in person, to the Attorney  
of the Association.  
Admission will be given by the Attorney without  
charge.

Upon the collection of claims, small charges, es-  
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THE subscribers offer for sale the largest  
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Monuments and Gravestones  
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attention given to the

**Fitting up of Cemetery Lots**  
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Also, all kinds of Granite Stone-work for  
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OFFICE—Next door North of Allen's Coffin  
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Woburn, Feb. 18th, 1894.—21-y.

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Just received and for sale by  
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**ATKINSON'S** For VARNISHED OR  
**FURNITURE** POLISHED FUR-  
**POLISH.** niture, this excellent  
Polish will not fail to re-  
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Obtained at the principal dealers in furniture,  
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**HOSTETTER'S**  
**CELEBRATED**  
**STOMACH**  
**BITTERS.**

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and altera-  
tive of wonderful efficacy in disease of the  
Stomach, Liver and Bowels,  
Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache,  
General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of  
Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent  
Fever, Cramps and Spasms, and all  
Complaints of either Sex, arising  
from Bodily Weakness, whether  
inherent in the system or  
produced by special  
causes.

NOTHING that is not wholesome, genial and re-  
storative in its nature enters into the composition  
of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This  
popular preparation contains no mineral of any  
kind, no deadly botanical element, no fiery ex-  
tract, but it is a combination of the extracts of  
rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest  
and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is to be formed against disease, and so far  
as the human system can be protected by human  
means against malarial engendered by an un-  
wholesome atmosphere, impure water and other  
external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may  
be relied on as a safeguard.

In districts infested with *Fever and Ague*, it has  
been found infallible as a preventive, and is  
established as a remedy and thousands who resort to  
it under apprehension of an attack, escape the  
scourge; and thousands who neglect to avail  
themselves of its protective qualities in advance,  
are cured by a very brief course of this marvelous  
medicine.

Fever and Ague patients, after being  
plagued with quinine for months in vain, until fairly  
saturated with that dangerous alkaloid, are not  
infrequently restored to health with a few days  
of the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and  
the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and  
hence it shows wonders in cases of DYSPEPSIA  
and in less confirmed forms of INDIGESTION.  
Acting as a gentle and pleasant aperient, as well  
as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the  
CONSTIPATION superinduced by irregular action  
of the digestive and secretory organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous At-  
tacks, Losses of Spirits and Fits of Langour, find  
in this medicine a most reliable and safe remedy.  
The testimony on this point is most conclusive,  
and from both sexes.

The action of BILIOUS COLIC is immediately as-  
suaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by  
occasionally resorting to it, the return of the com-  
plaint may be prevented.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS  
produces effects which must be experienced or wit-  
nessed before they can be fully appreciated. In  
cases of Constitutional Weakness, Premature De-  
cay and Debility and Discrepitude arising from  
Over Age, it exercises the electric and tonic influ-  
ence of youth, and thus counteracts the  
inconvenient stages of all diseases it operates  
as a delightful invigorant. When the powers of  
nature are relaxed, it operates to re-inforce and  
re-establish them.

Last, but not least, it is *The Only Safe Stimu-*  
lant, being manufactured from sound and healthy  
materials, and entirely free from the acid ele-  
ments present more or less in all the ordinary  
Bitters, Kidney Gravel, and Dropsical Swell-  
ings.

No family medicine has been so universally, and  
as it may be truly said, deservedly popular with  
all classes of the community, as  
HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pitts-  
burgh, Pa.  
Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Storekeepers  
everywhere.

**HELMHOLD'S**  
**GENUINE PREPARATIONS.**  
COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU,  
A Positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the  
Bladder, Kidney, Gravel, and Dropsical Swell-  
ings.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion,  
and excites the Absorbents into action, and hence  
which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and  
all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well  
as Pain and Inflammation.

**Helmhold's Extract Buchu.**  
For Weaknesses arising from Excesses, Habits  
of Dissipation, Early Indiscretion or other re-  
mote causes, attended with the following symptoms:—  
Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power,  
Bladder, Kidney, Gravel, and Dropsical Swell-  
ings, Difficulty of Breathing,  
Weak Nerves, Trembling,  
Horror of Disease, Weakness,  
Impotence, Pain in the Back,  
Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System,  
Flushing of the Body,  
Dryness of the Skin, Eruptions on the Face,  
Pallid Countenance.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this  
medicine invariably removes, are very often reme-  
died by the use of this medicine, and are not frequently fol-  
lowed by the following diseases:—  
"INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION."  
Many are aware of the cause of their suffering,  
but none will confess. The records of the insane  
asylum  
And Melancholic Deaths by Consumption bear  
ample witness to the Truth of the assertion.

The Constitution once affected with Organic  
Weakness requires the aid of Medicine to Strengthen  
and Inv



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV : : No. 3.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

## The Ice Island.

Mastless, helmless, gaping at every seam, and groaning and crashing at every pitch over the rolling surges, yet supported above the water by the exceeding buoyancy of the cargo, our miserable bark still struggled with the tempest. Sailors without further duty, and passengers without further hope, were seen in various parts lashing themselves to the rigging, and commending their souls to heaven.

It is always awful to die; but when perishing in the unvisited solitudes of the deep, while the heavens and seas are at war with each other, and nature herself seems to encourage the anarchy of her elements, awe is swallowed up in a more subduing horror. It was night, too, and there was a moon in the sky, but it was covered and concealed by massy volumes of vapour, which enveloped the great abyss with impenetrable darkness. The uproar of the tempest was such as may be recalled by those who have witnessed similar scenes. Thunder that crashed, rattled, and yelled through the firmament; winds that howled and whistled through the black air; and billows that put forth their voices in a hoarse, harsh roar—made up the music of the tempest. A sudden dying away of the wind, and an unaccountable tranquillity of the waters—filled our souls with transport; and many of us were expressing our joy with loud shouts and congratulations, when a voice deep and hoarse, but thrillingly distinct, exclaimed among us, "The ice island!"

"The ice island! It is not so: it cannot be," replied a dozen trembling voices; "it cannot be the ice island!"

"It is, it is," replied the same hoarse, deep voice. A flash of lightning, bright and universal, as if the whole sky were for an instant in a conflagration, revealed our situation to us. Masses of ice—the same that we had, in the evening, gazed upon with such pleasure and admiration, stretched about us to the north-west, rolling and rocking in the waves; and near to us, very near to us, towered a vast and tremendous bulk, like some gigantic mountain with its citadels and towers, undetermined and sent drifting about in the shoreless seas. The flash was but momentary, yet it was sufficient to fill us with horror; and after complete darkness had been restored, the dashing of the billows over these floating desolations, was heard above the general roar of the tempest, along with the grinding and crashing of the fragments, as they struck against each other with a violence, which, on the solid land, would have caused a shock like an earthquake.

"We are under its lee!—it is upon us!" shouted a voice that rang like the peal of a trumpet in our ears; and at the same instant another bright and widespread flash discovered the tremendous object moving swiftly towards us. As if to increase the horrors of the scene, the moon now burst through the clouds; and although the horizon around, on all quarters, still remained in frightful gloom, a circumscribed central spot, embracing within its limits the terrific island and the devoted vessel; now lay in a state of vivid illumination. There came the mighty desolation, its grand cathedral-like summits reflecting and refracting the lunar rays in many a wild and fantastic spectrum, and nodding to the force of the billows that drove it onwards.

I possess but little of that philosophic indifference of death, which is found in some men: my fears distracted me. I remember nothing of the catastrophe but a loud shock; a sinking of the broken deck; a whirling of the watery chaos; a wild and congregated shriek, so piercing, so horrible, that even the savage waves seemed to restrain their fury for an instant to listen; and then I sank insensible among the waters.

I awoke as from a painful and horrid dream, disturbed by something striking with repeated blows upon the back of my head—I lay on my face and turning sluggishly around I was startled by the rushing of wings. An albatross, or sea-eagle, or some fowl of the deep, darted with shrill cries before my vision. I put my hand to my head; it was bleeding and mangled. My limbs were stiff and sore, and in many places severely lacerated.

I rose, and found myself in a hollow or cavern of the ice, the bottom of which was filled with fissures underneath which I could hear the rumbling and dashing of waves; and fearing lest this frail floor should give way and precipitate me again into the abyss from which I had so providentially and mysteriously escaped, I crawled to the entrance of the cavern.

The sun was up; the waves were at rest, or rather were rolling onward with a regular and sluggish motion, scarcely sufficient to disturb the equilibrium of my icy float. Where were my companions? I shouted aloud; nothing answered me: the silence of death was on my island. A harsh scream struck my ear. A bird of prey was hovering in the air a rod or two from me, and occasionally darting swiftly into a hollow of the ice, from which it issued again with wild cries. I approached the spot. Before me lay the corpse of a young man, whose good humor and mirth had often, in dull and weary hours, enlivened the spirits of his fellow voyagers. Although his body was dreadfully mangled, and his face contorted and in some measure mutilated by the voracious fowl, I soon recognised him, and for a moment endeavored to please myself with the thought that he was not wholly dead.

A black ribbon was hung round his neck; I drew it forth, and discovered the miniature of a beautiful young woman. I wrapped it, together with his watch and pocket-book, in his neckcloth, determining, if saved myself, to transmit them to his friends, as mournful mementoes of his unhappy end. I then lifted the body in my arms, and approaching the brink of the ice, rolled it into the sea. I was now alone.

Struck to the heart with a feeling of my loneliness and forlornness, I sat down, buried my face in my hands, and gave myself up to despair. Why had I not perished with my companions? A quiet grave at the bottom of the ocean, or in the bowels of one of the ocean's monsters, was preferable to this icy and living tomb.

The love of life prevailed over despair. I rose upon my feet, and looked around me for the means of preserving my existence. I soon discovered, that in the vast mass of ice upon which I stood, there were imbedded many fragments of rocks, trunks of trees, and other substances, denoting it to have been formed on the shores of some distant land. Nothing, however, capable of satisfying hunger, was to be found. No frozen animal, nor lifeless bird rewarded my search; and having wandered painfully and laboriously about wherever the asperities of the ice, or the presence of some land object, afforded me a precarious footing, I at last reclined hopelessly upon a cloven pine-tree that projected from the ice. Above me—for the berg was of great height—towered, in inexpressible grandeur, cold and glittering pinnacles of pure and almost transparent ice. Below lay the ocean, silent and calm, presenting a surface, soundless and unvaried.

The day passed away wearily and monotonously: the night found me; and still I clung listlessly to the shattered pine. The moon rose—I have always loved the moon; and that night, while gazing upon her pure orb, now doubly solitary, and thinking of many friends with whom I had sat at my own vine-covered porch, almost adoring her peaceful loveliness—of many friends who might be, that very hour, in my own lost land, recalling the memory of their friend by gazing upon her again—I forgot for a time that I was alone, and a dweller on an ice berg.

A rack of clouds passed over her face; I started—a sudden explosion, followed by a long and heavy growl of thunder, admonished me of another tempest. I fastened my arms to a branch of the pine, while the winds rose, and covered the moon and stars with black clouds. The ocean again was lashed to fury, and the foam of billows dashing against the sharp angles of the island, and snatched up by the winds, broke over me in incessant showers.

It was sometime before my floating habitation felt and acknowledged the influence of the storm; but when the agitation of the sea had arrived at its height, there commenced a scene so appallingly sublime; that even the apprehension of approaching destruction could not wholly unfit me for enjoying it. The island rocked, but not as ship rocks, when she tumbles from a lofty wave into the trough of the sea, nor even as a mountain, when vexed by an earthquake in its bowels. It seemed rather to reel or spin around, like a waiken in the whirlpool of Norway; sometimes lurching heavily over, until its tallest precipices were buried in the waves. Then a more regular assault of gusts and breakers prevailing, it would stoop and yield before the wind, and drift with amazing celerity through the waters.

Happily my position was in the central part; and although occasionally a billow more mountainous and voracious than

the rest, would seem almost to overwhelm the island, and dash itself at my feet, I felt myself partially secure.

All this, however, was trifling to that which soon followed. I know not whether the tornado had huddled the other ice-islands together and impelled them with violence against my own, or whether my island may not have struck upon some concealed rock. Be that as it may, I was suddenly alarmed by a shock that communicated itself in a vibratory shudder to all parts of the island, followed by a deafening crash; and in another moment I was made sensible, by the distracted and impetuous tossing of my berg, and by many successive shocks, that it had been split in twain, and was now breaking to pieces.

The storm died gradually away; and with the morning sun came another calm, and another day of famine and of misery. Several days succeeded to this, a dull and horrible calendar of starvation, distraction and stupor. Of water, I had plenty; I slacked my thirst, by sucking it from a piece of ice, or by scooping it in my hands from the puddles that formed every day around the trees, rocks and earth on my island. But food—I had no food. I chewed such splinters of bark and wood as I could tear away from the pine-tree—they were dry and disgusting. I cut strips of leather from my shoes and endeavored to eat them. A letter that I had valued beyond my life, remained in one of my pockets—I chewed and swallowed it; but it gave me no relief.

A burning, excruciating fire was in my stomach; and although I drank copiously of the melted ice, the feverish agony increased, till at last this grew nauseous, and my stomach revolted at it. Then I began to sicken and swoon, and lie for hours in a state of stupefaction, insensible to everything but a dull gnawing pain in my stomach. Rains would pour down upon me, and beat in my face, unregarded; and once there happened another storm, almost as violent as those I have described, which I listened to with indifference. I cared not—nay, I rather desired that some friendly billow might wash me away, and make an end of my miseries. But they disturbed me not; and still I lay by my pine-tree, undisturbed of the joyous sun that burst out after the gale.

Once, too, as I lay in that state of fearful stupefaction, my ears were suddenly invaded with the shrill cries of birds. I started up, and looking around, I beheld myself within a few leagues of land. Was this an illusion of madness? Did I dream? Were those glorious blue hills that rose before my eyes merely a phantom paradise made up of delusive fogs?—an airy nothing, conjured up to mock me in my misery? My soul was filled with transport: the vision grew in my eyes, and as the current bore me nearer and nearer to it, it increased in beauty, magnificence, and reality. Alas, my floating prison was soon carried past the projecting shore by the impetuous current. The disappointment was too much for my weakened senses. I fell into a swoon, and that blissful shore, that Eden of the waters, was lost to me for ever.

I awoke from my trance—I cast my eye back to the land; it lay like a blue cloud on the horizon, sinking and sinking in the distance and the twilight, until it vanished, and I was again sent out into the wide ocean.

Famine, fatigue, suffering, and disappointment, had done their work; and the afternoon of another day saw me reclining on a fragment of rock, watching with a voracious eye flocks of sea-birds skimming and eddying above me. They flew around me, croaking and screaming; nay, they flapped their wings in my face, as if impatient of the hour which was to give them a banquet upon human flesh. I waved my hand; I shouted, and the hoarse sound frightened them from me. One alone remained; it crept for food into a little hollow of the ice, where I followed and secured it. I tore it with my nails, and devoured it. Refreshed, although but half satisfied, I arose, and looked again upon the ocean. A white speck appeared on the horizon; it grew, it increased, it approached—I saw it—a sail—one, two, three, four—oh, heaven! a gallant fleet rising white and glorious from the blue waters. Onwards and onwards they came, their sails set, and their prows dashing up the dark element in clouds of snowy foam. Hopes gave me supernatural strength: I climbed an icy peak, and stretched forth my arms to them. I shouted to them, till my voice, hollow and broken, dwindled into a feeble whisper. The foremost of them was now within a mile of me. I could see men

thronging the decks, and methought even at that distance I could distinguish them all with their eyes fixed on me, and some surveying me through glasses. But they did not deviate from their course—they seemed passing me; I tore the garments from my back, and waved them in the air. They passed on in their course. The second came, and the third—all—all—they passed me, and replied not to my frantic signals. The seventh at last, the convoy of the squadron, now appeared. The starry flag of my country fluttered from her peak. My gestures and cries were now like those of a madman. I flung my neckcloth high in the air, and the wind swept it from me into the sea. But they saw it—they saw it! They fired a gun, and I looked for them to lay to. I watched for the launching of the boat. I deceived myself. It was a signal for the squadron to vary their course; and squadron and convoy soon vanished from my eyes.

This second dreadful disappointment to my hopes may be more easily conceived than described. The sun was setting. I crawled to a brink of the ice, fully resolved to throw myself into the sea. A dark object presented itself to my eyes, lying immediately under the island, and night had not so far advanced, as to prevent me from recognizing in this singular apparition, a wreck, water-logged and without masts, rolling heavily in the sea. Something moved upon the stern. Oh, happiness! it was a human being—one like myself, spared to be mocked as I had been. I endeavored to call aloud, but my previous exertions had left me voiceless. I presented myself on the cliff, and this miserable creature now appeared to me a dog, which, seeing me, set up a loud howl. It was not the plaintive cry we so often hear uttered by this animal; not the animated yelp of recognition; no—hunger had changed its nature, as it had changed mine—it was the howl of a famished fiend, the scream of a beast of prey. This also disappeared, and night was again upon the ocean.

The morning came: I cared not for it. The sun was melting my island under me, and must soon mingle it with the waters; I cared not for that. I was resigned to my fate; the pangs of hunger were now unfeigned. I was happy, for I knew I was dying; but death came slowly, my constitution resisted him. I lay in a horrid stupor.

From this state, I was aroused by a human voice—yes, many voices shouting and calling aloud. I crawled from my cave—I rose feebly to my feet. A ship with her sails backed, lay a few furlongs to windward of me. They had descried my hankerchief, which I had hung upon a branch of the pine and stuck in one of the most elevated parts of the island.

The saw me, and shouted cheerily and triumphantly. They put out a boat, which approached the ice; but its sharp and upright sides rendered it impossible for them to land on it. I succeeded in crawling to a part of the berg, where it inclined shelvingly to the water, and as a last effort, slid myself down into the sea. I was taken up, and found myself fostered among the rude but kind hearted tars of my own country.

INCONSISTENCIES OF MISERS.—Even amongst misers, however, there are exceptions to the rule of uniform penuriousness. Elwes, who added to his own fortune another inherited from his uncle, both amounting to half a million sterling, would dine off a hard boiled egg, or a piece of pancake which he had kept for two months in his pocket. But he would lose thousands at play with men of fashion, pay his debts and never ask for his winnings, which he thought would be ungentlemanly. He would not lay out a penny on the education of his two sons. He thought that "putting things into their heads was taking money out of their pockets." But when Lord Abingdon had made a match for seven thousand pounds, Elwes, who knew he had not the money, offered to lend it to him. He would walk from one end of London to another in the rain to avoid paying a shilling for a coach; would eat his meat putrid rather than order a fresh joint; and set in wet clothes rather than light a fire to dry them, wore a cast off wig which he had picked out of a ditch; and having torn his only coat, took one from the family chest which belonged to an ancestor, with slash sleeves made of green velvet. But to a merchant who conciliated him with a present of wine he lent seven hundred pounds, and a trifling present, or work done for him, was tolerably sure to be followed by a loan of money. He would let a poor man starve before he would aid him; yet

in bonds to peers and others, and on some American property, he is said to have lost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. There were occasional touches of humor in him. At a shooting party, a bad shot firing carelessly wounded him in the cheek. "I give you joy," he said, "of your improvement; I knew you would by-and-by hit something." At another time, having cut both his legs deeply he was with difficulty persuaded to employ a surgeon. But he would only incur this expense in favor of one leg. He would manage the other himself, and offered to bet that it would get well first; and it did.

Thomas Guy was another exception. His wealth was enormous; and at one time he had promised to marry his maid, the only servant he kept. He had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended up to a particular spot. The girl observing a broken stone beyond this point, told the workmen to mend it also. "Tell Mr. Guy," she said, "I bade you do it, and he will not be angry." The marriage was to have taken place two days afterwards, and the girl reasonably presumed she might exercise this little piece of authority. But she soon discovered her mistake. Guy was so angry at the additional expense in which she had involved him that he broke of the match. Yet he built three wards on the north side of St. Thomas's Hospital; endowed them with a hundred pounds a year for eleven years; and afterwards built and endowed the hospital which bears his name, at a cost of £219,000.—[Review of Memoirs of Misers.

AGRICULTURAL CROAKERS REBUKED.—As the farmer, of all men, seems nearest to God in his works, he should be the most faithful and the most confiding. But it has been said—though it may be slanderously—that of all men they are the greatest croakers, and have the least hope and faith. It is too wet or too dry—there is too much or too little produced. If too little, it does not pay, at prices ever so high; if too much, the crops will not reward the harvesting. There are worms and birds, bugs and mildews, and diseases to cattle and vines, named and unknown, that are present or anticipated. There is a story told of an eccentric lawyer, Burgess, who was famous in his village for his skeptical notions and also for his wit. He was once listening to a group of farmers—pious men lingering about the church-door, as is the custom in the country—to talk of the bad weather, the fly, the rot, the drought and the wet, when one turned to Burgess, and asked, "How comes on your garden?"

"I never plant anything," replied Burgess, with a solemn face; "I am afraid to put even a potato in the ground."

"It's no wonder," groaned one of the most eminently pious persons present, "it's no wonder, for a man who disbelieves in religion could not expect to have his labors blessed."

"I am not afraid of failing in my reward for my work," replied Burgess, "but, I am afraid that agricultural labor will make me profane. If I planted a single potato, what would be the result? Why, I should get up in the morning, look about and growl—it's going to rain, and it will ruin my potatoes; then in dry weather I should say—the drought will kill my potatoes; then I should be unhappy because the rot might destroy my potatoes; in fact, gentlemen," concluded Burgess, in a solemn manner, "I should be afraid to do anything that would induce me constantly to distrust Providence."—[Newburyport Herald.

NAPOLEON SCARED BY A CLOCK.—The course of victory continued incessantly, and so early as October 25th, Napoleon wrote from Potsdam to Joseph, "I will crush the Russians when they arrive, and I do not fear the Austrians." In the royal palace he found everything just as the legitimate owners had left it. So extraordinary was the prevailing stupidity that no attempt had been made to save the private papers of the royal family, and Napoleon was able to examine the letters of Queen Louise. In the study of Frederick the Great, at Sans Souci, he had, or affected to have, an attack of reverence. "Gentlemen," he said to his suite, as he took off his hat, "this is a spot that merits our respect." But he yielded to the vanity of sending the sword of the mighty dead as a relic to Paris; and when the Prussians asked for it back in 1814, it came out that Jerome had been so dishonest as to have the revered relic destroyed.

On one of the nights that Napoleon spent at Charlottenburg, his slumbers

were disturbed. The divine comedy of history has also comic interludes. In Frederick William's dining-room, close to the conqueror's bed-chamber, there stood a large musical clock, which admirably imitated a band of trumpets. At midnight the row began; trumpets echoed through the palace; the servants, the adjutants, Napoleon himself, leaped out of bed, and every one believed in a surprise. But soon everything was quiet again, and no one could make out where the trumpets were. Sentinels were posted, a part of the adjutants remained up, and at one o'clock there was the same row again, this time in one of the rooms. They rushed in, and the innocent clock was detected before the tune was ended. Napoleon the Great, the *crasseur* of the Prussian monarchy, sleeping in the palace of the Queen of Prussia, and frightened by a musical clock.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.—"How do you manage your husband, Mrs. Croaker? Such a job as I have of it with Smith."

"Easiest thing in the world, my dear, give him a twitch backward when you want him to go forward. For instance, you see, to-day I had a loaf of cake to make."

"Well, do you suppose because my body is in the pastry room, my soul need be there too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things all the while."

"Now, Croaker has a way of tagging round at my heels, and bringing me plump down in the midst of my aerial flights, by asking me the price of sugar I am using."

"Well, you see, it drives me frantic; and when I woke up this morning, and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day, unless I managed right; so I told him that I hoped he wouldn't go out to catch his death this weather; that if he was not capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lonesome rainy days, and that I wanted him to stay home and talk with me; at any rate he mustn't go out, and I hid his umbrella and Indian-rubbers. Well, of course he was right up, (just what I expected); and in less than ten minutes was streaking down the street at the rate of ten miles an hour."

"You see there's nothing like understanding human nature; no woman should be married till she is thoroughly posted up in this branch of education."

ARSENICAL ORNAMENTS.—A few days ago a little girl had a bunch of artificial grapes given to her. After amusing herself with the toy, she gave it to a playmate of her own age, who presently picked a grape off the bunch and sucked it. The next day she was a corpse. An eminent physician who analyzed the plaything, deposed that ten of the grapes yielded three grains of arsenic of copper—a deadly poison—and that each vine leaf on the bunch contained enough to kill a child. Another child's cupboard, in which its toys were kept, was lined with green paper. The poor little thing sickened and died, obviously from the effects of poison mysteriously imbibed. Dr. Letherby analyzed the paper-hanging of the cupboard, and found that a piece of it only six inches square contained nearly thirteen grains of the deadly compound, enough to kill two grown-up persons.—[London Inquirer.

THE DEACON AND THE WASPS.—A worthy deacon in a town of Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The "divine word" was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was engaged in mowing, with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving his swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps," was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon; "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion,"—and taking the workman's swath, he moved but a step, when a swarm of brick insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfort.

"Ah!" shouted the other, with a chuckle—"the prudent man forsooth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making application of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing field.



WOBURN:  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

#### Return of the 22d Regiment.

The 22d Regiment of Massachusetts, just from the field, arrived in Boston on Monday morning last. They number about 150 men, with 15 officers, and are commanded by Col. William S. Tilton. They took breakfast at the United States Hotel. At 11 o'clock they proceeded to Faneuil Hall, as guests of the city, where they received a hearty and enthusiastic welcome by a large collection of gentlemen and ladies. After partaking of a generous collation, the men were addressed by Mayor Lincoln, who welcomed them to their homes, referring to their gallant conduct on many battlefields, where they conferred honor on themselves and the Commonwealth.

Gen. Tilton returned thanks for the hospitable reception extended to the regiment, and gave a sketch of the history of the 22d and its fortunes, paying a merited tribute to the noble men who had fallen in battle, and mentioning those who had received promotion.

We learn from the Boston Journal, that the 22d was recruited from different sections of the State under the direction of Hon. Henry Wilson, who was commissioned as its first Colonel. It left Lynnfield Oct. 8, 1861, and brilliant receptions greeted its arrival in Boston, at New York and Philadelphia on its way to the seat of war. The regiment reached Washington on the 11th, and two days after went into camp at Hall's Hill, Va., where it remained through the winter. Col. Wilson having resigned Oct. 29, 1861, was succeeded by Capt. Jesse A. Grove, 11th Infantry regular army.

On the 10th of March, 1862, the Twenty-second was ordered to active service in the field. Up to Dec. 1, 1863, it had participated in the following engagements: Operations before Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Mechanicsville, Va., Chickahominy, Malvern Hill, Gainesville, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Mine Run. The total loss had been 898, of which number 96 were killed, 215 wounded, 93 died of wounds and disease, and 99 were taken prisoners. The regiment went into the field 1104 rank and file, and during the two years ending with the above date, received 321 recruits. Col. Grove was killed in the battle of the Chickahominy, June 27, 1863, and was succeeded by Lieut. Col. C. E. Griswold. Col. Griswold resigned on account of ill health Oct. 17, and was succeeded by Lieut. Col. Wm. S. Tilton.

During the winter of 1863-4, until May 1, the 22d was on picket duty in front of Mosby at Beverly Ford, and joined the Army of the Potomac at Germania Ford, just previous to the battles of the Wilderness. It has been in the immediate front throughout the entire campaign, having done the skirmishing in advance of the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, to which it was attached. It has therefore participated in all the battles under Grant, its loss amounting to 78 per cent, of its maximum strength when it crossed the Rapidan. While in service it has lost 140 killed, 59 died of wounds, 87 died by accident and disease. There have been wounded 316. Seventy men have re-enlisted.

The Regiment was invited to visit Woburn, and receive a welcome home from its citizens, who were anxious to express their gratitude to those who had so nobly defended their country's flag on the battlefield; and all proper arrangements were made for the purpose, but the soldiers were too much fatigued by their journey and their march through the streets of Boston, to accept of the invitation. But one person belonging to the Regiment—Charles Day—arrived in town, and the disappointment was of course great. Several of the men who were formerly attached to the Regiment were met at the Horn Pond Depot, and escorted by the Woburn State Guard, Capt. T. J. Pierce, the Warren Cadets, Capt. Cutter, and returned soldiers of other regiments, with a cavalcade and a procession of citizens, through Warren and Pleasant streets, to Lyceum Hall, where prayer was offered by Rev. Eli Fay; after which an address of welcome was made by John Cummings, Jr., Esq., who gave a brief history of the battles through which the Regiment had passed, and closed with some patriotic and well-timed remarks to the soldiers present, who formerly belonged to the regiment.

Rev. Eli Fay was then introduced to the audience, and made an eloquent and patriotic address, as he always does on such occasions.

Farmer Harris, a true patriot, and whose love of country burns bright, and who has been exceedingly active in his efforts to persuade men to enlist, addressed the soldiers in a strain of patriotic eloquence. His remarks were well received.

At the close of the exercises in the hall, a collation was partaken of, when the large company separated. It is much to be regretted that the Regiment could not have made it convenient to attend, as the most extensive arrangements were made to give them a reception worthy of their

noble deeds. Woburn is justly proud of the honor which they have conferred upon one and all of her citizens. The following letter from Gen. Tilton, will explain the cause of their non-arrival among us:

Boston, Oct. 10th, 1864.  
Editor Journal:—I regret very much the necessity which deprived my regiment of the pleasure of visiting Woburn to-day. The fatigues incident to their reception in Boston were so great that none felt equal to the task of a journey to Woburn. Under the circumstances our friends in your town would, I know, have preferred that the men should go to their homes, than undertake to come to Woburn against their will. It is a matter of regret with me that I had not early notice of the honorable intentions of my Woburn friends, so that an arrangement for a visit upon another day could have been made. I can only say now how much I appreciate the kind intentions of the patriotic citizens of Woburn, and again regret that we could not partake of its hospitality.  
Respectfully,  
WM. S. TILTON,  
Brevet Brig. General.

THE WINTER EVENINGS.—The evenings are beginning to assume great importance as their duration is increasing. How to spend our evenings most wisely and well, concerns all, but particularly the young. To them the long evening well spent will speed them on their future way to wealth, usefulness, happiness and honor. Will they be wise enough to improve the opportunity to store their minds with useful knowledge, to develop the powers they possess, to qualify them for business, art, professional life, to mingle in society, to travel and enjoy life? Thousands will misimprove the time by running after vain amusements, by inglorious ease, frivolous and corrupt conversation, and perhaps by forming habits of intemperance, and making steps in the direction of other vices. To all lads who have just left school, and to the youth in stores and work-shops, we say, seize hold of the hours of evening to improve yourselves. Learn to play on some musical instrument, and study drawing and painting if your taste leads you that way. Go through, or at least commence, a course of study, as taste and judgment direct, upon either history, geology, botany, zoology or astronomy, and when Spring comes, you will have something to show for your spare time. You will have grown sensibly to yourselves in your mental stature. Books to affect the heart and life, to awaken religious thought, to make a virtuous character, are well worthy of perusal, for what is a man or woman worth, however rich in learning, however disciplined in thought, and however elevated in station, who has neglected the cultivation of the heart and the affections, and a proper study of his duty to his fellow-man and to his God?

Valuable scientific lectures, religious meetings, social intercourse in families and neighborhoods, may well put in their claims for a share of the winter evening hours. What an opportunity for parents to interest and teach their children! The busy world shut out, the sounds of war and its outrages hushed for a time, the mind may be at peace in the quiet of a beloved home.

The winter evenings may also be improved to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, to search out the homes of the indigent, to succor the aged, to reform the intemperate, to instruct the ignorant. There is work to do for all, and every one should be willing to bear his part in disinterested labors for the good of his fellow men.

How busy will the vicious be in the long evenings, to ensnare the young, to lead them to their dens of infamy, to invite them to drink from the intoxicating glass, to engage in gambling, to participate in corrupt pleasures.

How many young persons will be ruined in these long evenings. Not wishing to stay at home, having no relish for instructive reading, and foolishly imagining that happiness is to be found elsewhere than at home, they saunter into the street, enter some place where there is an appearance of hilarity, where curiosity is to be gratified, and thus step into the trap, which some caterer for the idle, some man whose business it is to live on the credulity of the public, the incautiousness of the young, has set.

The truly great and successful men and women, have been those who have improved their leisure hours, and made their winter evenings tributary to their advancement in moral worth and useful knowledge, and with the wise improvement of their hours they have escaped the perils of the idle, whom Satan most successfully tempts to their ruin.

In these times of high prices, it is well to remember that children can be supplied with shoes for less than half the usual annual cost, by wearing Metal-Tipped Shoes, to say nothing of stockings destroyed and health endangered by wet feet, arising from the childlike habit of wearing out their shoes at the toes first. Boston Journal.

JOCOSE.—The Providence Journal cut down its exchange and its free list, and begs that those who have heretofore come on the latter won't think that now they must subscribe, because at the present price of white paper a subscription is not a favor.

Army Notes.—No. 12.  
HEADQUARTERS 10TH ARMY CORPS,  
In the field, before Richmond, Va.,  
October 4th, 1864.

Dear Editor.—The inexorable mandate of our great chief of military affairs has again gone forth, and the sum and substance of that mandate is embraced in the little monosyllable move. In accordance with this order, the 10th Corps was relieved by the 2d Corps in the trenches before Petersburg, on the 26th ult., and the different regiments composing our Corps moved back a short distance and made a temporary encampment near Headquarters. On the afternoon of the 28th the Corps again broke camp, and started with the 18th Corps and Kautz's cavalry, on an expedition across the James river. In order to preserve as much secrecy in the movement as possible, the troops were not permitted to cross the pontoons until after dark, and the teamsters were instructed to remove the canvas covers from their wagons.

Early on the morning of the 29th our forces advanced on the enemy's lines, and soon a lively engagement was in progress, the noise of musketry continually growing fainter, showing that the rebels were being pressed back. The 18th Corps participated chiefly in this engagement, occupying the left of the line, with the 10th Corps in the center, and Kautz's cavalry on the right. About 10 o'clock the body of Brig. Gen. Burnham, commanding the 3d division of the 18th Corps, was brought down in an ambulance, he having been killed by a musket ball while leading a charge. The colored troops were first engaged, and that they fought bravely was very well attested by the large number of wounded in the Flying Hospital. Such a scene of suffering humanity, wounded in every conceivable manner, was enough to excite the sympathy even of the vilest Copperhead that is suffered to go "unwhipped of justice." The report of the Flying Hospital, for the week ending October 2d, gives the following summary: Number of wounded from the field, 1835; number of sick, 208; number of deaths, 23. There were also 44 wounded rebels admitted for treatment. Hospital transports were in readiness, and the wounded were all conveyed to the hospitals at Fortress Monroe as soon as possible.

That the surprise intended for the enemy was most perfect, is very well shown by the success attending this day's engagement, two strong lines of works being carried, and a battery of 15 guns captured. These lines are about 3 miles apart, the first being defended by two lines of abatis. Just over this line, by the roadside, stands a small tree, on the trunk of which I counted no less than 14 bullet marks. The field in front, as I passed over it on the second day after the fight, was strewn with caps, cartridge boxes, haversacks, etc.; while numerous graves, here and there, also afforded sad testimony in relation to the sanguinary nature of the "clash of arms."

General Grant and Meade were both present on the first day of the fight, and it was the first opportunity that your correspondent ever had of seeing these distinguished military characters. The usual placidity rested on Gen. G.'s countenance, showing a most imperturbable mind for one bearing so great responsibility. They both left for Petersburg in the afternoon.

On Friday, the 30th, all was quiet in our front till about 2 o'clock, P. M., when the rebels made two desperate assaults on the left of the second line of works held by us, in each of which they met a most severe repulse. Richmond papers of yesterday's date, obtained through the lines to-day, admit a loss of 400 men in these charges. That they have come to the conclusion that it isn't a very paying operation, is inferred from the fact that up to the present waiting they have not repeated the attempt to drive us from our position. This engagement continued for about an hour, during which the cannonading was most fearful. In the evening a heavy bombardment commenced at Petersburg, lasting for two hours or more, after which a bright light illuminated the heavens in that direction as if buildings were on fire.

Saturday, Oct. 1st, was a rainy, cold, disagreeable day. The roads were in a most unpleasant state for travel, anything but calculated to give one a favorable opinion of the "sacred soil." If there is a tract of country on the face of the earth justly entitled to the appellation of "Modern Grease,"—taking the nature of its soil into consideration,—that tract of country is Virginia. But bad weather and disagreeable traveling must afford no check to military operations, when results so momentous are involved in the greatest activity of the troops.

On the afternoon of Saturday, Gen. Terry's division of the 10th Corps started on a reconnaissance, penetrating the country to a point within two miles of Richmond, which place was in plain sight. Approaching within 30 yards of the next line of rebel works, they were opened upon by a heavy fire from the enemy's guns, when, having accomplished the object of the expedition, they returned to our lines, convinced that they might easily have entered the rebel capital if a sufficient force could have been furnished to hold it after its capture. But it is reasonable to suppose that the fall of Richmond—which event has long been looked forward to

with growing interest by the loyal north—is near at hand. Our forces here now occupy a position within 7 miles of that city, and it is probably the intention of Gen. Grant to keep a firm hold upon the same. The good results of this movement are not wholly embraced in our success at this point; for by drawing off a large force from Petersburg to check our advance here, our forces before that city have been able to so extend their lines on the extreme left as to command the "Southside" (or Danville) R. R.; another most serious blow to the rebels, as their supplies can now be obtained only by the roundabout way of Richmond. With Sheridan's victorious army threatening their only remaining line of communication on the west, we may very reasonably expect that before the Presidential election—now only one month ahead—the crowning event of the campaign will have taken place, and the doom of the falling Confederacy sealed forever.

For the past two days a remarkable quietude has prevailed along our front, the pickets wisely refraining from giving the usual exhibitions of bitter hostility between the opposing lines. On Sunday a small demonstration took place, which lasted only a few minutes and then cooled down to the point of utter silence, as regards the discharge of muskets. The rebels doubtless prefer acting on the defensive, as they can ill afford to bear the losses that must naturally follow the assaults made on our works.

Our Headquarters are now temporarily established "among the pines," about half a mile in the rear of our line of works. Great events will doubtless be crowded into the next few weeks, of which it will be my endeavor to keep you duly informed.  
H. T. P.

JEFF. DAVIS'S SPEECH at Macon, Ga., is a great confession of weakness on the part of the rebel President. He admits the inability of the Confederacy to successfully ward off the blows of Gen. Grant, both in the east and the west. He did not dare to detach men from Virginia to protect Georgia, simply because Richmond would be left open to successful attack by such a transference of troops. Jeff. says there is the same scarcity of soldiers in Virginia as in Georgia. Similar testimony is given by the Examiner, printed at the rebel capital, which observes:

"Let troops be brought to Virginia without delay from anywhere. The safety of our lines cannot fairly be left to Lee's present army, which has too great a load on it already. An accession to our forces from some quarter is the sore need of the hour—the hour of final trial, which is close at hand. That some new division of good troops should instantly be brought to Richmond, and that its vast population of negro women and children, who eat up everything, should be sent forthwith away, are the evident and pressing wants of the occasion."

Some of the leading traitors, whether in the bogus government of the Confederacy, or conducting rebel presses, begin to feel the utter folly of fighting against the overwhelming resources of the North. The dismal wail, which Jeff Davis utters, as this fact has been brought home to his mind by the comparative weakness of the South, is strongly condemned by these Confederate newspapers which perceive the depressing effect of such agonizing appeals upon the prospect of the new slave-trading government. The Charleston Mercury remarks:

We make no comments upon this speech; but we cannot refrain from expressing our profound regret that such a speech should have been said to have been delivered by the Chief Magistrate of the Confederate States, for we cannot make up our minds that he delivered it. We hope speedily to be able to deny its authenticity.

The Richmond papers, however, do not deny the accuracy of the report of the speech, made by the paper in the place where it was delivered.

At a meeting of the Young Men's Literary Association, held Saturday evening, Oct. 8, the following Resolutions were adopted on the death of John E. Bryant:

Whereas, Almighty God, in his all-wise providence, has removed by death, our late friend and companion, John E. Bryant,

Therefore, Resolved, That in the death of our former Associate we mourn the loss of one who had endeared himself to all, by his uniform kindness and many noble traits of character.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved relatives of our deceased associate, and commend to them the comforts of the Christian's hope and an unfaltering trust in Him who doeth all things well.

J. G. POLLARD,  
C. A. SWEETSER, } Committee.  
Geo. H. CONN.

Delegates from the Woburn McClellan Club to the Congressional Convention held at Charlestown, Oct. 13.—Ed. W. Hudson, A. Roundy, S. Dow, T. J. Pierce, C. T. Lang, J. P. Crane, J. C. Bodwell, Jr., W. B. Harris, Wm. Bradley, John Cummings, Jr.

We learn from a letter received in town from Lieut. L. F. Wyman, dated Annapolis, Md., Oct. 9, that Frederick Leslie, G. W. Dean, C. Colgate, Frederick Ramsdell, and — Hoskins, arrived at that place the day the letter was written, having been paroled. Thomas Moran had arrived there a fortnight previous, and was quite sick. Lieut. Tidd, with other officers from the 39th, had been sent farther South than Richmond.

MILITARY.—Private James O. Hovey, of Woburn, a re-enlisted volunteer of Co. D, 2d Vermont Regiment, was wounded in the hand in one of the late engagements with Gen. Sheridan. He is now in Pleasant Valley Hospital, Baltimore, Md., doing well.

Private James Doorley, of Woburn, Co. K, 39th Reg. Mass. Vols., who was badly wounded in the leg, at the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, Va., May 8th, has arrived home on furlough, from the Haddington Hospital, Philadelphia, Penn.

Private Edward M. Dudley, of Woburn, a member of the 5th Mass. Battery, died in hospital at Washington, D. C., on the 10th inst. No particulars have been received. The deceased was formerly a member of Co. D, 11th Mass. Regiment.

Corporal Otis K. Winn, of Woburn, of Co. G, 5th Mass. Regt., (one hundred days' men), has returned home from Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md., sick with rheumatism.

Private Eber H. Lawrence, of Woburn, of the same company, has also returned home, in consequence of the death of his brother.

The Young Men's Literary Association have decided not to have a course of Lectures this season, on account of the high price which the lecturers ask for their services.

[From our Correspondent.]  
GALLOP ISLAND, Boston Harbor,  
Oct. 13, 1864.

About eight miles down Boston Harbor is a "one barren isle," called *Gallop*, named, it is said, for a very fast man. On this island is a military post established or set by government probably from motives of economy, as the island being encircled by water, no fence is necessary to surround it. To this post recruits for the army, from different localities, are brought, and tied by a very strong document. Every recruit is allowed to walk around the post, but if he tries to jump over and get away he is looked upon as "dangerous," and if caught in the act, is marked with a big letter D.

Knowing these facts, a party of citizens from Woburn came down to visit us, last week, Thursday. A majority of the Selectmen—including Mr. W. B. Harris, our Harris—were of the number. Harris was accompanied to the wharf in Boston by his wagon. In the wagon was a load; the load consisted of barrels and boxes. These contained vegetables, lots of them, milk, &c., from Harris's farm. The vegetables, together with three cheeses, apples, doughnuts, &c., from our visitors, were brought down and distributed to the company of the 11th Mass., who hail mostly from Woburn and Andover. This distribution speaks for itself, yet the company desire publicly to acknowledge it, and return their heart felt thanks for the generous act.

After a military salute to our friends, the boys "broke ranks," shook hands, and mixed generally with them till dinner hour, the visitors in the meantime inspecting quarters and walking around the post. An excellent vegetable dinner was served to the soldiers, but our Woburn friends expressing themselves as having come to see and not to eat us, did not partake, and except a nibble in our bunks or cook-house, we fear went away empty.

Our 1st Lieut. Chapin, of Andover, in behalf of the company, thanked the citizens, especially Mr. Harris, for their visit and kind generosity, after which three cheers were given by the soldiers for their friends.

It was then voted unanimously, that in token of the liberality of our friend, Mr. W. B. HARRIS, as manifested to us and to soldiers elsewhere, this company take and hereby adopt the name of "HARRIS GUARD." The vote was clinched with three rousing cheers, to which Mr. Harris appropriately responded, promising to come down again if possible, which we hope he will do, as our friends took the noon boat; but of the goodies left behind "the end is not yet."

WOBURN.

#### Acknowledgments.

Dea. John Tidd received a very interesting letter from a severely wounded and brave soldier at Knight's Hospital, for the present of a good box of supplies. Mrs. Marshall Tidd, also received a letter of thanks from Marcus Chapel, Co. K, 8th New York H. Artillery, at Camp Parole Hospital, Ind., for a box of good things. The writer has been long wounded and a prisoner, and says, "your fine box made me and others quite happy." Mrs. W. E. Brewster, the well known matron at Portsmouth Grove Hospital, acknowledges to Mrs. S. E. Davis, in behalf of the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission, 1 large box of useful hospital stores and 1 barrel pickles. She says it is indeed a noble gift of the kind people of Woburn. Messrs. E. W. Hudson and James Mackintire, contributed to this lot. Mr. Otis Cutler, of Burlington, sent a fine box of shirts and drawers, &c., to Col. Gardner Tufts, Washington, in behalf of the Burlington Aid Society. Timothy Bond, Esq., also sent a box of preserves, and a box of hospital stores to Col. Tufts. These were for distribution among the wounded in and around Washington hospitals. James Mackintire, Esq., also forwarded a fine box of Old Sherry to City Point hospitals. Mrs. Harrison Parker, of Winchester, sent a

large tub of pickled onions to Col. Tufts. All the noble gifts will be a treat to our brave boys. Mrs. Joseph Kelley received a long letter of thanks from Charles Mann, Co. G, 5th Mich. Reg., at Camp Parole Hospital, for a well assorted box. He is but 17, has been in 22 battles, wounded, and a prisoner. Miss Maria Trull also received a letter from James H. Holland, Co. B, 57th Mass. Reg., belonging to Cambridge. He was also severely wounded and his fine present really did him good. All these letters were direct from the couches of wounded and sick soldiers, which shows that articles properly directed will be sure to reach them.

The following persons attached to Co. F, 22d Regiment, have arrived in town: Dennis Murphy, Hiram Choate, Peter McGoff, Marshall Lewis, Chas. Day.

#### SOUTH READING.

HIGHWAYS.—The present arrangement of having a board of superintendents of streets instead of appointing a surveyor for each District, is working admirably. The highways are now being mended in the true sense. We would not disparage the labors of some of the former Surveyors of Highways, for they did well, on the streets on which they lived or in which they were particularly interested. The people residing on Main street, perhaps were too indifferent or too modest to urge their own appointment to the Surveyorship, so this street, which is probably more traveled than all others in town, has been but little regarded in the expenditures of money raised for highways, and that part of it which lies in the Center District, or mostly on the common, has been in a bad condition for a long time, though some tinkering has occasionally been done upon it. Now there is not a better street to travel in the County. Needy places in other parts of the town are receiving attention.

UNION CLUB ROOM.—The Headquarters of the Union Club were dedicated on Friday evening, Oct. 7th. Speeches were made by the President, Daniel Allen, Esq., and several other gentlemen, who surveyed the present state of the country politically, and spoke with cheerfulness and hope. The Reading Room is furnished with the current news, and is creating a general interest. An extended flag indicates its locality.

POTATO CROP.—Evidently a very great, and pleasing disappointment has come over the people, regarding the Potato crop the present season. The yield far exceeds expectation. This is not a farming community, still our people are doing much towards supplying their own families with this indispensable vegetable. Ten hills to a bushel of fair round potatoes is not a bad yield, yet this is what some are realizing. Others obtain a bushel from 20 hills and so on. But the quantity is not all. They are of good size and of excellent quality. Among those at the provision store of Mr. Townsend a few days ago, raised by Mr. Horace Lewis, was one weighing 2 1/2 lbs. This, with a few other niceties, would make quite a dinner for one of moderate appetite.

The congregation of Rev. Mr. Bliss added \$200, to his quarterly payment for Oct., not through an error, but through generosity.

George W. Cutter, the Treasurer of the So. Reading Recruiting Fund, is preparing his Report for the printer, on the 20th inst., and he requests that all those who have not paid their promises will do so immediately, as the Recruiting Committee will not then be under the necessity of having a list of delinquents in said Report. So, hurry up, gentlemen!

#### STONEHAM.

Mr. Editor.—The following letter from Col. Cogswell, of the Mass. 2nd, will interest a larger circle than the immediate friends and relatives of the late Dr. HEATH, and, believing that many of your readers, would be glad to see such a letter, I have obtained permission to copy portions of it for publication.

"ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 23, 1864.

My Dear Madam: I have been waiting for the freshness of your grief to pass, before I allow myself to trespass upon the private circle of your domestic affliction and sorrow.

Dr. Heath, you know, belonged in part to us, and we must be allowed to weep with you and share with you the loss his death has caused. We all loved your husband for his noble and manly social qualities. We all respected and confided in him for his high professional attainments—for the faithful and conscientious manner in which he discharged his duty on all occasions. Among the many and great losses of our Regiment, I cannot recall one which we have more occasion to regret than this.

I last saw the doctor at our Division Hospital, of which he has had charge all this campaign, a day or two before the last important movement of this army. He was then ill, but not seriously so—rather more tired out, I thought, than any thing else—for he had worked very hard all summer long. The next day, as the army was about to move, he was sent back to Vining's Station, about twelve miles. I heard afterwards he had been quite sick there and had been sent to Chattanooga. And as we were con-











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

## Wandering Dove.

BY EVELINE S. SMITH.

A dove fluttering in at the window  
Widely opened, one fair summer day,  
Brought a new fund of joy to two children  
Who were busied with innocent play.  
They gazed and gazed the poor trembler;  
They murmured pet names in its ear,  
And sought by fond tokens of kindness  
To quiet its heart throbs of fear.  
Yet, ever it fluttered and panted,  
On drank in the wildest alarm;  
While still its soft eyes timid glances  
Sought asking protection from harm.  
Then a cage, finely gilded and spacious,  
Was sought for and furnished with care,  
And the little ones shouted with rapture  
When their treasure was domiciled there.  
Oh, never before was a wanderer  
So welcomed, so watched, so caressed!  
Never found weary bird of the woodlands,  
Such sheltered and love guarded nest!  
Every morn came there two smiling children,  
Fresh and fair as the dawn's rosy hours,  
To replenish their dove's pretty dwelling  
With food, with fresh water and flowers.  
But, alas! all their gentle endeavors  
Failed to render captivity sweet;  
The prisoner, like many before him,  
Drooped and pined in his gilded retreat.  
What was kindness, or care, or protection,  
Or dainties so lovingly given?  
What were all to a bird that was pining  
For the breeze and the sunshine of heaven?  
Still he fluttered and fretted and languished,  
Till sad grew each gentle young heart,  
And at last, with regret they consented  
To let the poor captive depart.  
Oh, happy and innocent children!  
They had never before known a care—  
To relinquish a thing loved so fondly,  
Was a trial they scarcely could bear.  
With faint-falling tears they caressed it,  
And stroked its soft plumes o'er and o'er,  
Asking often in tremulous accents,  
"When freed, shall we see you more?"  
A moment they paused at the window—  
Fondly hoping, 'till then, it might stay;  
But the instant its wings were unfettered,  
It spread them and floated away.  
Far up over tree-tops and dwellings;  
Far up to the shadowless sky,  
With a wing growing stronger and stronger,  
It soared until lost to the eye!  
Like a fair morning suddenly clouded,  
Like a sweet dream that fades with the night,  
Like the hush of glad song, was the silence  
That followed the wanderer's flight.  
The boy, with his wild earnest glances  
And features o'ershadowed by pain,  
Watched it long, then in petulance murmured,  
"I want it to come back again."  
But his fair little playmate gently sighed,  
And her soft eyes more beautiful grew  
As, still gazing heavenward, she whispered,  
"Oh, would I might soar up there too!"  
Then the mother who lingered a-near her  
And heard that soft wish spoken low,  
Looking into the face of her darling,  
Seemed to read there some wild dream of woe.  
What shadow of coming affliction  
Had suddenly darkened the day?  
What dreary voice, prophetic of evil,  
Bade her haste to her chamber and pray?  
There's a joy near akin to pale sorrow;  
There are hopes only fostered by tears;  
There are some of earth's treasures we cherish  
With a love overshadowed by fears.  
Such a joy, such a hope felt that parent,  
Whenever she looked on the fair  
And delicate child, whose soft beauty  
Seemed native to Heaven's pure air.  
Ah! these shadows foreboded the tempest  
That soon on that bright home would fall.  
It came—and it blighted the blossom  
Most cherished, most precious to all.  
No tokens of tender affection,  
No sweet bonds of holiest love  
Could lead to earth the bright wanderer  
Which had strayed from some pure realm above.  
One morn, from its beautiful temple,  
That sinless young spirit took flight;  
Like the dove speeding joyously homeward  
It soared up to the regions of light.  
'Mid a hush of unspeakable sorrow,  
There rose one loud murmur of pain;  
The brother bereft of his playmate,  
Cried, "I want her to come back again."  
Then, another bereaved one remembered  
The soft plaint of grief she had heard,  
When that dear one, now gone to the angels,  
Had mourned o'er the flight of her bird.  
Oh! forgive the wild, passionate yearning,  
The anguish she could not subdue—  
As, wistfully searching the heavens,  
She prayed, "Let me soar up there, too!"  
He who is satisfied to travel upon his  
feet may be able to keep his carriage, but  
he who is content with only riding may  
not long be able to keep his feet.  
If you know anything that will make a  
brother's heart glad, run quick and tell it;  
but if it is something that will cause a  
sigh, bottle it up.  
Nature confesses that she has bestowed  
upon the human race hearts of the  
softest mould, in that she has given us  
tears.

THE CHURCH AND ITS WORK.—Before the man of the world there lies a vast field of enterprise. The appliances of art and science have bridged the oceans and spanned the continents of the world, rendering communication and traffic between nation and nation easy and safe. Within the last century the world has made rapid progress towards a perfect comity. In every land are to be found the products of the artisan, and the results of scientific labor. In localities, where but a few years since, savage life reigned paramount, the scene of the locomotive, and the busy hum of the shuttle, indicate the presence of the white man; and where the lordly denizens of the forest roamed at will, are heard the roar of the blast furnace, and the ring of the anvil. Entrance has been effected into lands long closed to every intruder, and the world of mankind in all its immensity feels the influence of the dominant races. Not only has civilization extended its borders, but amongst the people who have long boasted of their good manners, the social fabric has settled more firmly upon its basis.  
We ask, while the world has made advances of a public and social character, has there been a corresponding progress in the interests of Christ's kingdom, and in true scriptural holiness? It would be unwise broadly to accuse the members of the church militant of supineness or sluggishness, but the low religious status of the world is a fact daily deplored. It is true that much has been done, and is doing, for the spread of truth and righteousness. But is what has been done, or what is doing, sufficient to meet the exigencies of the case? If we rightly understand the wants of humanity, and trace the demoralizing and degrading tendencies of many present theories and systems, our answer must be—no! There must be counter influences brought to bear, and fact set against theory, system against system. We read the history of the early days of Christianity, and find amid conflicting elements, constant and rapid strides made towards the world's evangelization. Paul, the man of many labors, severe trials, and continued travels, planted the religion of Jesus in the midst of the Gentile nations, and from the points of his sojourning, as from so many centres, the light of the cross was radiated and diffused. In those primitive times, every one in whose heart burned the love of God, was filled with the desire to tell the way of peace, and thus each became a laborer to the vineyard of the Lord. The necessities of the church compelled this activity. The field was great, the laborers were few, and each found a place in the ranks, suited to his or her character or gifts. Is the field less extensive now? Are the demands upon the time and talents of the church less pressing? Lands into which access was difficult or impossible then, are open now. Nations unknown then, now send up the Macedonian cry on every hand. Arguments, sophistries, heresies, idolatries, unthought of then now stare us in the face; and now as then, the Church is called upon to exert its energies and labor for the truth.  
Have the same energy, the same appliance of means to the end which distinguished the former days of Christianity been continued until to-day? If so, have the results been commensurate with the labors? The same power still works upon the hearts of the children of men. The same Spirit that sat upon the heads of the Apostles on the Pentecostal day, still energizes the world. It still waits as then upon the bidding of fervent prayer and earnest faith. But the additions made to the numbers of Christ's followers are few, and the spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom is small. That which is needed now is united and individual labor. Every one professing to be led by the Spirit has a work to do. The age, the church, the Eternal Father demands activity. The evil and sin in our midst, and iniquity that floods our streets, cry out for energetic toil. The time, talents, and labors of pastors and teachers will not suffice. The Church as a whole must "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Let our readers remember that they have a work to do in their cities, in their villages, in their families. There are holy examples to be set, earnest exhortations to be given, and faithful prayers to be put up, before we can expect to see great things done in the name of the Holy Child. He who is the brightness of the father's glory waits, expecting until his enemies be made his footstool. He waits on our intercessions. Shall his waiting be long? It remains with us to decide. The work is in our hands, the hands of the church, let us perform it.—(H. Wesleyan.)

THE SEVEN-THIRTIES—WHAT ARE THEY?—We trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the Appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the People of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the Government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent. annual interest, payable every six months. For this they offer Treasury Notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and endorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect which every man, unless he be a traitor at heart if not in act, is solemnly pledged.  
The Appeal is addressed not merely to a few great capitalists, but also to the many whose aggregate means constitute the mass of the wealth of the land. The notes upon which this loan is asked are from \$50 upward. Every man who has fifty dollars can take part in this loan. Apart from patriotism and the duty which all owe to their country, no investment is so desirable as this.  
It is secure. Every dollar of every man's property is pledged for the punctual payment of the interest, and of the debt when due. The security is increasing in value. For years before the war we were earning 1000 millions a year more than we spent. During the three years of the war, owing to the high prices and constant demand for labor, we have earned more than ever before. No man who could or would work has been idle; and, except for the war, we have spent less than before. The total valuation of the property of the United States, according to the census of 1860, was \$16,159,000,000, of which \$10,957,448,956 was in the Loyal States. This valuation, according to the usual rule of assessment, was not more than two-thirds of the actual cash value of the property. The increase of property in the Loyal States during the last ten years was over 126 per cent., or an average of 12 6-10 per cent. per annum. In three years of the war we of the United States have certainly earned 3000 millions more than we have spent apart from the war. The cost of the war may be set down at 2000 millions. Deducting this from our net earnings, the People who are security for this loan are 1000 millions richer to-day than they were when the war broke out.  
No other investment can be so easily convertible. The man who has a Treasury note for \$50, or \$100, or \$1000, can turn it into money more readily, and upon better terms, than if it were invested upon bond and mortgage, or in railroad stocks.  
The interest offered is higher than can be realized from any other safe and convertible investment. It is, moreover, readily collectable when due. To each note are affixed five "coupons," or interest tickets, due at the expiration of each successive half-year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it at the nearest bank or Government Agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will everywhere be equivalent, when due, to money.  
Thus, while this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best Savings' Bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive they must deduct largely for the expenses of the Bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is 5 per cent. upon sums over \$500. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 50 per cent. more. Thus the man who deposits \$1000 in a private Savings' Bank receives 50 dollars a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this National Savings' Bank he receives 73 dollars. For those who wish to find a safe, convenient, and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan.  
It is convertible into a six per cent. gold-bearing bond. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7-30 loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent. gold interest bond, the principal payable in not less than five nor more than twenty years from its date as the Government may elect. For six months past, these bonds have ranged at

an average premium of about eight per cent. in the New York market, and have sold at 109 to-day (Aug. 12th), thus making the real rate of interest over ten per cent.; and besides, to make the inducement even greater, Congress by special act exempts its Treasury notes from state and municipal taxation. Could Shylock ask more? Was patriotism ever so liberally rewarded?—[Harper's Magazine.]  
THE DEAF MUTE SEAMSTRESS.—A German paper gives an account of a Deaf Mute from Boston, from which we extract the following:—  
"A few days ago, I visited the business establishment of a friend of mine, and saw before the shop window a large crowd of people who were looking with eager curiosity at an object within the salesroom. I came nearer, and found within the window a young creature of wonderful beauty, with beaming countenance, in whose eyes was mirrored her gleaming needle, she sat working industriously, bowed over her sewing, in simple but neat dress. Neither the gazing, crowding multitude, nor the going and coming up and down the shop, excited her to a single motion of her angel head. Fresh rows of stitches came gliding from her hands with inconceivable rapidity, and new pieces of work were seized upon and completed by her charmed fingers. She was a picture of quiet and diligent activity.  
"My curiosity was so awakened that I went into the store to make inquiries and my friend gave me the young girl's history. The maiden came from the United States of North America. Her father was a workman in the magnificent and world renowned establishment of Messrs. Grover & Baker, of Boston, and she grew up in the extensive rooms of this firm. The peculiar child early showed such a predilection for active labor among the workmen, hammering and filing, that she could not be got away from it, even at night, she could not be enticed from the rooms. She was taken to New York. Here she became a seamstress, and her occupation suited her admirably; she sewed without ever having been taught how, with the most wonderful quickness and precision. But that was not the only remarkable thing in the girl. While she worked her hand only was busy with the needle, her head never moved, and her breast was so motionless that it seemed as if she did not breathe, nor heart beat. She remained in this way, without motion in one place, never got up, and never went away, and never went to bed, and proved that she was alive only by completing her work in the most satisfactory way, as she does now. At length, an Englishman, then in New York, heard of the prodigy which had now grown famous, went to see her and at the very first glance that he threw upon the charming creature he was fascinated. Entering into a treaty with the principals of the establishment, and paying a sum of money, he won the wonder for himself. He took her to London, introduced her to his friends; no dissipation made any impression upon her. Once in her place she never moved from it. She appeared to be deprived of speech or hearing, and even taste and smell also; the sense of feeling could not be ascribed to her with certainty, but she must be able to see; this, her finished needlework proved. The Englishman introduced the wonderful girl to the most renowned men; intercourse with them, or the vanity of a London life failed to alter the automaton nature of the fair American. He travelled with her. He visited our city, and I became acquainted with him, and, finally, had not much trouble in persuading him to leave the maiden with me."  
This was the story of my friend. Since I have often been in the presence of the young girl. But on these occasions I made a discovery that I cannot withhold from my fair readers. I one day heard the noise of wheelwork within, and arrived at the conviction that the wonderful deaf-mute of Boston was no other than—a sewing machine.  
A WIFE OR A LIFE.—Scott, of Harden, one of the ancestors of Walter Scott, was a famous border thief, and at one time, when he had either spoiled the neighboring English of all their cattle, or had frightened them all away, he began to fear that from disuse he might become less expert at the honorable trade he pursued; and to keep his hand in, amused himself with driving the cattle of one of his own countrymen and neighbors, Murray, of Ellbank. Murray soon found means of revenging himself, and brought Scott, his followers, his cattle, &c., all prisoners to Ellbank Castle. On the

walls was sitting his wife, who perceiving the train that followed him, asked what he meant to do with Scott. "Why, hang him, to be sure," was the answer. The more prudent wife exclaimed, "What! hang such a winsome mannie as Harden when we have three such sorry dames at home?" Murray was persuaded by his wife, and sending for one of his daughters, whose ugly face and immense mouth had acquired her the name of Mag o' mouth Murray, proposed to Scott to marry her, leaving him no alternative but a halter. The unfortunate prisoner most ungallantly refused the lady; and the tradition says that it was not until the rope was tied to a tree, and he began to feel it tighten, that he repented. He was married, and sorrowfully bent his steps homewards, taking with him his ugly wife.  
THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.—The mission of the Fenian Brotherhood is thus concisely stated in the Fenian Spirit, the new organ of the organization, published in Boston:  
"It neither seeks to create a new monarchy nor a new republic. Its gospel demands the restoration of an oppressed nation's rights; and the missionaries of that gospel preach the text in the highways and byways of this American continent. In the confederate as well as in the federal army, the Fenians who struggle and die on the battle field, as foemen, are apostles of that sublime creed, 'The restoration of Ireland's nationality.' They exclaim, loud enough for the strong hearts still dwelling in the land of their fathers to hear, that Ireland as a nation shall not die—neither by forced emigration nor by English misrule.  
They utter an armed protest against the legislative murder of the Irish nation. They hold out their hands with bountiful offers of that assistance which is required when the hour comes; they have strength because they are united. They are not the tools of any political faction in this or any other country. They are at no individual's beck; they seek the election of no man to office, but are rather suspicious of those in their midst who would seek or accept one.  
Their national creed is plain; it simply means that Ireland shall not pass away, but remain for all time as a nation—controlling, directing and guarding the wealth of her people. It says, in language bold enough for foes and friends to comprehend, that perpetual submission to English dominion in Ireland is incompatible with Irish nature. It means that if this dominion cannot be uprooted from Irish soil without the effusion of blood, then each Irish heart will become a fountain."  
ARE THE GERMANS WRONG IN WANTING OUR BONDS?—Not a bit of it! No shrewder, thriftier people, in matters of money, exist on earth. Our Jersey people and New England people are a frugal, industrious people, but they can't save money like the Germans. All Germany is a great savings bank. It is true that their working men are not so rich, on an average, as our working men, because they don't get more than one quarter of the wages of our men. But a German can save money, and he knows when it is safe. Now these shrewd, thrifty Germans want our bonds. They want them by millions. They turn aside from the great beggars of the world in Europe, and come to us Republicans. They treat the notes of Napoleon and Joseph, and Maximilian with indifference, but want to discount all the American notes they can get. The London Times says this is all wrong—that the Republicans in America are all bankrupt, and the Germans must be crazy to slight British and French beggars, and go begging, themselves, to America. Are they crazy? We asked Poor Richard what he thought about it. "Why," said he, "how can they be crazy, when they are doing just what I did a little more than a year ago, when I put my little savings into Government six per cent. bonds? Now see what I got by it; just count up. I have received six per cent. in gold, which averaged 100 per cent. in currency, making 12 per cent. income. Now to-day, my bond is salable in the New York market at 10 per cent. premium. Put these together, and to-day I have 22 per cent. for one year's use of my money! What do you think of that? You know, as well as I do, that there are thousands of people who did this, and to-day they have 22 per cent. on their investments. Why, I saw Miss Jones, our school-mam, go to the bank and buy a \$500 bond. How she got the money I don't know but these Yankee schoolmistresses are first-rate

banks at taking care of themselves. Well, now, count up. If Miss Jones sells her bonds to-day she gets her \$500 back safe, and she gets \$110 clear gain. Can you sharp fellows down there in William street do any better? You know I told Mr. Smith, the banker, my ideas about that, and he bought \$5,000 six per cent. bonds, and you see he got \$1,100 for the year's use of his money. I met him the other day, and he said, 'Poor Richard, you are right; I began to think the Government can take care of itself, and us too. For my part, I mean to buy some of the 7-30's. The rate of interest is high enough, and in three years they will turn into six per cent. bonds again.' 'Yes, Mr. Smith, it is right, on the money side; but, it is right on the country's side too. Help your country, or it can't help you. Now, I say the Germans are not only right, but they would be right if they got half that interest. They cannot make a quarter of it at home.' So thought Poor Richard, and so think we. When we think of the German opinion of our situation and our financial strength, we must remember that they are far better judges of our condition than we are, or our enemies are. They are lookers on, at a great distance. They have none of our enmities or prejudices. They can examine the facts disinterestedly. They do; and the result is a verdict that the American Government is stable—its ability and integrity in meetings its financial engagements unquestionable. This verdict, too, is founded on a series of facts which are unimpeachable, and well known to every intelligent American. Take two or three of the most important.  
1. The United States doubles its population each twenty-five years. The population of the country, which in 1850 was twenty-three millions, will in 1875 be forty-six millions. But the rebellion! says some one. How much has the rebellion diminished the strength of the United States! Take this astonishing fact, that if all the Rebel States had been sunk in the Pacific Ocean, the United States would in 1875 have a population equal to that of the whole in 1860. In other words, fifteen years will supply the total loss of the eleven original Rebel States! What can impede the progress of such a country?  
2. The wealth of the country increased 127 per cent. in ten years! Now let it increase but 80 from 1860 to 1870, and it will amount to ten times all the loans of the government. The German knows what he is about. He will get the largest income from loans in the world, on the safest security. No such opportunity has occurred before for the investment of money, and in all probability will never occur again. If the American does not know and take advantage of this, the German and Frenchman will.—[Ex.]  
THE WONDERS OF THE BRAIN.—One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is, that the organ of sensation should in itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any part of the body. If the nerve which leads from it to the injured part be divided, it becomes instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still; the brain itself may be removed—may be cut away down the corpus callosum—without destroying life. The animal lives, and performs all its functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but no longer has a mind; it cannot think or feel. It requires that the food should be pushed into the stomach; once there it is digested, and the animal will live and grow fat.  
The adjutant general of Vermont announces that the state has filled her quota under the late call, and under all calls previously made, and now has a net surplus to her credit of ten hundred and nine men.  
A SHARP HIT.—The town of Oxford, Me., has recently voted in the negative, at two town meetings, on the proposition to appoint a committee to co-operate with the selectmen to suppress the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors in the town. Not long after the last meeting, a man drove up to the post office, before which a dozen citizens were standing, who appeared to have been engaged in putting down the traffic. As his horse stopped, his "momentum overcame his dignity," and he tumbled headlong from his seat and laid sprawling on the ground. He gathered up, and raising himself on one elbow with drunken dignity, remarked—"Hie—gentlemen—you needn't laugh—hie—it's according to the vote of the town!" No one present failed to "see the point."



WOBURN:  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS.**—The children of the present day are more highly favored than those of former generations, in many respects, but perhaps their situation as Sunday School scholars presents the most striking picture of their advantages. Throughout the land, in city and in country, and among all denominations and classes, the Sabbath School has become an established institution. It is a pleasing sight to witness the children on their way to school, and to notice the pleasure they appear to take in attendance. The superintendent and teachers greet them with a cordial welcome on their arrival, and aim to interest them in their studies. The libraries for their use, are well supplied with instructive and interesting books, and no hard studies are given out, making it emphatically a day of rest in contrast with the labor of the mind in the week day schools. The proportion of the children of the nation, which passes through the Sabbath School system, is very large, probably more than four-fifths.

We are not disposed to exaggerate the influence of these schools, and are aware that it comes far short of what the best teachers desire and hope, but the religious effect is nevertheless very great. Where the warm heart of a devoted teacher goes out upon a class and the conversation is upon the great principles of Christianity, the susceptible mind of the scholar derives important advantages. We hardly need repeat what has been so often asserted, that the teachers of these schools should be punctual, constant, and come prepared to teach the lesson of the day, and that they should secure the love and attention of the scholars by all proper means.

The places these scholars are to fill in after periods, may well demand our thought. They are, in their turn, to take the forming hand and instruct others. Both sexes will occupy important stations in church and state, in the family and the town. Some will be teachers, ministers, lawyers, doctors, editors, members of the legislature, governors, shopkeepers, mechanics, and manufacturers. Many of the girls, having become women, will be the wives of such persons, and whether married or not, their talents and situations will afford them opportunities of influence.

A Sunday School has attractions in the consideration of the teachers, who are among the best members of society, men and women, whose example is good, and who love the work in which they are engaged, and are desirous of making themselves useful.

It is a foolish notion which some boys entertain, that when they get old enough to leave the week day school they are to quit the Sunday School. On the contrary, they are at such a time just beginning to enter upon its privileges, and should remain and give their hearts to God and forever abide as scholars or teachers. We need more religious influence upon the young instead of less, and probably parents and ministers require to be urged to more special and regular labors in instructing those under their care.

We are much indebted to those who have gone before us in the work. We can have but little idea of the feeble beginnings of this Christian enterprise. We now have all the books needful, and the organization has been effected, and the results are before us to encourage and direct our labors, but not so at first. A few women and men were moved to make a beginning and knew not how to act, and it was not until the experience of many years, that Sabbath Schools became systematized in the mode of tuition, and the Sabbath School Concert took its interesting place.

Sabbath Schools, we believe, are almost universally kept all the year round, and the attendance in winter is as good as in summer. We congratulate our readers, who are all, doubtless, interested in Sunday Schools, and are themselves teachers or scholars, upon the prospects before them, and wish them much success and happiness.

The Republicans of Woburn had a very interesting time on Saturday evening last. At about 1-2 past seven, a large flag, bearing the names of Lincoln and Johnson, was flung to the breeze, amid the cheers and shouts of a large concourse of citizens, stirring airs from the brass band, the letting off rockets, roman candles, &c. The torchlight procession was a handsome affair, well arranged and executed throughout, and the address of Hon. D. W. Gooch, at Lyceum Hall, was able and interesting. The Hall was well filled, and the exercises did not close until a late hour.

**PERSONAL.**—Capt. Wm. B. Bennett, and Lieut. John L. Parker, of Co. B, 11th Mass. Regt., have each been presented a sword, scabb, and belt, by the citizens of Woburn. They were both formerly of Co. F, 22d Mass. Reg.

The late masterly address of the Hon. Edward Everett, on the present state of the country, is for sale by N. H. Nichols, of Woburn.

#### Our Army Correspondence.

ONE MILE FROM DUTCH GAP, VA.,  
October 10th, 1864.

Mr. Editor.—This is a lovely day, cool, and bracing to health and spirits. The change has been sudden from heat to cold, and nature is about changing the green robes of summer for the thousand gay colors of fall, that in turn shall merge into the dark gray of winter.

The cattle subsistence department of the armies of Generals Grant and Butler, has recently been united, and a large portion of the herd transferred across the Appomattox and James river. Your correspondent thereby finds himself transferred for a period, from the left to the right line of the army, on the north side of the James, one mile from Gen. Butler's present headquarters, and only 6 miles direct from Richmond. It is well known that less than two weeks ago Gen. Butler moved suddenly to this new field of operation, surprising the enemy and gaining important advantages. The fighting was short but obstinate. Last Friday the enemy engaged his new position, capturing a few hundred cavalry, losing about an equal number of their infantry, but causing the cavalry to fall back rather quicker than is consistent with good order. A little later the enemy on the extreme left attacked the 10th Corps, and were most valiantly repulsed with very great slaughter, many hundreds being left on the ground dead. Yesterday I saw Gen. Butler at his headquarters. He is of the same true and determined steel (only more so) as when he bore such wise and just rule in New Orleans. While I was at his tent he was examining several rebel soldiers that had come voluntarily within our lines, showing all his accustomed skill and ingenuity that marks his course as a lawyer.

By this process which he adopts, by nearly all that come over his lines, he gets a vast amount of useful information. I do no injustice to others, when I say Gen. Butler knows more of the resources, position, and condition of the enemy, than all other Generals in the army. He has remarkable powers of working out information and getting at facts, that but few living men possess. On Saturday last 72 deserters came to him, and every day a large number come. This depletion of the rebel ranks by desertion is working to great Union advantage. From his examination of these, he can form a truer estimate of the state of the rebellion than from any other source. His analyzing and critical mind is rarely led astray. After seeing Gen. Butler, I rode along his lines, to the famous Dutch Gap, or canal, that is being dug through a narrow neck of land, where the James river bends around like a lengthened ox bow, with the two ends brought together. It is 9 miles round this bow, and less than an eighth of a mile across where the ditch is being dug to meet the river again. The object is not so much to save distance, as to avoid the impediments sunk in the river; also to get rid of the heavy fortifications lining its banks. While I was looking at this canal, the enemy threw more than twenty shells over, trying to drop them into the ditch, but the range was too high by 80 feet; the shells passing over and beyond, some into the river, throwing up great columns of water; others howling and tearing through the woods with murderous vengeance. The object of this shelling is to drive the colored troops, who are digging the canal, away. Upon the banks of this canal, all around for acres, the ground is torn and covered with broken shells, that in past days have been thrown over. The canal is about 50 feet deep and 80 wide. The blacks work away as cool and unconcerned as if only birds were flying over; but if a shell happens to drop into the ditch, you may believe the poor fellows cut for their holes in the banks, of which they have constructed hundreds, like the holes of swallows in the banks of a railroad cut. The canal is about completed, as low down as the level of the top of the water. It has yet to be sunk enough deeper to float gunboats; then the job is done. This can only be accomplished by the construction of a coffer dam, and will be a slow process. Had any but slothful Virginians lived here, this, as a commercial improvement, would have been done years ago. It will now be one of the Yankee works, inaugurated in the new field of settlement soon to be offered to Northern enterprise.

Near where I am located, the rebel Howitzer Battery is constantly throwing shells, that every 5 minutes can be seen bursting on the ground or in the air, not a mile distant; but they do little or no damage. The rebel lines are being daily constructed, while the right and left of our army is closing in upon them, with a strength and tightness that nothing can resist. The lines of the two armies of the Potomac and James, extend 40 miles in their sweep around Richmond, and are marching to certain and eventual victory.

**ARRIVED HOME.**—Private A. Gustavus Brown, of Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., arrived home Tuesday night, from the Chestnut street hospital, Philadelphia, on sick leave. Private James Addleton, of Woburn, of Co. D, 6th Mass. Regt., (one hundred days,) arrived home Tuesday night, sick. The regiment arrived home yesterday. Several Woburn boys were in the Regt.

#### Acknowledgments.

READVILLE U. S. A. HOSPITAL,  
October 14th, 1864.

We, the undersigned, wounded soldiers, thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a box of useful articles through the hands of Mr. Schwabe, the gifts of Mrs. Cyrus Cummings, Mrs. James P. Tyler, Mrs. E. F. Poole, Mrs. A. G. Carter, Mrs. Joseph Kelley, Mrs. Hiram Whitford, Mrs. Charles Nichols, and Messrs. Geo. Flagg, A. B. Johnson, Rufus Smith, and Mr. Schwabe, and Mrs. Joseph Huntress, and Mrs. E. N. Blake.

We assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that we fully appreciate your kind remembrance on the couch of sickness, and also acknowledge the fine lot of bandages from the ladies of the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission. James C. Libbey, E. J. Mann, S. Murray, Benj. W. Perkins, Philip Doherty, Jonas M. Richardson, and all the sick of ward 32, all of Woburn, in behalf of Wm. Bancroft's share, who was absent home.

The library at Readville Hospital is opened, and Mr. Jennison, 3d Mass. Cavalry, is Librarian. The acknowledgments were read from the different pulpits and schools last Sabbath, which makes it unnecessary for publication. Winchester, Woburn and Burlington, occupy a branch in the center of 6 shelves, with North and East Woburn marked underneath the shelf. To the right is the name of Hudson, Wyman and Frothingham, being good donors. The left branch bears the name of Schwabe; he laid the foundation when the Hospital was opened and made contributions of his own from time to time. The object is a good one.

Mrs. Thomas Glynn and Master M. Littlefield, each received pleasant acknowledgments from Matron Brewster, of Portsmouth Grove Hospital, for useful supplies. She asks for the sick, empty cigar boxes for making frames, &c., &c. John Willis, East Abington, Co. D, 58th Regt., acknowledges a package of good supplies to Mrs. Timothy Bond. Mr. Willis was several times badly wounded.

Charles W. Bennett, of Reading, a smart little drummer of 14 years, and badly wounded, Co. D, 56th Mass., kindly acknowledges, from Readville Hospital, a fine package of useful contents to Mrs. Jacob Munroe, of Burlington. Lieutenant Charles E. Fuller, Co. G, 5th Mass. Regt., writes from Fort McHenry, in the name of the North Woburn boys, his thanks for a package from Mrs. E. E. Thompson, Mrs. Marshall Tidd and Mrs. Charles Nichols.

Charles Richardson, a youth of 18 from Haverhill, Co. E, First Mass. Heavy Artillery, a brave little fellow, who has not left his bed since wounded, writes a very interesting letter of thanks to Mrs. Otis Cutler, of Burlington, for a package of all kinds of useful contents, from Readville Hospital.

Messrs. Alexander Ellis, A. E. Thompson, A. B. Johnson, sent this week a supply of useful Hospital stores direct to the front.

C. A. Horace, Co. D, 19th Mass., only 18, has served nearly 4 years, badly wounded in the mouth, writes an interesting letter of thanks from Readville Hospital to Mrs. Charles Nichols.

Mr. Schwabe, as usually, receives almost daily acknowledgments from all directions of the army, for good boxes of his own expense. The late Mrs. S. B. Pratt, shortly before her death, sent a fine supply of everything to Mrs. Lucy Dawes, Washington, for the Woburn sick. Mrs. Benjamin Cutter received a very long and most interesting acknowledgment of a box, from Lt. Charles K. Conn, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., from Camp Parole. He expresses not only gratitude for himself, but for all his comrades in arms, for the generosity Woburn has exhibited within the last few months.

Master Edward S. Adkins, John Cummings, 3d, Jonas E. Bacon, sent a fine lot of books and reading to Readville.

Mrs. Curtis, of Winchester, in behalf of the Sanitary Branch, sends a fine lot of bandages and linens to Readville Hospital, which were much needed. Mrs. Curtis and Mr. Oliver W. Rogers, made handsome donations of books for the hospitals.

**ANOTHER UNION VICTORY.**—Sheridan is again victorious. On Wednesday he was attacked by Longstreet, and our forces were severely handled for a while, 20 of our guns captured, and our men put to flight. Sheridan then took the field, and the result was a complete victory to the Union arms. Forty-three guns, 100 wagons and ambulances, and some 2000 prisoners, were captured. The following dispatch from Gen. Sheridan tells the story:—

"CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 19—10 P. M. To Lieut. General Grant:

I have the honor to report that my army at Cedar Creek was attacked this morning before daylight, and my left was turned and driven in confusion,—in fact, most of the line was driven in confusion, by the loss of 20 pieces of artillery. I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and found the army between Middletown and Newtown, having been driven back about four miles.

I here took the affair in hand and quickly united the corps, formed a compact line of battle just in time to repulse an

attack of the enemy, which was handsomely done about 1 P. M.

At 3 P. M., after some changes of the cavalry from the left to the right flank, I attacked with great vigor, driving and routing the enemy, capturing, according to the last report, forty-three pieces of artillery and very many prisoners.

I do not know yet the number of my casualties, or the losses of the enemy. Wagon trains, ambulances and caissons in large numbers are in our possession. They also burned some of their trains. Gen. Ramseur is a prisoner in our hands, severely and perhaps mortally wounded. I have to regret the loss of Generals Bidwell, killed, and Generals Wright, Grover and Ricketts, wounded. Wright is slightly wounded.

Affairs at times looked badly, but by the gallantry of our brave officers and men, disaster has been turned into a splendid victory. Darkness again intervened to shut off greater results. I now occupy Strasburg.

As soon as obtained I will send you further particulars.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Maj. Gen."

**FIFTH MIDDLESEX REPUBLICAN SENATORIAL DISTRICT.**—The Republicans of the Fifth Middlesex District met by Delegates at the Town Hall, in Woburn, on Thursday last, for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent the District in the General Court.

Prior to the Convention being called to order the news of Gen. Sheridan's recent great victory was read, and three rousing cheers were given for the hero of the Shenandoah Valley.

Mr. Samuel Tidd, Chairman of the 5th Senatorial District Committee, called the meeting to order, and Mr. Thomas Talbot, of Billerica, was chosen to preside, and Mr. Horace B. Wafford, of Reading, was appointed Secretary.

A committee on Credentials was chosen, and reported twelve towns represented by 43 delegates.

On motion of Mr. Dike, of Stoneham, the Convention took an informal ballot for Senator, with the following result:

Whole number of votes	41
Necessary for a choice	21
John Hill of Stoneham had	21
G. P. Elliot of Billerica had	18
J. Q. A. Griffin of Medford had	2

On motion, John Hill was thereafter nominated, by acclamation, candidate for Senator.

On motion of Mr. Horton of Reading, a committee was appointed to nominate a District Senatorial Committee, who reported as follows, and the report was accepted: Leander F. Lynde of Stoneham, William Proctor of Reading, William M. Cudworth of Medford, Nathan Wyman of Woburn, and George P. Elliot of Billerica.

**FIFTH MIDDLESEX SENATORIAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.**—The Democrats of the 5th Senatorial District assembled in convention at Medford, in the McClellan headquarters, on Thursday, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for State Senator.

The Convention was called to order by H. A. Gilmore of Medford, Chairman of the District Committee, and the organization was made by choice of A. E. Thompson of Woburn for President, and N. T. Merrill of Medford, for Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Gilmore of Medford, Daniel W. Lawrence, of Med., was nominated as the Senatorial candidate by acclamation. Mr. Lawrence having declined, an informal ballot was then had for a candidate, resulting as follows:

N. R. Morse of Reading, had	10
S. T. Sanborn of Winchester, "	4
S. Nichols of Woburn, "	3
Scattering,	4

Mr. Morse, who had the largest number of votes, here withdrew his name, and moved the nomination by acclamation of John H. Dike, of Stoneham, for Senatorial candidate. The nomination was made by the convention in accordance with Mr. Morse's motion, but Captain D. declined the honor.

A formal ballot was then had for a candidate, resulting as follows:

Whole number of ballots	24
Necessary for a choice	13
S. T. Sanborn of Winchester, had	13
S. Nichols of Woburn, "	5
Scattering,	6

The nomination of Mr. Sanborn was then made unanimous, and the District Committee was then chosen as follows: H. A. Gilmore, of Medford, J. H. Dike, of Stoneham, A. E. Thompson, of Woburn, N. R. Morse, of Reading, B. Stanton, of Winchester.

Distress in the English manufacturing districts is on the increase. This is attributed to the state of the money market, and to the fear that peace may be effected in this country. Hundreds of business men have failed, some for enormous amounts, and other hundreds must follow in the general crash. It is believed in England that an American peace "would be followed by a collapsed more damaging than has occurred since the war commenced."

Vermont has been "raided," the rebels making Canada the base of their operations. A score of armed men rode into St. Albans, robbed three banks of more than an eighth of a million of money, stole horses, and murdered one citizen and wounded several others. Several of the raiders have been arrested and 150,000 recovered from them.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for November, is a very interesting number. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

#### Letter from Company G, 5th Reg.

FORT MC HENRY, Oct. 17, '64.  
Mr. Editor.—Again Co. G is performing its accustomed duties at Fort McHenry.

On the night of the 2d inst., the three Cos. at Fort Marshall were ordered to report here. They were relieved by a detachment of the 91st. It became evident from this that we had got to move, but where we knew not, though it was generally believed we should be sent to Harper's Ferry. Soon after we were told that we were to be sent in detachments to protect the "polls" during the coming election in this State. On the 8th all doubts and questions were silenced as we received orders to break camp at 5 P. M. We were ready at the time appointed, and at 8 o'clock, together with Co. H and a part of Co. A, we went on board the gun-boat L. G. Cannon.

The Cos. were divided into five detachments, each under a commanding officer: Capt. Converse had thirty-five of Co. G; Lieut. Fuller had ten of Co. G, and an equal number of Co. H; Lieut. Seelye had ten of Co. G and ten of Co. H.

We proceeded down the bay a distance of about thirty miles, then entered the Choptank river. Early in the morning Adj. Weyer landed with his detachment of Co. A, and proceeded to Trans district about six miles. We had not gone far from here before the boat ran aground on an oyster bed. Here we lay all day Sunday until midnight. Monday morning Lieut. Seelye landed with his squad at Medford's Wharf, and marched to Federalburg a distance of twelve miles. Lieut. Fuller landed next at Gilpin's Point, and proceeded to Harning. The boat went no farther than Denton, about a hundred miles up the river. The Lieut. of company H remained at Denton with most of his company. Capt. Converse went to Greensboro, seven miles from Denton.

All of the boys had good quarters, and were treated very kindly and liberally. Splendid suppers were gotten up for us, and there was no end to the provisions brought us. In no instance was there any trouble at the "polls," though undoubtedly there would have been had there been no guard there, for many were bound to vote at all hazards. No man was permitted to vote until after he had taken the "oath."

Through the whole state the majority for the New Constitution was about seven hundred. We left for Fort McHenry on Friday morning, much pleased with our excursion on the "Eastern Shore." Arrived here early Saturday morning, having been gone one week. We had been in camp but a short time before orders came to be ready to march immediately with three days' rations. This order, however, was countermanded. At 9 o'clock last night, orders came for eight officers, sixteen non-commissioned officers, and forty eight privates, to be ready to march at half past six in the morning and report to the Provost Marshal of Baltimore, Lt. Col. Woolsey. All the officers and fifteen men of Co. G, are among the number.

The health of the Co. at present is excellent, save Corporal Flagg and Private Smith, who are quite sick in the hospital. Lieut. Seelye has returned to the company for duty.

Yours, &c., IRA.

Rev. Mr. FAY will preach upon the following subject next Sunday morning:—"The church, the chief educational and police force of the country and the age, and the duty of every person to sustain it as such."

#### STONEHAM.

The current of business with us lags a good deal just now. Several establishments are either stopped entirely, or are running but a very small fraction of the work they are capable of doing. It affords a good opportunity for our people who are by trade shoemakers, to read war news, study and talk politics, and make up their minds deliberately and understandingly to vote for our Uncle Abe on the 8th proximo.

The Republicans threw to the breeze on Monday last a magnificent flag, new and brilliant with stars and stripes, inscribed with a motto given to the world by Grant, "We propose to fight it out on this line," and those names which are a terror to all traitors and rebel sympathizers, "Lincoln and Johnson." This is the third and largest Union flag thrown to the breeze by our Republicans of Stoneham, one of the other two being hung across Central street, at Allen Rowe & Co's establishment, and the other over Main st., from the house of James A. Green to that of Mrs. Quimby's, opposite. There is not much enthusiasm in politics yet, but the Union men are making arrangements to have some meetings in the Town Hall as soon as it shall be finished. Put it down in your mind, Mr. Editor, that Stoneham is going to do her duty faithfully in the coming canvass.

**POLICE.**—Our community have been electrified by the news of the arrest of that notorious individual, Charles R. Williams, formerly a citizen of our town, but keeping himself a little somewhat in the shade. Our police had him once last summer and hand-cuffed him, and feeling rather too secure of their man, let him get into his wagon with one of the men (Carr) holding upon the horse's bit. Carr let go of the rein to jump into the wagon, when Williams made the whole vehicle to his horse to "go," and he shot off like a rocket, leaving Carr behind, and the two police who were holding on upon the hind part of the wagon, got shaken off, and then Williams had the whole vehicle to himself, and his old broken down beast managed to put a good deal of distance between the pursuing policemen and his owner in a very short space of time. Our police have been on the watch for Williams ever since he escaped, and

have ever maintained the idea that they should "catch him yet." They heard of him at Amesbury and sent down the "documents" to the Amesbury police, who made use of the same last Saturday, in the arrest of Williams. Hovey, with assistance brought him to Stoneham, arriving late Saturday night.

Williams was arraigned on Monday morning and on failure to procure bail on three complaints against him for theft and breaking and entering, was committed to jail. The hearing of his case, on the advice of District Attorney, I. S. Morse, was adjourned for one week—it being understood that in the meantime Williams would be indicted by the Grand Jury now in session at Lowell. A. V. Lynde, Esq., is counsel for Williams.

Quite a sensation was created in our community by an affair that occurred in the Congregational Church on Wednesday evening at 8 1-2 o'clock. On that day it would have been well if the police had been engaged to keep order among the "boys" on that occasion. But "outsiders" have no occasion to be critical perhaps.

LEE.

**SOUTH READING.**  
POLITICAL.—On Thursday evening, Oct. 13th, the Union Club held their first public meeting in the Town Hall, which was addressed by Frederick A. Sawyer, Esq., former Principal of the High School in South Reading, but recently from Charleston, South Carolina. It was a cold, rainy and disagreeable evening, and the speaker must have felt gratified to behold a crowded hall to greet him. While Mr. Sawyer was with us, no one was in doubt in regard to his party preferences. He was a Democrat of the "straits sect," and on all proper occasions urged his sentiments in the tersest language. But five years residence in Charleston has completely changed his mind with regard to the motives of the men whose lead he once delighted to follow. He is now fully persuaded that the salvation of our republican form of government depends upon the re-election of President Lincoln, and he is desirous of doing all that he can to aid in accomplishing that object. He entertained the audience for almost an hour and a quarter, without manuscript, giving his reasons for a change in his political views, describing the origin of the Anti-Slavery excitement, the purpose of the Southern Democrats in breaking up the Charleston Convention 4 years ago, and various other topics on which he could speak from personal knowledge. His lips were sealed in regard to the condition of the Rebel Confederacy, as he was permitted to leave their domain only on condition that he would reveal nothing to the injury of their cause. He very scrupulously avoided giving any information which would be dishonorable for him to do with the solemn pledge upon him. But his position in the Southern Confederacy enabled him to say many things from personal knowledge, which had been printed and written in a public manner, and therefore not unlawful for him to utter. His address was candid, and so clear as to be easily understood. Mr. Sawyer has been invited to speak in other places, which he will probably do, hoping to open some blind eyes that discover not whether they are drifting in subscribing to the articles of the Chicago platform, framed in part by the rebels themselves. The club will hold a public meeting in the Town Hall on every Thursday evening until after the election.

**LECTURES.**—A free course of lectures is being delivered in the basement of the Universalist Church, by Mrs. Lucetta Bradley Hubbell, on human life and Phrenology, in connection with Physiognomy and Physiology. Public examinations at the close. Mrs. H. comes well recommended as an entertaining and instructive lecturer.

M.

#### WINCHESTER.

**REAL ESTATE SALE.**—The Estate owned and occupied by Mr. Thomas Collins, on Church street, has been sold to Mr. Palmer, of Boston, for \$4000.

**POLITICAL.**—The Union Club held a meeting last Tuesday evening in the Town Hall, President Clark in the Chair. A very logical, argumentative and convincing speech was made by Mr. Salem Wilder, showing the present position of the two parties and the duty incumbent upon every voter in view of the facts presented. Mr. James Campbell followed in his usual earnest manner, depicting the great issues of the day with ability and power.

The speakers on this as well as preceding evenings, have proven that for such meetings we have home talentable to do justice to the subjects presented. Maj. McDonald, of Woburn, and R. K. Potter, of Boston, addressed the Club on Thursday evening, in Lyceum Hall. Hon. D. W. Gooch will speak next Thursday evening.

**RELIGIOUS.**—The monthly concert of the Cong. Sabbath School, last Sunday evening, was addressed among others by Farmer Allen, of South Reading, who, with his usual earnestness and force, addressed the children, setting before them the importance of early religious principles to enable them to grow up to be useful members of society and blessings to the church and the world. He counselled the teachers not to grow weary in well doing, but to rest assured that the seed sown with faith and prayer, will sooner or later spring up and bear rich fruit.

Although the required funds were raised some time since to free the Cong.











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV. : No. 5.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

## The Duel Extraordinary.

FROM THE FRENCH.

In the winter of 1794 Gen. Moreau, being appointed commander-in-chief of the army of the Rhine, established his headquarters in the city of Strasbourg.

Strasbourg is a pleasant, spirited and hospitable town, especially to the military stranger, for the Alsacians are all soldiers, and have, consequently, a brotherly feeling towards those in the profession of arms; almost all the old men are veteran pensioners, and the youths' highest aspirations are for the arrival of their eighteenth year, and their consequent entrance into the service of their country.

When the "call" is sounded in Alsace, every tradesman who leaves his shop, every peasant who hastens from his cottage, knows how to load a musket, handle a sabre, and manage a horse; and their old proverb of *"Autant d'hommes, autant de soldats"*—"As many men, so many soldiers have we"—is a true one literally, which is more than can be said of most provinces.

Being so warlike, they necessarily have the feelings of such a character, and are therefore somewhat hot-headed, or rather do not possess the saint-like forbearance that might be hoped of them; but they certainly do possess eminently the necessary qualifications for making the best light cavalry of France; and their propensity to quarrel generally finds proper outlet in this service, or in chastising the vapourings of some military bully who may happen to be among their garrison.

At the period of which we write there was a certain young hussar captain, named Fournier, who figured rather conspicuously in this character, at the headquarters of Gen. Moreau, having rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the Strasbourgeois by his fiery temper, extraordinary skill with his weapons, and his apparently heartless disregard of taking life upon trivial provocation. He had, moreover, excited an especial hatred against himself by the slaughter of a young man named Blum, the only survivor of a once numerous and wealthy family in the city, whom, they said, he had challenged without cause, and shot without pity.

The very day of the funeral, Gen. Moreau gave a grand fete, and the higher class of burghers, to which Blum was allied, could not well refuse their presence without giving offence, while Fournier, as an officer of the garrison, was of course invited; so that this the murderer and the friend of his victim would be brought together, and a violent scene might be anticipated. Gen. Moreau knew this, and foresaw that the folly of one man might thus prejudice the character of the whole army.

"A sensible man would stay away," said he. "But Fournier will come, if only to defy his enemies."

"Faith! then, general," cried Capt. Dupont, Moreau's youngest aide-de-camp, "the simplest way will be to send him away when he presents himself."

"But," replied the commander, "to send Fournier away is to have an affair with him; for I can't dismiss him officially. And who would get himself into such a difficulty by undertaking to order him out?"

"I will!" said Dupont.

The general reflected. "Well," said he at length, "I agree, on condition that you use my name in the business, and act only under my authority—in short, that you will be simply the organ of my wishes; for I have no desire, my dear Dupont, to embroil you with this fire-eater."

The young man bowed respectfully, and bent his head a little lower than was necessary, to conceal a scornful smile, excited by his foresight of the result, in spite of the caution of his general, and his contempt of the danger.

The evening came; the Hotel de Ville was brilliantly lighted; the guests arrived in crowds; Fournier presented himself in his turn; Dupont lay in wait for him in the ante-chamber, and, before he could divest himself of his mantle, approached him demanding—

"What do you want here?"

"Ah! is it you, Dupont? Good evening, Parbleu! you see what I want—I am come to the ball."

"Are you not ashamed to come here the very day of the funeral of that unfortunate Blum?"

"No! Faith!"

"But what will his friends, his kindred, who are in the saloons, say?"

"They may say what they please—I care not; and, by the way, what business is this of yours?"

"It is the business of every man of spirit."

"Every man of spirit, is mistaken; I desire no one to meddle with my affairs; and now, if you have gotten through with your little lecture, let me pass; I want to dance."

"You cannot dance."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because you must leave here immediately."

"Why, I have hardly arrived."

"And you cannot arrive as far as the saloons; the general orders you to return home."

"What! he dismisses me!"

"No; he only prevents your being put out."

"By Heaven! I think you must be joking, with the insult you were charged to put upon me! Do you know what it is to show Fournier the door?"

"Pray suspend your swaggering, and do me the favor to go; I have engaged a partner, and I hear the first bars of the waltz."

"Listen!" cried Fournier, furiously.

"I cannot avenge myself on the general; he is my superior officer, and has the right of impunity; but you—you are my equal; you have dared to 'ear half the insult, and you shall pay the whole penalty; you must fight me."

"I have given you as politely as possible, the message I was charged with," replied Dupont, calmly. "I have not provoked you idly, for I foresaw how this would act on such a hector as you are; now hear me! You have annoyed me long enough with your bullying. I am rejoiced at this opportunity, and I shall give you a lesson you will not soon forget!"

Fournier retired, foaming with rage, and, as he slowly left the hall, had the additional mortification of seeing Dupont gayly join the dancers with his fair partner.

He passed a restless night; without the hope of killing Dupont in the morning he would have been most miserable.

But the issue of the combat was not altogether as he anticipated—Dupont giving him a severe wound.

"You lunge well," said Fournier, as he fell.

"Tolerably, as you see."

"Very well! but now that I understand your trick, you shall not catch me again; I will prove it to you when I recover."

"You wish to fight again, then?"

"Of course."

"As you will; I will not balk you."

And in truth, after a few weeks' care, Fournier was again before his foe; and this time it was he who inflicted a wound on Dupont, saying to him—

"You see, you hold your hand too low to recover in time, and, parrying your lunge, I take you thus;" and he put three inches of steel in the young man's side.

"Game and game!" cried Dupont; "the rubber next time!"

This rubber gave rise to some slight difficulties. Fournier pretended that, as the two former encounters were held with the sword, the decisive combat ought to be with the pistol. He urged the most plausible reasons, and assumed the most insinuating tone, to accomplish this; but Dupont claimed the privilege of military men to fight with the weapon they usually wore, and it was well he maintained his ground, for Fournier's skill with the pistol had become proverbial. He had taught his servant to hold a small coin between his finger and thumb, which he struck out with his ball at five and twenty paces; and frequently some hussar of his regiment, passing his window at a gallop, smoking his pipe, had felt the clay shattered between his lips, without knowing to what cause to attribute the accident.

It was Fournier, who, exercising with his favorite weapon, had chosen the soldier's pipe as a target. Dupont was wise, then, to adhere to the sword; and this was maintained through the numerous encounters which lengthened this duel to the unheard-of period of nineteen years.

The "rubber," therefore, as Dupont called it, brought no decisive result—each gave the other a slight wound, neither having the advantage; and these two wisecracks, vexed at this negative termination, agreed to continue their meetings until one should confess himself conquered.

One difficulty seemed about to supervene. The regiment of Fournier was to enter active service, and quit Strasbourg the next day. But this trifle could not long arrest such ingenious imaginations, and they concocted and entered into the following singular covenant—

1st. That whenever Messieurs Dupont

and Fournier should find themselves at the distance of thirty leagues from each other, each should advance one-half the road, to encounter the other, sword in hand.

2d. That if the duties of his post should prevent either from absenting himself, the other would travel the whole distance, thus meeting both the requirements of discipline and the necessities of the contract.

3d. That no excuse other than military duty would be taken.

4th. That the present treaty being made in all faith and honor, it could only be altered or annulled by mutual consent.

Thus these two monomaniacs fought from time to time, whenever they could meet, and a most curious correspondence was carried on between them on the subject; as, for instance:—

"I am invited to breakfast with the officers in garrison at Luneville," wrote Fournier, on one occasion, "and shall accept their kind invitation. As you are on leave at Luneville, this will afford us, if you like, an opportunity for a few paces."

And again, wrote Dupont:—

"My dear friend, I shall pass through Stalzburg on the fifth of November; wait for me at the Hotel des Postes; we will fence a little, if you are so inclined."

Sometimes the promotion of one or the other interfered momentarily with the regularity of their meetings; the third article of their treaty enjoined obedience to military law, and a cessation of hostilities was thus for a time forced upon them by a difference in rank, but grades were speedily won then, and they were soon equal again. Thus Fournier once wrote:—

"My dear Dupont, I hear that the emperor, doing you but justice, has accorded you the rank of general of brigade. Receive my sincere congratulations upon an advancement which your courage and ability well deserve. This affords me a double satisfaction, since it renews our ability to fight on the first opportunity."

This singular affair at length attracted public attention. Dupont and Fournier ever observed the compact in all its strictness; they were covered with the scars of their numerous encounters, yet they still preserved their old passion for fighting. Gen. Fournier once, with great simplicity, remarked—

"It is very strange that I, who have always killed my man, cannot get rid of this devilish Dupont!"

In the army, where Dupont was much and Fournier but little liked, they said that Gen. D. was the best-natured fellow in the world, if F. would not annoy him so constantly.

At length Dupont received orders to join the army of the Grisons; he traversed Switzerland rapidly, and arrived one morning at a small village, where the headquarters of his corps were stationed. He was not expected, and no preparation had been made to receive him; there was not even an inn there.

The morning was cold and rainy, and seeing before him a "chalet," through whose windows shone a glorious fire, and whose curious external stairway descended even to his feet, as if coquettishly inviting him to share mountain hospitality, Dupont did not hesitate to mount to the door. He found the key in the lock, opened, and entered. A man was seated at a desk, with his back to the door; at the sound of its opening he turned his head, and, recognizing the intruder, cried, joyously—

"Ah! is it you, Dupont? we will take a turn immediately."

It was Fournier who thus spoke.

"Faith, I am ready," said Dupont.

Fournier took his sword from the corner of the room—they fell into position—they crossed weapons. All this passed in a moment—to see, recognize, provoke and attack each other was as natural and spontaneous as to breathe. It was only between the passes that they conversed.

"I thought you were employed in the interior," said Fournier.

"The minister gives me the fourth division."

"Indeed, how fortunate! I command the cavalry there. So you have just arrived?"

"This instant."

"And thought of me the first thing; how amiable of you!"

"No, really—I did not know you were here. Seeing a fire through these windows, as I was about to pass, I stopped to warm myself."

"This exercise will warm you sufficiently."

The fight became fiercer—Fournier

hazarded a pass which Dupont took advantage of, pushing him so vigorously that he was forced to give back step by step.

Dupont advanced steadily, within distance, crying—

"Ah! you run! you run!"

"Not at all—I only retreat. Do you think I am going to let you split me like a sparrow?"

"The room is small; I shall drive you to the wall."

"We shall see."

"See, then!" and as Dupont said this he pressed Fournier literally into the corner, and his sword, piercing the muscles of his opponent's neck, pinned him to the wooden wall like a family portrait badly hung.

"The devil!" cried the spitted general.

"You did not expect this?" said Dupont.

"On the contrary, it is you who do not expect what will happen?"

"Indeed! what is about to happen, then?"

"Why, the moment you draw your sword I shall thrust mine into your stomach, and you will fall."

"True," replied Dupont, pressing his sword with great force into the logs of the cottage wall.

"What the devil are you piercing the wood for?"

"I am taking precautions against your lunge in my stomach."

"You cannot avoid it—the moment you withdraw you die."

"I shall not withdraw till you throw down your sword."

"It is impossible for you to keep your arm thus strained for ten minutes; it must drop, and you must receive my thrust."

"You are unreasonable. Your blood is flowing; in ten minutes your eyes will close."

"We shall see."

"Very well; I am not impatient."

"Nor I; we will abide the result."

This contest would probably have been prolonged to a fatal termination, had not the noise of their dispute at length been heard by some officers in another part of the house, who, coming hastily upon the scene, separated with much difficulty the obstinate combatants.

When parted, they each claimed the victory, and finally demanded with great gravity to be replaced exactly as they were when separated, Dupont promising to refix his sword through Fournier's throat without increasing the wound.

They were finally obliged to force the latter to bed, and the former out of the chalet.

Such a result was not calculated to cool their ardor for fighting, and they continued from time to time to give each other fresh scars. They crossed swords, in Germany, in Poland, in Spain, in Russia, and in Italy. Time progressed; meanwhile, they became generals of division. Grand cross of all the orders, dignitaries of state, rich and ennobled by the emperor; they were called Count F. and Count D., and they had both grown fat.

Dupont, the more reasonable of the two, often reflected upon the absurdity of so ancient a quarrel, and doubted if it were not better to kill Fournier at once, if possible, and thus settle their feud forever. This became his fixed determination in the year 1815, when he made the acquaintance of a charming young lady, whom he resolved to marry. He was convinced that, once a husband and a father, he could not risk, upon so many foolish hazards, a life which would no longer belong to him alone.

After obtaining the promise of the lady's hand, he waited upon Count Fournier.

"You are come for a bout?" said the latter.

"Perhaps, but I wish first to talk with you."

"Do me the honor to be seated, then."

"Listen, my friend—I am going to be married."

"What stupidity!" cried Fournier.

"Hum!" said Dupont, musing; "nevertheless, I am going to be married."

"Allow me to congratulate you."

"Before consummating this serious step, I wish to finish with you. We have now fought through a period of nineteen years."

"It is true—1796 to 1815. How time flies!"

"We have fought, indeed, too often."

"It does not appear so to me!"

"As I cannot continue a life which would grieve my poor little wife, I come to propose—in virtue of article fourth of our treaty—to change the mode of combat, and take to the pistol."

"The pistol!" cried Fournier, astonished. "With the sword you can defend yourself; but with the pistol—"

"I know your wonderful skill," replied Dupont, "but I propose to equalize the chances a little; thus:—A friend of mine possesses, at Neuilly, a small enclosed park, a mimic virgin forest, surrounded by a high stone wall, with two gates of entrance—one on the side towards the village, the other on the river bank. We will repair thither, at an hour agreed upon, armed with our horseman's pistols; we will enter, each by a separate gate. Once within the wood, we will seek each other, and fire, at will, whenever one sees the other. I do not know the ground any better than you. We shall neither have any advantage."

"I declare! it is a droll idea."

"Does it suit you?"

"Yes; if only for its originality—a sort of little Indian warfare, in fact—without witnesses, of course?"

"Of course."

"At what day and hour, then, shall we enact this little melodrama?"

"To-morrow, at ten, if you like."

"Impossible!—I see my tailor especially to-morrow; but Thursday, if you are at liberty."

"Thursday be it, then, at ten. There is the key of the gate on the village side."

"Adieu, then; do not, I pray, give yourself the trouble to conduct me."

Three days after this interview, just as the church clock of Neuilly struck ten, two men entered the park of M. Bufraise, by separate gates, one on the side towards the village, the other at the opposite extremity on the river, and closing them swiftly, each one drew two long pistols from his riding-coat, and cast a keen, rapid glance around him. These two men were Fournier and Dupont. After assuring himself that neither was seen by the other, they began to step cautiously along under the shadows of the trees.

Slowly they proceeded along the dark, arched avenues, stopping at every step to listen if the crackling gravel should betoken an approaching footstep, or betray their own—measuring the length of each path they entered—fixing a suspicious eye upon every waving bough and trembling leaf. Slowly and warily they thus continued to advance, their pistols in hand, and at full cock, till, at the turn of two intersecting avenues, they came suddenly in full view of each other. By a spontaneous impulse, each sprang to cover—Fournier behind a giant oak, and Dupont to the protecting bulk of a hoary chestnut—like sharpshooters at the moment of engaging, or, perhaps, more like two aboriginal warriors of the wilds of the western continent. Scarce thirty paces separated them, but they ran no risk, save by attempting to leave their cover.

What curious reflections must they have had behind those mighty wooden bulwarks, a step from which might cost them their lives!

They rested thus a long time immovable, neither daring to afford the other the advantage of the first fire, till at last Dupont, stimulated by the remembrance of his lady-love, decided to begin the battle; but he lost none of his caution, and resorted to a ruse, to deliver himself from his enemy. First he shook slightly the lappel of his riding-coat beyond the protecting circle of his chestnut, to let his foe know he was about to make a move; when he thought this observed, he advanced his left shoulder a little beyond the trunk, where his coat had been, and drew it back swiftly; it was just in time, for, on the instant, a ball stripped a large fragment of bark from the tree, exactly where the shoulder had been shown. Fournier had lost one shot!

After a few moments, Dupont began the same manoeuvre on the opposite side of the tree; but Fournier was too old a fox to be caught twice in the same trap, and Dupont changed his design to a better semblance of reality. He showed the barrel of his pistol, as if waiting his chance to fire, and, taking his hat in his right hand, advanced it just to the edge of the left side of his dear chestnut. The hat was held between the fingers of Dupont like the pipes in the mouths of the hussars; most fortunately his head was not in it, for Fournier's second ball would assuredly have shattered it. The stratagem succeeded perfectly—the pistols of Fournier were but harmless tubes, innocent of defence. Dupont stalked forth from his cover, and marched up to the discomfited general, who prepared to meet him with brave composure.

Standing calmly, with his head erect, his eye firm, and his arms crossed upon

his breast, he remained motionless before the advancing weapons of Dupont.

The laws of dueling are implacable; there can be but one interpretation of their meaning. One is master of his enemy's life with certain restrictions, but one owes his own within the same limits.

Fournier awaited, therefore, the fate of the conquered; he looked upon death calmly, as a dangerous acquaintance whom he had too often braved to fear.

Dupont halted two paces from him.

"I have a perfect right to kill you."

Fournier bowed affirmatively.

"But I cannot draw trigger in cold blood upon the life of a fellow creature. I give you yours."

"As you please."

"Understand me! I give you to-day's grace only. I wish to be master of the property I loan you; it is but a temporary use I yield you—nothing more. If you ever annoy me—if you ever seek to renew this quarrel—if, in short, I have ever cause to complain of you—I shall remind you that I am the legitimate possessor of two balls specially destined to be lodged in your cranium, and we will resume this affair where we now leave off—that is to say, at my first summons, you will come to offer your head for my target."

"That would be annoying."

"Faith! I can do no better for you. But we shall not see each other again; I am going to enter domestic life, and shall dispense with the acquaintance of such scapegraces as yourself. You will travel your road, and I mine. I shall never trouble you again if you let me alone, but at the first trick of yours I will pay you the two balls, of which you shall come to give me the receipt. Does this not suit you?"

"None too well."

"Well, then, we will finish at once!"

said Dupont, sternly, raising his pistols at the same time. "Decide!"

"Do you think such a decision can be made in a minute?"

"I prefer, however, your deciding at once, otherwise I shall have to return here; and the road is somewhat long."

"Well! I must accept, then, as I have no alternative, and—"

"I cannot hear your motives—they only concern yourself. Remember, only, that quarrel no more, that we meet no more, and that, in case you rebel, I have two balls in my pistol at your service. Farewell! I hope you may never see me again!"

Putting up his pistols, Dupont walked off. A few minutes afterwards Fournier left the enclosure, laughing heartily at his misadventure, and returned to Paris to tell his friends the singular termination of the famous duel of nineteen years' duration. But he spoke cautiously of his ancient enemy, and avoided his presence; for he knew that Dupont would surely claim and fulfil the terms of the compact; and he preserved through life the superstitious belief that Dupont was of different mould from other mortals, and the only man in the world whom it was impossible to kill!

How to TAKE LIFE.—Take it like a man. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve; to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be a heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not half so much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one title of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he only takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he will, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart, determined in spirit.

The cure of diabetes is now effected in a simple manner. It is this: Taking of fresh

barm or yeast three or four times a day, at the same time meeting the waste produced by the disease on the system by the free use of Dublin porter, and all the solid nourishing food the patient can take. Cardinal Wiseman has been cured of an attack by this method.



# The Middlesex Journal, —AND— WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

## Our Army Correspondence.

STRAUSBURGH, VA., Oct. 19, '64.

Dear Editor:—The October sun rises glorious and grandly from its bed behind the ridge, to shine mellowly and health-giving over this valley, long time so famous. The buoyant days so longed for while suffering beneath the enervating summer glare, have come. The hazy space beneath the skies is lambent with health and joyousness. One seems almost to see the health giving essence as it floats on the breeze. Hoar frost hath begun to paint the woods. The nearer forest spreads out decked in gorgeous hues, while farther on the landscape melts into smoky blueness that clothes the mountain bases. The very atmosphere seems to possess brightness, and to envelope all objects, not hang upon them. The sounds of army life come to the ear with a mellowness that this season only giveth. They come floating slowly through the breeze as though but the echo of some still more distant noise. The season's atmosphere rounds the rougher angles of sound, as it were, and brings it to the ear softly and creepingly. Softly blowing gales breathe health and joyousness. Movements are made more brisk, and gracefulness of action, save of the fashionable invalid order, is promoted. Life, that seemed newly born when fair April powdered the woods with living green, and had e'erwhile languished through the sultry summer months, now receives fresh vigor. The mind gains equal tone with the body and lifts grateful praise to Him who behind nature is the renewer of all life. Man takes a fresh lease of existence, and should of immortal life. Body, mind and soul, how intimate is their connection, and how is the welfare of the latter influenced through both the former.

Returned from a three mile ride to Cedar Run, your whilome correspondent somewhat intoxicated by the air of an exquisite October morning, as doubtless your readers have already perceived, attempts to write up the log since last accounts at Washington early in Sept. It would take much larger space than you would feel willing to concede to make, by any degree a detailed account of our wanderings since leaving the Capital on the 15th ult. A scrap here and there must therefore suffice.

Our march to Harper's Ferry was indeed pleasant, and from it I was enabled to gather more of the real character of the Maryland country than ever before. On the lower Potomac it partakes in a great degree of the shiftless appearance of seceded Virginia, whereas in these more northern portions comfort and plenty and neatness seemed very general. From Washington to Sandy Hook the country is of a pleasantly diversified and pastoral character, abounding in beautiful views of quaint old villages and smiling landscapes. I will only mention one and that the little town of Hyattstown, a gem hidden in a hollow. We came upon it suddenly from the top of a high hill. Far below, and running part way up the opposite hillside, reposed the quiet little town, its painted and white washed buildings here and there lined and shaded by the then unfaded green. It looked too nice to be reality and have a name. The charm was loosed when we were able to make a nearer inspection, for it looked like Goldsmith's deserted village in the first stages of its decay.

We arrived at Sandy Hook, on the Potomac, on the 19th, after a very leisurely executed march, the whole distance being about 58 miles. At this place we remained just long enough to hear the all-day roar of the battle at Winchester, when we started down the Valley to join the cavalry and relieve Battery D, 2d U. S. Art'y. The night of the 21st we made Charlestown, next day Winchester. At this latter place we encamped for the night right upon the battlefield, and amid its freshly rising odors. The city swarmed with wounded, and everywhere in the green fields that surrounds it, the debris of battle could be seen, and still sadder evidences. Dead horses dotted the sward, a broken or blown up caisson here and there, the little enclosure of rails containing wounded, heaps of fresh earth with simple head-board made from a cracker box, traced the track of the hurricane of war. Occasional and simple funerals anon came from the hospitals within the city, with slow step and muffled drum, to show that not yet had ceased the results that flow behind the glory-giving steps of War. This was a victory for us, and how the northern pulse jumped as they read of it from the papers. They did not mourn, for sure our enemy suffered more than we. The killed of ours were not many. But, Ah! how many's loved one wept out his life in bloody tears. Victory is glorious, but to estimate it justly the prostrate men that heap its course must be seen.

The succeeding day we passed on the turnpike going south of Kernstown, Newtown, and Middletown, halting for a short space at Strausburgh. From the latter place we moved out to the east about 4 miles, and joined the 3d Div. of cavalry.

Strausburgh is a small town upon the north fork of the Shenandoah, and is situated just at the point where the valley materially narrows by reason of the Blue Ridge, of a short range, which is laid down upon the map as the Manhattan mountains. Winchester had been chosen by the rebels for their first stand, because of its already fortified position. The position at Fisher's Hill, near the town of Strausburgh, was chosen, doubtless, because of the narrowness of the valley at that place, and the consequent security of the flanks which rested upon opposite ranges. The distance from mountain to mountain is not more than 6 or 7 miles.

We had reported to the 3d Div., and had sufficient time to unharness and water the horses, when, most unwelcome sound, the bugle blew "to horse." It was just night-fall. We marched that night till within two hours of daylight, over the roughest, stoniest roads which I believe exist in America. Our course was straight up and through the mountains. By the fitful, struggling moonbeams we could now and again discern the nature of our course which daylight, I make no doubt, would show to be most picturesque. At one time we struggled across the broad and rapid river led on by a glimmering signal fire that shone from the further bank, immediately to ascend the mountain by a steep, shelving road that went up, up, seemingly for miles. How many dangers we escaped in the dark was never known, or how many precipices our carriage wheels shunned perhaps only by an inch. Once as we climbed the mountain side by a diagonal shelf that only courtesy would call a road, we passed a dismal picture. A traveling forge had fallen off the road down a declivity of about 15 feet, dragging with it its six horses and three drivers. It was a weird though sickening sight. The sickly glare of two or three candles that seemed struggling with the heavy and still night air, and the sounding rush of the river flowing below and behind us, were concomitants of a scene as strange as any ever novelist described.

The group of men around holding their horses by the bridle, just came within the circle of light, the centre of which was the form of a man who had been crushed in the fall. There he laid, his pale face doubly pallid under the candles' sickly ray, and making no movement save a convulsive working of his hand. I shuddered as we passed and plunged into the gloom higher up.

I will not be tedious by attempting to describe the sunrise in the mountains, which was gorgeous in the extreme. The succeeding day we had passed the series of ranges that constitute the Manhattans, and emerged into the lovely valley of Lewry, which is contained between them and the Ridge. The full beauty of this valley pen scarce can describe. It is an alternation of waving fields, green groves, gay meadows, and intersecting brooks, the whole enclosed in a beautiful mountain rim that seemed to hem it in on all sides. The mountain ridges themselves are most beautiful, the highest of crags draped in a mantle of variegated green and dark brown. It is no figure of speech to say "draped," for the mantle of forest seemed to rest on the peaks, and flow down to the valley in most graceful folds, owing to the innumerable smaller offshoots of the mountain. The valley smiled through tears that day. Small smoky clouds would float and gather along the mountain tops, and pass before the gaze like a thin veil, at the same time discharging their moisture without touching him, although it rained quite heavily not a dozen yards distant. It only made the hills look more lovely, like ladies' faces seen behind illusion veils.

At times dark, threatening clouds would shadow half the valley, rain fall in the other half, while on the distant mountain tops dwelt the serene sunshine. Within the midst of the valley, upon a gentle knoll, civilization had placed the finishing charm, in the shape of a pretty village, from which the whole valley had taken its name, Lewry. The whole scene smiled before us as we descended the mountain side, yet beautiful as it was, War's dreadful fingers had been before us. Everywhere torn fences, dead horses, scattered saddles, sabres, and carbines, and occasional graves, proclaimed the southward surging contest.

After driving the rebels down this valley, the cavalry corps recrossed the mountains at a point farther south and emerged into the Shenandoah Valley at the town of Newmarket. From thence southward laid our route along the turnpike as far as Harrisonburg. This place contained many rebel wounded, as I judged from the grey-clad and placarded cripples that seemed quartered there. From H. we took a course about southeast, and rounding the southern extremity of the Manhattan mountains, came out upon the south fork of the Shenandoah river, where the village of Port Republic is situated upon its opposite bank. Here we struck the rebels once more and had quite a severe skirmish, but could do nothing as they had infantry to defend their rear, which was then passing through Brown's Gap to the east side of the Ridge, while we had left ours at Harrisonburg, some eight miles distant. As Sheridan had thus driven them out of the valley, our forces went no farther, except a small body of cavalry to Staunton, to destroy some rebel ordnance stores. But I will not trespass on your columns further. Perhaps another letter will be able to tell your readers of the fall back to this place, which is four miles north of Strausburgh and fourteen south of Winchester.

Yours, &c., HOPLITE.

## Army Notes.—No. 13.

HEADQUARTERS, 10TH ARMY CORPS,  
Before Richmond, Oct. 18th, 1864.

Dear Editor:—The quiet which prevailed here when my last letter was mailed to you was soon broken. Early on the morning of the 7th inst., the enemy made a sudden cavalry dash on the right of our line, held by Kantz's cavalry, with the intention of giving our troops a complete surprise. Knowing that this part of the line was comparatively weak, they endeavored to take advantage of the fact by making a spirited attack upon the same. Unfortunately for them, however, a deserter came into our lines the evening previous and divulged their plans to the commanding General. He stated that the enemy was massing troops in front of the center of our line, for the purpose of attacking that point simultaneously with a demonstration that was to be made on the right. It was therefore thought that the main attack would be made on our center, and preparations were made accordingly. This proved to be a mistaken calculation, as the rebels were really intending to carry out a flank movement. The result was that our cavalry were forced back, the line broken, and a state of confusion prevailed which gave the rebels a temporary success; eight of our guns and quite a number of horses were captured, and prisoners taken. Our infantry coming to their support, the tide quickly turned and the dashing rebel cavaliers, and their supporting infantry, were speedily flying Richmond-ward. Their loss in killed and wounded must have greatly exceeded ours, as our troops that are armed with the Spencer repeating rifle poured a most deadly fire into their retreating columns. The Richmond papers, however, have magnified the affair into a brilliant victory, as usual; although we still hold the same ground that we occupied previous to the battle. This engagement lasted about two hours.

On Monday, the 10th, Gen. Birney started for the north on a sick leave of absence, and Gen. A. H. Terry took temporary command of the Corps. Upon this new change of commanders being made it was thought fit and proper to inaugurate the event by a movement against the enemy. Accordingly, on the evening of the 12th inst., the 1st and 3d divisions of the corps moved out on the Darbytown road, on our right, and remained in readiness for an attack the next morning. Soon after sunrise, on the 13th, brisk skirmishing commenced, and shortly quite an engagement was in progress, the rebels falling back from their picket line to their main works, where they were excellently prepared to receive us. There were new men having been constructed since the reconnaissance of Gen. Terry on the afternoon of the 1st inst. A portion of the rebel force being in ambuscade, our troops in charging were brought directly under a most destructive enfilading fire, and the loss sustained in life and limb was consequently considerable. Here the brave and patriotic young Major of the 10th Conn. Volunteers, Henry W. Camp, rendered up his life a willing sacrifice on the altar of his country. His body was recovered by flag of truce the following day. It was found stripped of every article of clothing but a shirt, and pierced by seven bullets. After more or less fighting and skirmishing all day our troops found it policy to fall back upon the line they started from in the morning. This ended an attempt to make an other extension of our lines towards the rebel capital. The result was truly unfavorable; the waste of valuable life greatly to be regretted. Let us hope that our next advance may be attended with that success which has crowned the most of our movements since this campaign commenced!

A large number of deserters are constantly coming into our lines, all miscreant clads, and all agreeing in the opinion that the Confederacy is nearly "squashed." The external appearance of these fellows alone sufficiently verifies every statement made by them in regard to the growing destitution which everywhere prevails among the miserable dupes of secession. They appear to be well pleased to find themselves once more under the protection of the stars and stripes. To day we were visited by a most miserable object of charity, just from one of the almshouses of Richmond. He was what the "Widow Bedett" would pronounce "a poor, decrepit, superannuated old fellow." His nether extremities were encased in a pair of patched, dirty, scant, blue-drilling overalls; his coat was sadly faded and woefully "curtailed" in the tail, his hat was truly a relic of antiquity; and his shoes were of the "open port" style, nicely calculated for water to run out of after wading through swamps. I thought of the line of the poet—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!"

He said he was "true blue" on the Union question, and was strongly opposed to the secession of Virginia at the outset. He stated that the poor class in Richmond are in a most terrible state of destitution, and that many of them must actually perish the coming winter if that place is not captured by our troops, which he sincerely hoped would be done. Three dollars in gold will purchase one hundred dollars in Confederate scrip at the value of the broker establishments in that delectable city.

Yesterday several "secesh" women and children came to headquarters for the purpose of begging some of Uncle Sam's commissary stores. All their male relatives are in the rebel service, and they were so thoroughly impregnated with the "secesh" doctrine that they positively refused to take the required oath of allegiance. Whether hungry stomachs will finally overcome sectional prejudice, or whether they will conclude to still suffer famishing martyrdom for their cause, remains to be developed. Think of the "aristocracy" and "chivalry" of the classic state of Virginia begging the means of subsistence from their detested enemies, the "mudsills!" "O what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

Last night the rebels got through our lines in some way, and made a little moonlight raid down the New Market road, capturing some sutlers and their goods, a small quantity of commissary stores, two or three ambulances, and a Chaplain. They are welcome to the "army robbers," alias the sutlers; but it really seems as if they might have spared the man of God, unless they are in great need of his holy teachings. It is said that a darky teamster was found dead in his wagon, murdered by the raiders.

We are now enjoying a beautiful spell of autumn weather—too beautiful, we fear, to be of long continuance. The nights are considerable cool, and we have recently had some quite heavy frosts. As a consequence, the few deciduous trees in this section are beginning to display their bright banners of crimson and gold, in beautiful contrast with the dark green foliage of the pine. Soon, however, these fine autumnal dyes will pass away, and overcast skies, rain and slippery mud will be the meteorological programme.

H. T. P.

IN THE FIELD,  
NEAR WELDON RAIL ROAD, VA.,  
Oct. 23d, 1864.

Mr. Editor:—Since your correspondents Alpha and G, have been absent from the company, we have not been favored with letters from them respecting the company and matters and things in general; and knowing that your paper has a wide circulation among the friends of the Rangers, I thought a few lines would not come amiss at this time.

In the first place the health of the company is very good. One week ago to day we left "Fort Dushcare" and moved about one mile to the right, and are now in camp behind formidable breast works.

The promotions that have taken place in the Regiment are as follows: Lieut. Col. Pierson, promoted Colonel, vice Davis, killed; Maj. Tremlett, promoted Lieut. Colonel, vice Pierson, promoted; Capt. F. R. Kinsley, Co. E, promoted Major, vice Tremlett, promoted; 1st Lieutenants John D. Reed, C. W. Hansen, C. H. Porter, promoted Captains; 2nd Lieutenants H. A. Scavens, Henry Felch, J. H. Deansant, O. A. Barker, promoted 1st Lieutenants.

About a fortnight since Sergt. McDevitt was detailed on Provost Guard. I understand he likes his position very much.

Of Co. K boys that have been paroled, are Thomas Marran, C. H. Colgate, J. F. Ransdell, Geo. W. Dean, J. F. Leslie, Edward Hoskins. Years, &c., UNION.

A correspondent—"A son of Woburn,"—writing from the camp of the 32d Mass. Volunteers, desires to call the attention of our readers "to one of the patriots of the present day," a resident of Woburn—Capt. Cyrus Tay—who left his pleasant home and went forth to fight the battles of his country. He says, "I know of no one who has done more fully his whole duty than Capt. Tay. He entered the service of his country on the 15th day of November, 1861, and since that time has been a faithful officer in the Regiment to which he belongs; always ready and willing to do his duty. A man of total abstinence principles, and of unquestioned morals." We take the following from our correspondent's letter:—

"At the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., Capt. Tay was wounded in the arm, which kept him off duty for about forty-five days, and he still carries the ball in his arm, as a memento of that great battle."

"If every man at the North, who is able, had rendered to their country half the amount of service that Capt. Tay has, there would not be a rebel in all the land who would dare to own his cause. Such are the men who should receive the honors, and the places of honor and profit in the gift of the people."

"I trust the citizens of Woburn will show their appreciation of the services of one of their noble sons, by placing him in some position of honor and trust, that he is so justly entitled to, and so well qualified to fill. The members of this Regiment from the town of Woburn, are generally well."

ARRIVED HOME.—Charles K. Conn, of Woburn, of the 39th Mass. Vols., made prisoner at the battle of Spottsylvania, and whose parole was announced some weeks ago, has arrived home. He is looking finely. We learn that he has been promoted to a Lieutenant.

Dr. Schenck's next visit to Boston will be on Wednesday and Thursday, the 26th and 27th of this month.

THE WOBURN CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES held its autumnal meeting in Woburn, on Tuesday, the 25th inst. The Rev. E. P. Marvin, was chosen Moderator, and the Rev. E. P. Hooker, Scribe. The weather was fine, and the attendance was unusually large through the day, the body of the capacious house being filled, and considerable numbers in the galleries. The reports from the churches were of deep and varied interest, exhibiting the usual vicissitudes of light and shadow, joy and sorrow, all fitted to show that God is still with his people, leading them through the wilderness. The Sabbath Schools, without exception, were reported as being in a highly prosperous condition, at least as far as relates to attendance and apparent interest.

The discussion of the appointed topic, Home Evangelization, was able, spirited, and very much to the point. The Rev. E. P. Hooker, showed in a graphic and affecting picture, the necessity of home evangelization. In the absence of the Rev. S. Byington, the Rev. W. Barrows, was requested by a vote of the Conference, to fill his place. Mr. Barrows has been for several years Chairman of the Committee of the State Conference, in relation to this most important subject, and presented strong and well considered statements enforcing the obligation of the churches to labor earnestly, and constantly, to the end of the dispensation, to bring the home population under the power of the Gospel. Mr. Barrows stated that the Committee of the State Conference, in combination with the Home Missionary Society, had just completed an arrangement for putting an efficient agent into the field to labor for the promotion of this object. The Rev. S. H. Tolman discussed, with much point and earnestness, the methods of home evangelization. A brief address by the Rev. J. C. Bodwell, concluded the exercises of the morning.

A well selected and ample collation was served in the vestry at the basement of the church, of which about eight hundred persons partook.

The Laymen's prayer meeting at 1-2 past 1, was well attended. A goodly number of the brethren participated in the exercises, by brief addresses and prayers, making the half hour thus spent a season of much enjoyment and profit.

At 2 o'clock the church was again well filled for the closing service, which commenced with a beautiful and appropriate anthem by the choir, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Clarke, the organist. The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. R. Bliss, on Eph. 4, 21: "As the truth is in Jesus." The Rev. Messrs. R. T. Robinson and H. A. Stevens presided at the administration of the Lord's Supper, and the deeply interesting and impressive exercises of the day were closed with singing and the benediction.

Among the incidents of particular interest was the announcement by Dr. E. Cutter, that the Committee who had been engaged the last few months in a special effort to remove the debt of about twenty-four thousand dollars from the edifice in which the Conference was assembled, had very recently brought their labors to a successful termination, and that only two pews on the floor of the house remained unsold.

The discussion on Home Evangelization awakened a deep interest, and a resolution was passed instructing the Committee of arrangements for the next meeting of the Conference, to call a special meeting with a view to promote this object, if it should be thought advisable.

The Woburn Conference embraces fifteen churches. All but one were represented and reported. The services of the day were characterized by a high religious tone, an earnest practical bearing, and a warm fraternal feeling. The mild and sunny weather, the unusually large attendance, and the well ordered arrangements, all contributed to render this meeting of the Woburn Conferences of Churches, an occasion of much comfort and enjoyment, and it is to be hoped that great spiritual benefit may be the result.

FOR THE SOLDIERS.—We learn that two boxes of hospital stores will be sent from Woburn to City Point, Va., to-day.

The recent arrests of parties in Baltimore for selling goods to blockade runners, were made by Capt. Charles S. Converse, of Co. G, 5th Mass. Regt., under the direction of the Provost Marshal. The whole transaction was done quietly and thoroughly.

"The Continental" for November is filled with choice and valuable reading. As a work of literary pretensions, it has no superior among the monthlies.

The Ladies' Friend, for November, announces that it will not exchange with the newspaper press without editors, will copy an advertisement worth four times its subscription price. The same announcement is made in Godey's Lady's Book. We like these publications much, and shall be sorry to part with them, but if they are not satisfied with a short but truthful notice of their contents, as they appear from month to month, we shall have to part company. That's all.

Correspondents occupy nearly the whole of our paper to-day. We have been under the necessity of abridging some of their articles, and leaving others for another issue. If the writers for the press would use less space in their compositions, their effusions would be more likely to meet with a favorable reception, both by the public and the conductors of the press. In this connection we would call attention to the well-written article on the Woburn Conference, as a model worthy of study. In the hands of many writers a report of this conference would have extended to an unconscionable length, and have lost thereby its main interest—terseness and point.

The rebels are not only becoming desperate and bold, but they are fast losing their humanity. When they capture our men they sometimes treat them with great inhumanity, and even go so far as to kill them in cold blood. Private A. G. Alexander, of Woburn, writes to his friends, under date of "Falls Church, Va., Oct. 18, 1864," that two of the Union pickets were captured on the night of the 17th, and shot. One of them was killed, and the other, though shot in the head, may survive.

FANCY ARTICLES.—Mr. Brigham, at his drug store, in Wade's block, has a large and choice variety of fancy articles, for both ladies and gentlemen, which he is selling very low for cash.

Some fools in England are petitioning this country to put an end to the war.

## WINCHESTER.

RELIGIOUS.—The services at the Congregational Church last Sabbath were of a particularly interesting character. In the morning, the pastor preached a discourse commemorative of the close of the twelfth anniversary of his settlement among them.

The text was from 2d Epistle to the Corinthians, 4th chap., 5th verse: "For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." The preaching of the Cross is God's instrumentality for the conversion of mankind. The Apostle Paul understood this and preached it boldly and fearlessly. The cross was always behind him and inspired him to "do all things through Christ who strengthened him." This should be the course of every true minister.

In the first place, let us inquire, what may ministers be said to preach themselves and not Christ. First: They do so when they preach for gain. It was an admitted fact that ministers generally were poorly paid, considering the work done. Yet there are some who take the office from more mercenary motives. Such do no good, for their selfishness cannot fail to show itself. The minister should receive a just compensation for his services, but he who is influenced by sordid motives is unworthy of the office. He must learn to practice self-denial and like Paul expect to fight the good fight in faith, remembering that the sacred office is not without its compensation. Its rewards are more spiritual than temporal, and whoever enters upon the ministry must turn his back upon the world.

Secondly: When they seek to display their own wisdom and talents. There is a pride of learning that stands in the way of a successful preaching of the gospel, which is hard to overcome. In the ministry it is more true than anywhere else, that one must become all things to all men. Thirdly: When they preach for applause or to win popular favor. The true minister must commend his doctrine by the purity of his life, and sincerity of his counsels. He must be in earnest. He must show the truths of the Bible to be realities. Cowper's description of the clerical coxcomb was quoted by the preacher as aptly illustrating this class.

In the second place, the speaker passed to consider, "What it is to preach Christ Jesus the Lord." The Gospel is God's panacea for all the ills of mankind. We may preach often in an eloquent manner, but if we do not apply the gospel medicine it will not affect a cure. We must preach Christ as a Lay Giver. Christian freedom is not licentiousness, and the laws which Christ laid down and exemplified in his life are equally binding upon all, whether in or out of the pale of the church.

We must preach Christ as a Reformer. To reform the evil in the world was the grand aim and object of his life. Not in any vindictive spirit, but in love must the truth be proclaimed and evil exposed in all its forms.

We must preach Christ as a Savior. As there are different roads which all center in a great city, so the truths of the Gospel though widely diverging in some minds on some respects, all tend to the great metropolis of Christian life. It had been the aim and object of the preacher here during his ministry of twelve years, to preach Christ and him crucified. Although ill health had prevented him from doing all that could have been desired, yet he had endeavored to be faithful to their highest interests. More than one thousand sermons had been preached to them by himself and others during this period. God had indeed blessed this church and much good had been done through its instrumentality.

There had been one season of revival which added large numbers to the church. At the commencement of his ministry the church numbered 200; since then there have been added 227; 87 by letter and 140 by profession. 61 have been dismissed by letter; 52 have died, and 3 been excommunicated. The present number of the church is 311. He had baptized 132; 64 adults and 68 children.

In speaking of the pastoral work, he said there were connected with the Society at the present time 199 families. Nearly 100 families that have been connected with the society are not with it now. He had attended 164 funerals.

As a Society they had prospered exceedingly. The old church edifice was burnt about a year after his settlement. The present church property cost \$25,400, which has all been paid. Every pew has been sold and the accommodations are becoming somewhat straitened on account of demands made by new comers. The amount contributed for charitable purposes during the twelve years, to Jan. 1864, was \$14,166.47.

He was the oldest settled minister in the association except two, and had been called to attend 43 Councils for settlement of pastors and church difficulties.

He closed with expressing the gratification which the review of the past presented, with the earnest hope that the future may prove as bright and promising and be productive of rich fruits.

The afternoon was devoted to the celebration of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Sunday School connected with this church. When the Sunday School commenced it numbered 100, and now it had 339. One hundred and fifty members of the church were pupils in the Sunday School at the time of their conversion. Contributions for charitable purposes, over \$2000. Average attendance of scholars the past year, 120. Amount of money contributed this year, \$205.

Several able and eloquent addresses were made during the afternoon, but we have not room to give a report of them.

POLITICAL.—The meeting of the Union Club last Tuesday evening was addressed by Dr. Alonzo Chapin and William A. Stone, both formerly members of the Bell-Everett party, in an eloquent and forcible manner, giving cogent reasons for their supporting the present National Administration and advocating its re-election. Dr. Chapin, in alluding to a remark of his at a former meeting, concerning the treatment the rebels should receive at our hands, which was quoted in this paper, said it required some qualification. His idea was that the rebels should be treated according to their actions,—that is to say—if they act like mad dogs, then they should be shot down before they commit further injury. The doctor gave an interesting account of his experience in political life here and elsewhere. On Thursday evening, Hon. D. W. Gooch addressed a large audience in Lyceum Hall.

Next Tuesday evening there will be







My Mother is not Old.  
My mother is not old; she went to Heaven  
In all the ripened beauty of her years;  
No silver threads amid her brown hair shone,  
Time had not ploughed her cheeks by care or tears.

And yet my mother's eyes were often dimmed  
By tears whose falling God alone beheld;  
And life's hard portion she, like others, bore,  
And oftentimes with sighs her bosom swelled.

Here was the lot of earth; as good, as bad,  
As in the middle walks of life is found;  
But her elastic mind, her loving heart,  
Sprang up from sorrow with a quick rebound.

And on her fair young features not a mark  
Of age and all its chilling reign was set;  
She scarce had touched the boundary of youth,  
And strong and young is my dear mother yet.

Forever strong in her immortal prime;  
She cannot fade, nor stoop, nor wrinkle now;  
Celestial beauty, like a crown, is set  
On her beloved, well-remembered brow.

Her voice of music will not lose its power;  
We shall not see her sweet eyes slowly fade;  
We shall not watch her falling steps go down  
To the dark shades by yew and cypress made.

My mother is not old! how bright and fair  
Her saintly image shines upon my heart!  
At peace, with Jesus, roaming in his prime;  
Thank God! thank God! though it was hard to part.

#### Plant Fruit and Flowers.

Plant flowers; yes, flowers. What care or cost  
Shall the generous hand deny,  
These stately symbols of all we're lost,  
And all we seek on high.

Flowers to carry the breath of Spring  
To windows, and walks, and eaves;  
Flowers! what sorrow in heart or wing  
But shelters among their leaves.

Plant fruit; yes, fruit, in no niggard hole  
To rival the slug-worm's toil;  
But wide as the patriot's unbought soul,  
And deep in the cream of soil.

Fruit, to temper the winter's ruth,  
To soften the summer's rage;  
Fruit, to brighten the morn of youth,  
And mellow the eve of age.

Plant fruit and flowers; yes, flowers and fruit,  
The boughs may be bare and cold,  
But a subtle alchemist at the root  
Is turning the toil to gold.

Who follows thy foot prints silently,  
Nor sleeps when thy labors close,  
Until the wilderness, "glad for thee,"  
Is "blooming like the rose."

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—It was a Sabbath morning, in the year 1777, that the inhabitants of a little parish in the State of Vermont, and on the borders of New Hampshire, assembled in their accustomed place of worship. The cares of that fearful and long-to-be-remembered summer had imprinted an unusually serious look upon the rough though not unpleasant countenances of the male members of that little congregation. The rigid features relaxed, however, as they entered that hallowed place and felt the genial influence of a summer's sun, whose rays illuminated the sanctuary, and played upon the desk and upon the countenance of him who ministered there. He was a venerable man; his white locks and tottering frame evinced that he had numbered three score and ten years. Opening the sacred volume, the minister was about to commence the services of the morning, when a messenger arrived almost breathless, rushed into the church exclaiming:—"The enemy are marching upon our western counties!" The old man looked around on his congregation and announced his text:—He that hath a garment, let him sell it and buy a sword.

After a few preliminary remarks, he added:—"Go up, my friends, I beseech you, to the help of your neighbors, against the mighty. Advance into the field of battle, for God will muster the hosts of war. Religion is too much interested in the success of this day not to lend its influence. As for myself, age sits heavily upon me, and I cannot go with you; neither have I representatives of my family to send. My daughters—my daughters cannot draw the sword, nor handle the musket in defense of their country, but they can use the hoe—so that when the toll-worn soldier returns from the field of battle, he may not suffer for the necessities of life." The venerable pastor bowed his head in devotion. When he again looked around, his audience was gone. One by one they had silently left the house of God, and ere the sun had that day set, the male inhabitants of that little parish, who were able to bear arms, were far on their way to meet the enemies of their country on the field of Bennington.

ADVANTAGES OF YEARS.—You are "getting into years,"—the ripe, rich years, the genial, mellow years, the lusty, luscious years. One by one the crudities of your youth are falling off from you, the vanity, the egotism, the isolation, the bewilderment, the uncertainty. Nearer and nearer you are approaching yourself. You are consolidating your forces. You are becoming master of the situation. Every wrong road into which you have wandered has brought you, by the knowledge of that mistake, too much closer to the truth. You no longer draw your bow at a venture but shoot straight to the mark. Your possibilities concentrate and your path is cleared. On the ruins of shattered plans you find your vantage ground. Your broken hopes, your thwarted purposes, your defeated aspirations, become a staff of strength with which you mount to sublimer heights. With self-possession and self-command return the possession and command of all things. The title deed of creation, forfeited, is reclaimed. Earth and sea and sky pour out their largesse of love. All the past crowds down to lay its treasures at your feet.—Gail Hamilton.



## HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alternative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bodily Weakness, whether inherent in the system or produced by special causes.

Nothing that is not wholesome, genial and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral, no drug, no deadly botanical element; no fiery exotics, but is a combination of the extracts of rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is to be forewarned against disease, and so far as the human system can be protected, it means against malaria, impure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

In districts infected with Fever and Ague, it has been found infallible as a preventive and as a remedy and thousands who resort to it under apprehension of an attack, escape the disease, and thousands who neglect to avail themselves of its protective qualities in advance, are cured by a brief course of this marvelous medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being treated with quinine for months in vain, until fairly unfrequently restored to health by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach, the rapidly impoverished and hence it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia and in less confirmed forms of Indigestion. Acting as a gentle and powerful aperient, as well as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the constipation superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretory organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Loss of Spirit and Fits of Languor, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agency of BILIOUS COLIC is immediately assuaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and the complaint may be prevented.

As a general Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produces effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Constitutional Weakness, Premature Old Age, it exercises the electric influence of the convalescent stages of all diseases it operates as a delightful invigorant. When the powers of nature are relaxed, it operates as a restorative and re-establishes them.

Last, but not least, it is *The Only Safe Stimulant* for the aged, the infirm, the debilitated, and the nervous, and is the only ordinary tonic and stomachic of the day.

No family medicine has been so universally, and so long used, and so generally popular with the intelligent portion of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Storekeepers everywhere.

HELMHOLD'S  
GENUINE PREPARATIONS.  
COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, A Positive and Specific Remedy for Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropsical Swellings.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu. For Weakness arising from Excesses, Habits of Intemperance, Early Indiscretions, Abuse, attended with the following symptoms:—Loss of Power, Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Nervousness, Trembling, Headaches, Pain in the Back, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Hot Hands, Eruptions on the Face, Pallid Countenance.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine cures, will lead to the following:—Impotency, Fatigue, Epileptic Fits, In one of which the Patient may expire. In one of which the Patient may not frequently follow by the "Dreadful Disease."  
"INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION."  
But none will confess. The records of the insane asylums.

And Melancholy Deaths by Consumption bear ample witness to the Truth of the assertion. The Constitution once affected with Organic Weakness requires the aid of Medicine to Strengthen and Invigorate the System, and of HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably. A Trial will convince the most skeptical.



## Friends and Relatives OF THE BRAVE SOLDIERS & SAILORS. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

All who have Friends and Relatives in the Army or Navy, should take special care, that they be supplied with the Pills and Ointment, and where the brave Soldiers and Sailors have neglected to provide themselves with them, no better present can be sent them from their friends. They have been proved to be the Soldier's never-failing friend in the hour of need.

Coughs and Colds affecting Troops  
Will be speedily relieved and effectually cured by using these admirable medicines, and by paying particular attention to the directions which are attached to each Pot or Box.

Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite, Incidental to Soldiers.  
These feelings which soadden us, usually arise from trouble or annoyances, obstructed perspiration, or from eating and drinking whatever is unwholesome, thus disturbing the beautiful action of the liver and stomach. These organs must be relieved, and the system restored to its natural state, by the use of the Pills, according to the printed instructions. Will quickly produce a healthy action in both liver and stomach, and will remove the humors from the system, and will produce a clear head and good appetite.

Weakness or Debility Induced by over Fatigue.  
Will soon disappear by the use of these invaluable Pills, and the Soldier will quickly acquire additional strength. Never let the Soldier be either cold or unduly acted upon. It may seem strange that Holloway's Pills should be recommended for dysentery and Piles, many persons supposing that they would increase the relaxation. This is a great mistake, for these Pills will contract the liver and stomach, and thus remove all the acid humors from the system, and will give tone and vigor to the whole organic system, however relaxed, and will produce a healthy action in both liver and stomach, and will remove the humors from the system, and will produce a clear head and good appetite.

Volunteers Attention! Indiscretions of Youth.  
Sore and Ulcerated Throats, swellings, can with certainty be radically cured if the Pills are taken night and morning, and the Ointment be applied to the throat in every case of sore throat. If treated in any other manner they will dry up in one part to break out in another. Whereas this Ointment will remove the humors from the system, and will produce a healthy action in both liver and stomach, and will remove the humors from the system, and will produce a clear head and good appetite.

For Wounds either occasioned by the Bayonet, Sabre, or the Bullet, Sores or Bruises,  
To which every Soldier and Sailor are liable, there are no medicines so safe, sure and convenient as Holloway's Pills and Ointment. The Pills will remove the humors from the system, and will produce a healthy action in both liver and stomach, and will remove the humors from the system, and will produce a clear head and good appetite.

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words "HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT" are printed on the wrapper in every leaf of the book of directions around each pot or box; the same will be plainly seen by holding the leaf to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the discovery of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicine, or knowingly selling the same, knowing them to be spurious.

LOWAY, 50 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes of 100 Pills and 100 Ointment.

There is considerable saving by taking the Pills and Ointment in bulk. Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment are now retailing at the following prices:—Pills, 30c per box, 70c per box, and \$1.00 per box of Pot.

Dealers in my well known medicines can have the same at a discount, and will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the discovery of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicine, or knowingly selling the same, knowing them to be spurious.

For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM.

GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE,  
A SURE RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERER.  
This Salve is a vegetable preparation, invented in the 17th century by Dr. J. W. Grace, surgeon in King James's Army. Through his agency he cured thousands of most serious sores and wounds that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded by all who knew him as a public benefactor.

Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Burns. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Scalds. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ulcers. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Wounds. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Corns. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Fingers. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Frost-bitten Limbs. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Venereal Sores. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Gonorrhea. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Syphilis. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Erysipelas Sores. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Abscesses. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ulcers. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Chapped Hands. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ringworms. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Scabies. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Pimples. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Eruptions. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Itch. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Pruritus. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Hemorrhoids. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Piles. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Stricture. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Gleet. 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## Claude Capperonnier.

BY J. H. SYME.

"He's the laziest dog in Manin," cried old Gaspard, taking his pipe from his mouth and blowing the smoke towards a stucco image of Napoleon that stood upon his chimney-piece. "He'll never make a skinner worth a scrow."

"Oh, I knew it," cried old Marguerite, with a triumphant smile. "I saw that the lad was full of nothing but stupidity. You see what it is now, however, Gaspard; you would not take my advice, and so you must have your pellets spoiled."

"No, no, Marguerite," said Gaspard, shaking his head, and placing his feet on the fender, while he balanced his chair on its hind legs; "the lad is not altogether stupid, but he has not brain enough to be a skinner. I wish you had not asked me to take him apprentice when his uncle brought him here."

Marguerite suspended the scouring of a pewter platter for a moment, and looked hard as she listened to this home-thrust. She then commenced to rub with redoubled energy, and chanted at the same time an old song.

"You see," continued Gaspard, smoking and rocking, and chatting at his ease, "he might have made a useful tax collector, or town crier; but here he not only spoils pellets, but is himself spoiled."

"Well, now, Gaspard Beauvais," said Marguerite, in whose mind a sudden revolution had taken place, as she ceased her scrubbing, and placed one arm akimbo, while she leaned in an easy attitude upon the larger platter with the other; "you cannot say that Claude is troublesome, at any rate. He never returns one word to your reproaches, and he is content to sit alone in the pulling house, even on these winter nights."

"Troublesome!" shouted Gaspard, spinning his chair suddenly round, and confronting his wife with a look of lively astonishment; "why, my good woman, that word comprises all the faults that I find in him. Do you think it no trouble to see him mixing pickings, seconds and firsts together, while he is muttering away about declensions and conjugations, and running holes in my pellets, while he is rhyming outlandish nonsense about Owee, who married Boss Solemn at Tree-boothunter's—while mass cooled all Sunday? I tell you, Marguerite," cried old Gaspard, wheeling round to his former position, and knocking the dottle from his pipe with great energy; "I tell you the lad is not only troublesome, but I almost think he is profane."

"Gaspard Beauvais, take care what you say," replied Marguerite, in a severe tone, while she drew herself up and primed her mouth for a more potential discussion. "You are too free with your tongue, I think, old man."

She might have said the same of mad old Boreas, too, for, at the moment she was about to break the polemical group, he interrupted her discourse with a wild, protracted howl, that made the doors and windows rattle, and shook all the chimneys of Manin, as if he had umbrage at them for a year, and was wreaking his vengeance on them.

"There it comes at last," said Gaspard, listening to the wild howling of the wind, while awe was written on his embrowned and wrinkled face. "My rheumatism foreboded this storm two days ago, and here it is."

"Are all things secure and ready for it?" cried Marguerite, with a careful woman's promptitude. "Are the bales in the shed, and the skins covered with pack-sheet? Storms ought to be provided against as well as old age, you know; and Gaspard Beauvais is not the least prudent man in Manin," she continued, with a smile.

"Hillo, you are right, old woman!" exclaimed the skinner, springing to his feet and buttoning on his coat with the greatest despatch. "Bring forth the lantern, while I call that pest of a boy to help me."

Gaspard Beauvais was one of those very useful handicraftsmen who convert the skins of sheep and lambs into leather and who combine with this profession the sorting of wool. He was a man of powerful frame and iron constitution, and it was well for him that he was so, for the life of a skinner is no joke, and his work is no child's play. To-day he would be standing in the stream of Manin washing sheepskins, that the wool might be clean, and tossing the saturated masses, of perhaps a hundred weight each, to the banks during twelve successive hours; to-morrow he would be stewed in a damp, close pellety, dressing skins, with warm water; and the next day he would be smearing others with lime. Heat and

cold had apparently only indurated his muscles and hardened his tendons, for he knocked about the place with all the agility of vigorous manhood, and sung in the midst of his hardest labors with all the spirit of youth. He was tall and spare; his face was brown and wrinkled, and his gray hairs fell in long, straight tresses down his cheeks; yet time seemed to poise itself lightly on his head, and the summer of youth appeared to have kept possession of his heart. He was a kind man and a brave one; but he was a great skinner, and, being proud of this it made him severe to his delinquent apprentice.

"Hillo, Claude," he shouted, as he stepped out into the night—or, rather, into his skin-yard; "hillo, Claude! are you sleeping?"

Gaspard Beauvais's skin-yard was a very excellent illustration, in its way, of Babel. It never was designed to be so, to be sure, but simple people often do great things without design, and Gaspard had certainly filled the quarter of an area which he called a yard with superlative confusion. Gaspard's own snug little dwelling—with its great fire-settle, massive kitchen table, well-plenished plate-rack, and spasmodic cuckoo clock—with its great roaring fire, its chains of black and white puddings, and its half-yards of bacon—with its three little gables, its oriels, its thatched roof, and overhanging eaves—occupied one and the most elevated extreme of his property, which declined towards the stream of Manin, said stream being another of its boundaries. On the left hand of the square was a stable and bark-mill, on both of which the dry rot and the damp rot had tried their powers of decay with eminent success, for the fir deals of which they were constructed had very loose connection with their posts, and were much wasting, so that the wind and rain and snow and sleet often danced quadrilles round the rude machine that crushed the bark. A pile of black oak bark, covered with straw and battened to the ground by great boulders of whinstone, stood sentinels beside four tan-pits, whose odors sickened the very winds, and gave every herb that attempted to grow within fifty yards of them the fever. A drying-house, plentifully smeared with tar, grinned *à-vis* in a little dilapidated beam-house, which had been whitewashed with lime; and a ruined boiler and decrepit workshop for wool-sorters leaned against each other in the sympathy of decay.

"Hillo, Claude!" shouted Gaspard, as he stumbled into the yard, followed by Marguerite, who carried a large tin lantern. "Out upon you, boy; are you asleep?"

As he spoke, Gaspard Beauvais and his garrulous old wife drew near to a little battered window, curtained with elegant festoons of spiders' webs, and with flakes of wool, and peered into the rickety edifice, which was designated, in technical phrase, the pulling-house. On a rail, which divided the floor of this humble workshop into two parallelograms, hung numerous sheepskins, while great piles of wool lay snugly sorted into boxes, thrust ranged in front of a rude bench, before which the workmen usually sat at work. A clock, whose motion was preserved by two three-pound weights, in additional gravity, clicked in an irregular, intermittent fashion, as if it had a pain in its head, and wished from its heart to be at peace. In a rough, homely grate blazed a hearty, cheerful fire, whose flames flickered and danced up the chimney like fairies on a Christmas eve, and which laughed in the face of the old clock until it smiled and smiled again for sympathy. But softly, good Gaspard; and softly, Marguerite, with thy cloak, and hood, and linsey-wolsey kirtle, that scarcely reaches to thy ankle, of which thou art still so proud. Who is that stretched upon a sheepskin, with his head so near the fire? A lad, apparently of about sixteen, clad in a homely blouse, his hat sorely bedaubed with lime, and wearing trousers of mole-skin, that looked brown in many places, and smelled sadly of tanner's bark, was stretched upon his breast, and, with eye and lip and mind concentrated on his grateful task lay poring over a book. What ho! ye doughty squires, with princely homes and well-stored libraries, and costly tomes, done up in morocco and gold! In a cheerless workshop, into which the wintry wind came dancing like a fury, lay Claude Capperonnier, holding converse with a book. Do you think that he saw grim, broken walls, or the black rafters from which the spiders suspended their webs? Do you think that he heard the squeaking of the rats, and the howling of the storm? Hillo, gay gentlemen! you hunt

the fox upon the fell, and you follow the heath-fowl on the hill; and fresh are the airs you breathe, and fair the scenes you see; but little do some of you know of the magic influence of a book.

"Is the lazy rascal dreaming?" said Gaspard, turning to his wife, and then peering again at his studious young apprentice.

"Dreaming! Ay, Gaspard, he is dreaming. Fancy has shaded his form with the leaves of the spreading oak; and as he looked upon Virgil's page, his eyes behold Arcadia. He does not hear the howl of the wind—not he. It is the oaken reed of Tityrus that is sounding in his ear. Bend over thy book, brave Claude; learning is no illusion. Dream on thy hard, thorny way to knowledge; thou art weaving a crown for thyself that few kings but the kings of toil have ever worn."

"Hillo, there, Claude!" roared Gaspard. "A pretty fellow you are, too, added Marguerite, in a shrill, treble tone; and as the youth sprang to his feet in surprise, and shook himself in order to right his costume, any impartial judge would have declared Marguerite's eulogy to have been a just one."

There was an expression of intellectual beauty in the lad's eyes and mouth that great painters alone could have copied, and keen observers only could notice. People never expect to find the same high class of beauty associated with ragged blouses and hard and horny hands. It is often so, however; and if Jean Baptiste Gruesse, instead of Gaspard Beauvais, had been looking through that little window, he would have observed the lineaments of a lovely mind in those of poor Claude Capperonnier.

"Hillo, there, you lazy rascalion, roared Gaspard again through the window. "Do you know that wind is blowing and rain is falling, and there are some skins lying out here to be covered?"

Claude did not hesitate a moment after this salute, but tumbled into the skin-yard in such a way as to belie the charge of laziness, so often preferred against him, and ran about his business with wonderful alacrity, although Marguerite was none of the cleverest lantern-carrier in France.

The dark clouds were careering over the village of Manin, and scowling down on its straw-thatched cottages as if they did not think they had a right to be so comfortable; and the wind was tormenting the waters of the swollen stream until they foamed and boiled with rage, as Gaspard and his apprentice moved about, looking after the security of the merchandise. Manin was one of those beautiful little villages that stud the side of the way from Amiens to Paris. About a mile to the west of the village rose a hill which pines and poplars garmented with green, and in the bosom of which stood the Chateau de Manin, once the residence of a warlike race that had become defunct through degeneracy. The last lord had fallen from his horse, and had been killed in a boar-hunt, and such was the end of the Family de Manin. In this hill rose the stream of Manin, which drove the mills that pressed the grapes of the vine-growers, and in which Gaspard washed his skins. It was a roaring, blustering stream, spluttering and growling in winter like a drowning man, and sobbing over its pebbly bed in summer like a dreaming infant. It was crossed by a narrow Gothic bridge, and a narrow ford; and sometimes travelers had been in imminent danger from trusting to this ford, as the bridge was the only safe means of crossing during high water.

"It is a terrible night," said Gaspard, as the winds shook the loose boards of his out-houses, and howled away over the plain, and through the bare woods. "Quick, boy, quick, and let us within doors."

"Do you hear nothing, master?" said Claude, suddenly stopping his employment, and bending his ear. "I thought I heard a cry."

"I hear the wind and feel the rain; so get along; bestir thyself, and look sharp." "I could pledge my word against a sheepskin that some one has taken the ford to-night, and is being borne down the stream," and quick as thought Claude Capperonnier was rushing towards the river, followed by the stalwart and kind-hearted and equally alarmed Gaspard.

They reached the river where it flowed past the tan-yard, and, looking up the stream towards the ford, they beheld lanterns dancing on the bank, and heard the shouts of the villagers as they ran hither and thither, anxious to save some one from the hungry, furious waters. Skinners are men of strength and men of cour-

age, too, and Gaspard Beauvais and his apprentice did not in this respect disgrace their profession. In a few seconds the lad's waist was encircled by a stout rope, which his athletic master held firmly in his hand, while Marguerite waved the lantern aloft, and encourage brave Claude, by every epithet in her vocabulary, to be steady. Down it came, battling bravely with the stream, and snorting and foaming as if it had been bearing Neptune to war. It was a gallant horse, and stoutly carried a strong man in a dark cloak; but it would not be able to do so long—it was evidently becoming exhausted.

"Why don't you turn his head up stream and work him to the bank?" roared Gaspard, as the stranger approached the spot opposite to where he stood. "A strong arm and a cool head could easily take that horse out of the water."

"Hurrah! Claude Capperonnier—bravely swam, my boy—one spring more—one other buffet with the white-lipped river—one more clutch at the loose reins—hurrah! Now, Gaspard, pull—pull with all your giant strength, old skinner and tanner of Manin!"

Hark! Marguerite is shouting and clapping her hands, and the villagers on the other side of the stream are cheering lustily. Come on, brave steed! hold on, brave boy! the bank is won! the man is saved! Hurrah!

Gaspard and Marguerite soon bore the traveller to their cheerful kitchen, and sat him beside the blazing fire, while Claude led his exhausted steed to the stable, and began to groom it with all his might. He was a richly dressed and thoughtful looking man, this stranger; and he was so polite and pleasant and grateful that he gained upon the hearts of the old people amazingly; and then, when he had said many kind and grateful things to them, he burst forth in praise of their gallant steed.

"Oh! bless you, sir, Claude Capperonnier is no son of ours, said Marguerite, with a sigh. "and, poor boy, he is no great credit to his parents, after all, although he has a kind heart. He takes to reading outlandish books, and neglects his work, and spoils more pellets than my husband is willing to lose. He'll never be anything, I fear, but the hang-on about some soubrette, where he will get his food for grooming horses."

The stranger smiled with a meaning smile, as he listened to the garrulous old woman; and then he begged as a favor that Claude might be allowed to show him his favorite books. The young tanner trembled as he laid two and three well-thumbed copies of the Greek and Latin classics before the courteous stranger; and then he stood with downcast eyes and trembling limbs, as if he expected sentence of death to be passed upon him for his idle propensities.

"Claude Capperonnier, do you know these authors?" said the stranger, in a voice which partook more of astonishment than anger; and then he suddenly added, as he looked keenly at the embarrassed youth, "Yes, I know you do."

In two months after this time, Claude Capperonnier took his place in the diligence, and drove on with a palpitating heart, to Paris. "No. 15 Rue Rivoli," muttered he, as he alighted from his seat in the coach, in the great city at last. "Well, I shall carry my little trunk thither, and see how M. de Vallais looks since I pulled him from the Manin."

"You are M. Claude Capperonnier?" said a footman, at that moment approaching the young tanner and touching his hat.

"Claude Capperonnier, at your service," answered he, with a smile.

It did not take long for that smart young man, and that smart little horse, and that smart little carriage, to carry Claude Capperonnier and his little trunk to the Rue Rivoli, where he was received by M. de Vallais, and installed in his house.

Eight years after Claude Capperonnier's arrival in Paris the University of Halle was in need of a Professor of Greek, and of all competitors for this honorable position, none were so competent as Gaspard Beauvais's cidevant useless apprentice.

In 1722 the chair of the Greek profession of the Royal College of Paris was vacant, and Claude Capperonnier was chosen to fill it. He had not brain enough to make a tanner, but he became the most distinguished Greek and Latin scholar of his age.

If you read the annals of distinguished Frenchmen, you will find one more worthy of honorable distinction than Claude Capperonnier. In his manners he was gentle and simple; and a transparent piety characterized his whole life. His mind was clear and capacious, but not more ample and full of noble conceptions than was his heart of warm and kindly emotions. And did he forget old Gaspard and Marguerite in his prosperity? Ah, no! those robes of Parisian pattern and splendid texture that came to Marguerite annually, and the rolls of tobacco and files of feuilletons that reached Gaspard

again and again, showed that the old lazy apprentice had neither remembered their scoldings, nor forgotten themselves.

From the first moment of our birth, the soul is capable of the most sublime operations. We require the development of organs for the manifestation of these operations, and we require a condition in which these manifestations can become available. Claude Capperonnier, by the innate force of his will, became a scholar in spite of difficulties; and Heaven at last gave him a sphere in which to exercise his self-developed abilities. Learning is the sunk capital of the mind, which man can draw upon through life for bread, and for a reputation after earth, and which he will not leave behind him, even in his translation to immortality. Then never give up, ye Capperonnies of human life! Who knows what Heaven has in store for you?

THE WORDS WE USE.—Be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry. Let home be a home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality; and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of your meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability. The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superiors, speak no finer. Be what you say, and, within the rules of prudence say what you are. Avoid all oddity of expression. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on the common air. When I hear a person use a queer expression, or pronounce a name in reading differently from his neighbor, the habit always goes down, minus sign before it stands on the side of deficit, not of credit. Avoid, likewise, all slang words. There is no greater nuisance in society than a talker of slang. It is only fit (when innocent, which it seldom is) for raw school-boys and one-term freshmen to astonish their sisters with. Talk as sensible men talk: use the easiest words, in their commonest meaning. Let the sense conveyed, not the vehicle in which it is conveyed, be the subject of attention.

Once more, avoid in conversation all singularity of accuracy. One of the bores of society is the talker who is always setting you right; who, when you report from the paper that 10,000 men fell in some battle, tells you that it was 9,000; who, when you describe your walk as two miles out and back, assures you that it lacked half a furlong of it. Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail, but in conveying a right impression; and there are vague ways of speaking that are truer than strict fact would be. When the Psalmist said, "Rivers of water run down mine eyes, because men keep not the law," he did not state the fact, but he stated a truth deeper than fact and also truer.—[Dean Alford.]

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH. Excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodgings, sloth and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but they are none of them so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived these and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of time smoothly, securely, instead of being continually tossed about amidst all the trials and vicissitudes of his own spirit.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

A gentleman, complaining of the income tax, says he can not put on his boots without a stamp.

THE MODEL COMPOSITION.—To boys and girls who are perplexed to know what to write about and how to write it when required by their teacher to bring a "composition," we commend the following model:

WINTER.—Winter is the coldest season of the year because it comes in the winter. In some countries winter comes in the summer, and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in summer in this country. Then I could go skating bare-foot and slide down hill in linen trousers. We could snow-ball without our fingers getting cold—and men who go out sleigh-riding wouldn't have to stop at every tavern, to warm, as they do now. It snows more in winter than it does in any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made at that time.

Ice grows much better in winter than in summer, which was an inconvenience before the discovery of ice-houses. Water that is left out doors is apt to freeze at this season. Some people take in their wells and cisterns on a cold night, and keep them by the fire so they don't freeze.

Skating is great fun in winter. The boys get their skates on when the river is frozen over, and race, play tag, break through the ice and get wet all over (they get drowned sometimes); fall and break their heads, and enjoy themselves in many other ways. A wicked boy once borrowed my skates and ran off with them, and I couldn't catch him. Mother said a judgment would overtake him one day. Judgment will have to be pretty lively on its legs if it does, for he runs bully.

There ain't much sleigh riding except in the winter—folks don't seem to care about it in warm weather. The grown up boys and girls like to go sleigh-riding. The boys generally drive with one hand and help the girls hold their muffs with the other. Brother Bob let me go along a little way once when he took Celia Crane out sleigh-riding, and I thought he paid more attention to holding the muffs than he did to holding the horses.

Snow-balling is another winter sport. I have snow-balled in the summer. But we used stones and hard apples. It isn't so amusing as it is in winter somehow.

But enough. I have dashed off these little things about winter while sister is getting ready for school. Good bye.

NEDDY.

THE CAT IN ANCIENT TIMES.—The palmy days for cats were in the time of Egypt's power as a nation, some five hundred years B. C. They were held there as sacred as dogs or crocodiles, and death was the penalty for killing them. From their nocturnal habits and glossy fur, the Egyptians deemed them symbolic of the moon, and a golden cat was worshipped at Syene. Herodotus tells us some marvels about them. The "toms," it seems, in his time, had a peculiar liking for making away with kittens—a very fortunate thing, too, or the land would have overrun with cats. Crowning wonder of all, when a fire breaks out, the sole care of the native is to keep the cats from it, to do which they post themselves as guards around the burning house, and take no thought for putting out the flames. A divine impulse, however, says the chronicler, seizes the cat; they dart under the men, or leap over them, and fling themselves into the flames. Then great mourning takes possession of the land. If a cat were found dead in any one's house, the inmates had to shave off their eyebrows. The defunct animals were carried into the temples, where they were embalmed and solemnly deposited in the city Bubastis. Specimens may be seen in the British Museum. Very different is their fate at modern Rome. A recent traveler tells us they are there as highly esteemed for culinary purposes as puppy-dogs in China.

TRUST.—Two little boys were lying together in a trundle-bed. Willie, the elder of the two, who was only six years of age, awoke in the night very thirsty. Being told that he could jump up and get himself some water, he began to cry and said he was afraid. Upon this, his little brother, two years younger than himself, spoke encouragingly to him and said—"God is right here, Willie! God is right here! You needn't be afraid, Willie!" So Willie jumped up and went and got himself some water, and then came back to his little bed all safe, and soon he and his little brother were fast asleep again.

There is little use of the sense of hearing if we can't hear sense.



THE PRESENT RELATIVE ASPECT OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.—How great a change has the war in America effected in the relative importance of Europe. Since the American Revolution, the States which achieved their Independence have been growing in wealth and power, enlarging in territory and population, but we were so remote from the Old World, had so little influence upon it, and possessed so few vessels of war and only a standing army of 10,000 men, that in contrast with Europe, where the nations had so long maintained powerful navies and standing armies, we seemed insignificant. The wars of Europe, so skillfully conducted, with such great battles and important results, filled a large space in the public eye, and the Revolution in progress were of a gigantic and startling character. Added to all this, the history of these empires, so filled with battles and changes, with glory and shame, drew the world's attention and impressed with awe. Our own country had so few disturbances, and our commerce, manufactures and agriculture, proceeding so quietly, and as it were in an obscure corner of the world, unnoticed save by a few of the observing and sagacious statesmen and philosophers of the old world, that we excited comparatively but little remark. We sat as spectators in a theatre where other parties were actors, and carefully observed the scenes enacted in other lands by the performers there.

But now, America has come upon the stage to act with the world for gazers. The great tragedy we are now performing in our civil war, unexampled for expenditure of life and treasure, and never surpassed in courage, skill and endurance, has awakened the earnest and concentrated attention of the whole world. There is no corner of the earth where the tidings of our strife has not gone, while the daily conversation in all the principal towns and cities, is as to the events, progress and probable issue of our contest.

France, with all her military greatness, and England, with her naval banners victorious in so many battles, pause to listen to the doings of our fleets, the movements of our armies. The names of American generals and admirals are now repeated in the old world, as familiar and glorious names, even as we have called over the distinguished commanders of Europe, in times past.

The late difficulty of Denmark with Prussia and other nations, has seemed to us only like a little heat lightning in comparison with the tempest of iron and leaden hail, and the thunder of artillery, which has shaken our own hills and mountains as it were in their sockets. However ambitious the older nations may have been to still continue to be the theatre of great and striking improvements, they have been awed by our proceedings, and been compelled by the force of attraction to let us occupy the field of war, and play our part for the records of history, in terrible and sublime dramas of human action. The world has thus been compelled, willingly or not, to do us homage, and however it may commiserate our fate and foretell our overthrow, the exhibition of aptitude for war and resources for great and protracted conflicts, has greatly impressed the people with our heroism, power and capabilities. We are now going through the same conflicts which settled Europe down upon her present basis, and like Vesuvius in flame, we are exciting fear and wonder. America is now showing herself to be human and unstable like other countries, and not as some imagined, a peculiar nation ushering in a holier and happy reign of man upon the earth.

MOUNT AUBURN.—The falling of the leaves is opening Mount Auburn to the sun and displaying to the eye the numerous monuments erected in memory of the departed. A great collection of art in marble and granite working, is now collected in this cemetery, which thirty years ago under the name of Sweet Auburn, was a place of pleasant resort. Death has robbed many households in the mean time, and filled this great receptacle with the bodies of his victims. We are accustomed to say, that Death levels all distinctions, but there seems to be an attempt here to carry out the difference between man and man amid the graves, for how much more embellished and costly and towering are some of the pillars than others. And yet they sleep:—

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid"—alike mingle with the dust and dwell in silence and darkness, insensible to the decorations, or want of adornment, around their lonely beds.

If people can afford these magnificent tombs, why let them solace themselves with their erection, but let no one feel pain that his pecuniary ability will not suffer him thus to honor his dead, for a simple and inexpensive slab may express as much of love as the most complex and costly stone, and no triumph of art or lavishness of expenditure can add the smallest fraction to the real praise of the dead. Their eulogy, after all, must be

in their character and lives, and be preserved in the memory of loving hearts, be inscribed on the scroll of impartial history and embalmed in the records of heaven.

It was a pleasant October afternoon when the writer of this entered this burial ground. The leaves were tinged with the ripened hues of autumn and presented many shades of yellow, brown and red. Flowers of choice kinds were blooming and the air was still. Groups of people were walking about and carriages were passing to and fro. Curiosity had attracted them, and they evidently had no rooted sorrow, no close and recent connection with the forms which were slumbering around. As the white marble arose on every hand and seemed to call for admiration, in the exquisitely wrought ornaments and architectural beauty, we could not refrain from putting the question: Are these monuments expressive of the glory of Death, the great and universal conqueror? or do they denote the triumph of man over the fell destroyer? So far as they had fingers pointing to heaven, figures of angels emblematic of the unseen world, and inscriptions from the Word of God, significant of immortality, they taught us that death was himself conquered, but the general impression was saddening as teaching man's mortality, and showing, that wealth, beauty, genius, must all bow before the King of Terrors.

The task of preparing a burial place where a whole family can sleep side by side, now more than ever occupies the public attention, and the very men who build palaces furnished with every comfort and luxury for the living household, also purchase a lot in a cemetery and erect mausoleums for the same persons to which they may be carried when dead. How near is death brought by such proceedings! How, while one eye is resting on the home of the living adorned with such profusion of ornament and comfort and enlivened with affection and the thousand courtesies of daily intercourse, the other reposes on the little green spot of earth, where, beneath the sod all the family are to be buried and dwell in darkness and forgetfulness. May not the increased attention to our bodies after death, be leading to more solicitude for the soul, which survives the taking down of our earthly tenement? Surely, men will not stop with the comforts and adornments of the grave, but looking into the far precincts of eternity, and crossing the bridge of Time, enter into that world, where monuments are lost sight of, and houses not made with hands eternal in heaven await the redeemed in Christ.

A CENTENARIAN.—Mrs Betsy Taylor, widow of the late Amos Taylor, of Burlington, passed her one hundredth birthday on the 31st ult. Mrs. Taylor resides with her son, Mr. Lewis Taylor, in that part of Burlington familiarly known as Wood's Hill. Mrs. Taylor received the congratulations of a large number of her relations and friends, who assembled at her home on that day. Interesting and appropriate religious exercises were conducted by that venerable christian gentleman, Rev. Samuel Sewell, of B., in which the passing centenary seemed deeply interested.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC GATHERING.—The democrats of Woburn and the surrounding towns had a torch light procession on the evening of Friday last, and a spirited address was delivered in Lyceum Hall by Hon. Theodore H. Sweetser, of Lowell. The hall was filled to repletion, mostly by men whose views coincided with those of the eloquent speaker. The music and fireworks on this occasion, and the display generally, was superior to anything so far this season.

VISIONS IN VERSE: or Dreams of Creation and Redemption. Boston: LEE & SHEPARD. 16 mo. 282 pages.

This is a poem of no common merit. Its unassuming title gives little idea of the Miltonic fire blazing on its pages. One thinks of Dante, Milton, Pollock, and Mrs. Browning, while reading—as sparks from a scuffle in a West India Island may make one think of Etna, Hecla and Vesuvius—not as an imitation but as identical, the upheaving by the same internal forces, the blending of the same poetic elements. The visions of thirteen nights are portrayed, giving rare glimpses of the dawning world, and the increasing splendor of earth under the light of Christianity. The book must be read to be understood and appreciated. We give one figure from the crowd that move along without jostling, on these pages.

"A meteor of lightning flame,  
From zenith down to nadir came;  
And, flashing from the sheath of night,  
Smote on the eyes with awful light!"

One more quotation,—  
"Expression is the twin of thought;  
Together both to being brought;  
Love longs, like sunbeams, to dispense  
Emotion and intelligence.

This fluency of souls sincere,  
Deep, fervent, makes our music here.  
Electric chain that comes and goes,  
From kindred soul to soul it flows,  
And leaps from heart to heart, above,  
To multiply the bliss of love."

We commend this volume to our readers, assuring them that the anonymous author is one worthy of their confidence, and one whose productions have hitherto won laurels.

# Our Army Correspondence.

ATKIN'S LANDING, Va.,  
Oct. 24th, 1864.

The Battle Field: The field of victory, the field of defeat, the field of death.

What significant language in the history of a man; in the history of a nation. The shrill notes of the life, the bold blasts of the bugle, the deep roll of the drum; how soul stirring, how inspiring. The discharge of guns, the thunder of cannon, how fearful, how commanding. Banners and planes gently waving. Swords and helmets brightly gleaming; how fascinating. There is something impressively sublime and terrible in the formation of a line of battle. One who never witnessed it, or heard "the cannon's opening roar," can little imagine its fearful and imposing grandeur. A hundred thousand men marching to the carnival of death, with firm tread and steady advance; with discipline and obedience give; with music and banners to feast the eye, and swell the heart. With long lines of veteran men, clothed alike in blue, crimson and buff. With clinking locks and bristling bayonets to protect and defy. With artillery, with base lungs to belch forth blasts of lead and iron. With horsemen armed with carbine and sword. With mettled horses chafing to begin, mounted by commanders clothed with the stars and eagles of authority; marshaling and deploying Brigades, Divisions, and Corps, with aids flying from front to rear, and orderlies bringing orders to advance. The conflict begins, the skirmishers move forward and intermittently fire, and are driven back. The two armies roll against each other as the waves of the ocean dash. Battalions and regiments advance and retire; the rattle of muskets, the hissing of shells, and the loud spate of powder, intensify the feelings and nerve the arms. Personal identity and safety is lost in the bewilderment of mingled strife. Ranks are broken and reformed. Columns pushed on and forced back; they gather and come again. Generals full of hope, by word and deed, urge on their commands. The flame of battle hardens their souls to danger. They lead their braves into that hot fire where men melt away.

Horses, wild with pain, dash o'er the field. The bloody hurricane sweeps on; rows of maimed and dying men are piled up. The surging ranks press on, scornful the missiles of lead and steel that will quickly add them to the register of death. The bugle sounds the charge; all fear is turned into the wrath of unyielding will. They move on and over their stricken companions, who, with torn limbs, ghastly cuts, pale brows and powder-grimed cheeks, lay upon the earth; courage and desperation nerve them, while victory or death must be the fruit of this cruel sight. No cry of pain or fault passes the lips of the fallen; every line of countenance growing rigid with the cold dew of death, seems to lighten up, and proffer a smile, as the shouts of success come back to ease the sting of Eternity. But that success is not lasting; the foe here met the charge like a wall of living adamant, from which is hurled a blaze of deadly fire that no mortal heroism can withstand. Back the lines are pushed, but only for a space. The ranks again close up with gleaming steel reflecting their terrible purpose. Their guiding thought a hero's grave—their song the Union. The enemy still defiant, await the shock; this time more than averted that such continued assaults are the efforts of Northern arms. Fierce as mad men the struggle is renewed. Brave, untitled soldiers and devoted officers go down in this storm of mangled rain, with hearts pulsating for liberty; with no murmur to lip of suffering, with no watching companion to catch the death message and bear it to stricken hearts at home. The cloud of death is thick o'er the living; on treads the impetuous hoof of battle to trample down new victims to its insatiable appetite. The enemy, too, now lay in masses of dismembered flesh; with an angry frown on its countenance, to mark the spirit with which it fled to God. The polished rebel officer and the neglected private each clasping the other in the unconscious frenzy of death. While their blood in common tinges deeper a soil there acursed with the double stain of slavery and treason. In this battle the victories of a government based on human bondage, are defeated, hungered by eating the little fruits of their own planting—with a memory that posterity will ignore—with a fame that history will repel. This days warfare has ended, it is a day of victory to the North, of defeat to the South. The sun has set. His great crown of gold has passed behind the curtain of night. The smoky breath from iron throats has cleared away. The hot air of day has become the cool breeze of evening. The moon with silvery face, shines forth "a lovelier, purer light than that of day." Far off, the sentinel stars look down in solemn and silent watchfulness. Let us go o'er the field—the ground is thick with, here and there, great ridges of slain and dying men. Muskets and cannon lay broken and dismantled. The ground is bathed in blood till slippery with its gory carpet.

"And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail."

The bosom of the nation is expanding into solicitude. The public ear is open to catch the sounds. Individuals are anxious and trembling lest a nation's joy should prove the grave of personal love—the tomb of domestic happiness. Back the tidings are flashed over the land; while sorrow and anguish brood over ten thousand hearthstones.

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeams misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning;  
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory,  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory."

The wounded have been borne to the rear. Let us pass among them, and see the noble forms, "once so full of vivid nerves and buoyant spirits," now powerless, bleeding and crippled. Some hopeful, others with trembling and pain waiting to hear their condition made known. They are arranged upon the ground and in tents. Near by are rough tables, saws, knives, needles, sponges and water, the suffering victim calmly looking on. All is ready; he is placed upon the table, and by the application of a mysterious vapour, unconsciousness and insensibility to pain is secured. The Surgeon, cool and familiar with his task, begins. R.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNION MEETINGS.—Edwin C. Bailey, Esq., of Boston, and Hon. N. B. Bryant, of New Hampshire, will address the friends of the present Administration, in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, this (Saturday) evening. There will be music by the Woburn Brass Band. Ladies are invited to attend.

On Monday evening, Rev. A. H. Quint, Chaplain of the 2d Mass. Reg., will speak in the same place. Those who desire seats on these occasions, should go early.

It is stated that a single Eastern leg-factory has leased eight square miles of forest in Maine, for the purpose of obtaining supplies of timber for the manufacture of the artificial limb. All kinds are turned out, from the flesh-colored and silver-plated prop for the General, down to the rough unpainted stump, for the private soldier.

The clerks in the different departments in Washington number upwards of ten thousand and all dress in uniform and do military drill two hours each day in the week.

The quantity of maple sugar manufactured in Ohio this year amounts to 6,785,178 lb.

LYNNFIELD.—Mr. Editor: We generally have to report all quiet on the borders of Lynnfield, but the good citizens of that town bestirred themselves for an occasion last Tuesday evening in honor of one of her gallant sons of the ocean, Mr. Wm. B. Spencer. He has been on the blockade off Charleston nine months, and was on the monitor Keokuck, at one of her guns, when, under the command of dashing Capt. Rhind, during an attack on Fort Sumpter, she steamed up to within two hundred and fifty yards, where she was so riddled with the rain of shot and shell that she sank. For his bravery on that occasion, Mr. Spencer received a promotion and was transferred to the tug Columbine, which was captured last May on an expedition up the St. John's river, Florida, and he being taken prisoner, remained in the hands of the enemy until recently paroled. Expecting soon to be again in the service, his townsmen have improved the opportunity, as an expression of their respect for his loyalty and patriotism, to present him a sword. The Chairman, Mr. John Danforth, introduced the subject, and the present was given, with an appropriate address, by Miss Emily Hewes, and responded to by the recipient. Speeches were listened to from Messrs. Emerson, Symonds, Townsend, Mailey, Lieut. Russell and Sergt. Richardson. The rest of the evening was spent in a social dance, and all went merrily as a marriage bell.

DISCHARGE OF AN ALLEGED MURDERER.—The case of Gustavus D. Smith, of Holmes' Hole, charged with the murder of Wm. C. Luce, of Holmes' Hole, in December last, was heard before Supreme Judicial Court in Taunton, on a writ of habeas corpus, and the Court ordered Mr. Smith to be discharged, the evidence not being deemed sufficient to sustain the charge against him.

## SOUTH READING.

POLITICAL.—Col. Burbank, of Boston, and a gentleman from Woburn, (whose name we did not learn,) addressed a large gathering at the Town Hall, on Thursday evening of last week. Politics have taken quite a hold of the feelings of the community of late, though apparently without much excitement. Before another week passes the all absorbing contest will be over, and a most important question will be settled. In this trying exigency, upon every voter there rests a solemn obligation. Let each one so discharge his duty, that, in the light of future events, an approving conscience may fully justify his course of action.

RICHARDSON LIGHT GUARD.—This company arrived home on Wednesday evening of this week, generally in good health and spirits. They enlisted as 100 days' men, going into camp at Readville, on the 15th of July, and leaving Readville for Baltimore on the 26th of the same month. They were designated as "Com-

pany E, 8th Mass. Reg.," and were stationed near Baltimore, Md., during most of their absence. The Regiment having served their time, left Baltimore for home on Monday evening, arriving in New York early on Tuesday evening, thence by special train at 11 o'clock, P. M., they reached Boston about 2 1/2 o'clock on Wednesday, P. M.

FREEDMEN.—On Monday evening a large audience assembled in the Town Hall in the interest of the Freedmen. The cause was presented by one of the agents of the association, who had with him three little children, recently slaves, and purporting to be colored. They gave a brief exhibition in recitation and singing. A collection was taken up in aid of the Freedmen's Association.

SCHOOLS.—The public schools will close on Friday, Nov. 18th. The exhibitions will be held in the Town Hall, on the 17th and 18th inst., occupying 3 half-days instead of 2 as heretofore. Next week we may give the particular order of the exhibitions.

REPRESENTATIVE CONVENTION.—A Republican Convention of delegates from the towns of South Reading, Stoneham, and Melrose, will be held at the Town Hall, in South Reading, on Saturday evening, Nov. 5th, for the purpose of nominating two candidates to represent the 20th Middlesex Representative District in the next General Court.

TOWN MEETING.—The meeting for Tuesday is called at 9 o'clock, A. M., the business to commence at 10 o'clock. In the afternoon some town matters will be attended to. One article is to see if the town will appoint a committee to report upon a plan to improve Main street from the common, southward. We trust a judicious committee will be selected to investigate a subject which has been long neglected.

## STONEHAM.

SCHOOLS.—There has been a change of Principal in the High School—Mr. Babson, who has taught to such general acceptance, having accepted a call to take an udership in the English High School in Boston. As an indication of how great a demand there has been for Mr. B., it may be stated that last Aug. he received an invitation to take a position in the University at St. Louis, at a salary of \$1500 per annum, which he did not accept. More recently he received also an invitation to take the position of sub-master in the Chapman Grammar School, East Boston. We all feel that what we lost the Boston school gains by this change. Mr. E. H. Cutler of Bridge-water, who was a prominent candidate for the udership now filled by Mr. Babson, and who would undoubtedly have received the appointment had the Com. not selected Mr. B., comes among us to take charge of our High School, and whether he shall succeed or not remains to be seen. Of his scholarship no doubt can be entertained, for these as well as other, reasons:—having with several other candidates been examined by the Boston Com., he was selected with two others (Mr. Babson being one) from whom to make the selection for usher. Again, he has taught a year in Brown University, filling the place of Prof. Caswell during his absence in Europe. We may well congratulate ourselves that we have a man to succeed Mr. Babson, whose literary qualifications are evidently of a very high grade.

POLITICAL.—We have had two splendid Union meetings in the Town Hall—the hall being crammed as full as it could hold, especially on Wednesday evening. On Saturday evening, Oct. 29, we had the members of the firm of "Gooch and Copeland," as speakers. Mr. Copeland always speaks well, and he did not fall a bit below his own standard on this occasion. His allusion to the recent loss of two of our most prominent men, Col. Gould and Surgeon Heath, was exceedingly appropriate. I was sorry he did not in the same connection, allude to the death, at the post of duty, of two of the sons of E. T. Whittier, Esq.; but I presume Mr. Copeland was not acquainted with them, not having lived in town since these promising young men came upon the stage of active life. Mr. Gooch gave an account of some of the more prominent measures of the Administration, and alluded to the investigation of the Com. appointed to look into the Conduct of the War. He was listened to with deep attention.

On Wednesday evening our people were favored with speeches by E. C. Bailey, Esq., of the Boston Herald, and Rev. J. F. L. Barnes, who formerly preached here. The history of the slavery question *ab initio* (as lawyers would say), was given by Mr. Bailey, and he showed most conclusively how a man that voted for Douglas in 1860 could not do a better thing than to vote for "Abe and Andy" in 1864. A good many people will do just that. Mr. Barnes spoke in a most interesting manner, and we doubt not his worth and standing and character will have some influence on those who listened to him. LEE.

## WINCHESTER.

POLITICAL.—The Union Club had a full meeting last Tuesday evening in Lyceum Hall, and were addressed by Daniel Allen, Esq., of South Reading, who made a plain, matter-of-fact speech upon the issues of the present political

contest, interspersed with several telling anecdotes which kept the audience in good humor and added force to the remarks of the speaker.

He was followed by Charles W. Stevens, Esq., of Boston, of the firm of Dresser, Stevens & Co., who recited a poem adapted to the occasion. It was well written and delivered, and contained many fine passages and much wit and humor. The allusion to our present worthy Governor and the noble Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Farragut, were admirably done and elicited hearty applause.

At a Caucus of the Democrats on Tuesday evening, in Union Hall, David N. Skillings was nominated as their candidate for Representative.

RELIGIOUS.—The average attendance of the Cong. Sabbath School for the past year was 220, instead of 120 as given last week.

## EXCELSIOR.

### READING.

I intended to have given a sketch last week of Farmer Allen's speech before the Republican club, at their headquarters; also, the remarks of a Mr. Young, of So. Reading, but circumstances did not favor my doing so, and now I will content myself by saying that Farmer Allen never fails to interest his auditory, whether it be large or small; his quaint manner and humorous illustrations are sufficient to deeply engage the attention of all. He can draw a picture of a Copperhead to the life. He said, in the course of his remarks, that the rebels were watching with intense interest the progress and result of the impending election, hoping that we should get fighting among ourselves, and become so divided as to let them alone; and here he brought to bear one of his apt illustrations by citing a case out West, of a man arraigned on a charge of bigamy, and being interrogated by the court, said that he married another woman because he could not have any peace with his first wife, and now the two wives took to fighting each other and let him alone. But I will not attempt to sketch his admirable address. Mr. Young spoke briefly and to the point. Mr. Gooch's speech I did not hear, as an engagement elsewhere compelled me very reluctantly to forego the pleasure of hearing him.

A McClellan flag was flung to the breeze last week very quietly, no music, no speeches; and there may it wave.

The Dramatic Association gave an exhibition on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, last week, in aid of the Ladies' Branch Sanitary Commission, which realized the net sum of \$125. Miss M. H. Appleton, the accomplished daughter of Edward Appleton, Esq., was the manager, and everything passed off well and with a precision of movement that plainly indicated Miss Appleton to be master of her position. The whole performance, in all its parts, music outside the curtain not included, may be justly regarded as a success, and very creditable to the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the association. Perhaps I have already said all that need be said, still I can hardly omit to give a brief outline of what I saw and heard. And first the Salutory, by Miss Mary Howes, was an excellent production, setting forth the wants of the Sanitary Commission, most touchingly alluding to members of the Dramatic Association who were absent engaged on a nobler stage of action. Suffice it to say, it was an appeal to the hearts and purses of the people to respond. Miss Howes' style of delivery was unexceptionable, speaking in a clear, distinct tone of voice so that every one could hear the whole and appreciate it. She did not fall into the error of many public speakers now-a-days, that is, of introducing a diminuendo in the concluding words of every sentence, so that one needs to have a double set of ears in order to hear them.

"The Heiress" comedietta, in one act, was the first piece, which was well performed, but it was not of such a character as to be particularly pleasing to a promiscuous assembly. Next followed a recitation—"The Seventh Plague of Egypt," by Miss Bryant. Her style was easy and graceful with not so much of distinctness perhaps as would be desired, still it was well received.

The next piece was "The Stage Struck Yankee." There appeared to be a want of something in this piece to elicit the admiration of many—too much sedateness and not enough of mirthfulness, but the several parts were well executed. Next followed a Recitation, by Miss Fannie Snow—Subject, "The Battle of Look-out Mountain." Her style of speaking is fascinating indeed, and is always admired by those who can appreciate a high style of elocution. Then followed "Mischievous Making," which was of a more mirthful character, and therefore the better appreciated. This concluded the entertainment for the first evening.

Thursday evening the pieces were "The Leap Year Stratagem," which was admired. Recitation—"The Switzer's Wife," by Miss Bryant, who appeared in better voice than the evening previous. The next was, the farce of "Turn Him Out," and the way Nicodemus Nobbs pitched into Mackintosh Moke might well be regarded as a caution to intruders. "Cinderella" was the third and last piece, and well as it performed throughout. Recitation—"Ode to America," by Miss Fannie Snow, which concluded the second evening's entertainment.



The third evening was a repetition of the second, with additions. The speaking throughout was most excellent and evinced a thoroughness of preparation far in advance of their former exhibitions.

The names of those who took part in the several acts were: Miss M. Appleton, Miss Hattie Burrill, Miss Addie Burrill, Miss Laura Gleason, Miss Frances Burrill, Miss Elura Knights, Mrs. Howes, Mr. A. F. Converse, T. Gould, A. Howes, O. Ruggles, J. Reid, H. Moulton, J. C. Gleason, S. Richardson.

The Hon. Amos Tuck gave a political address on Wednesday of this week, and J. Q. A. Griffin will speak Saturday evening.

"All Quiet Along the Potomac."

BY MRS. P. A. HANFORD.

(Suggested by a photograph with that title.)

All quiet along the river now,

And winter reigneth there,

The ground is carpeted with snow,

And still the evening air

Above the snow-clad earth arise

The stones which mark the spot.

Where rest the forms of those we prize,—

Our martyred patriots!

On yonder highland stands to-night,

The sentinel alone.

His musket gleaming in the light,

Of the pale winter moon.

How oft to him at midnight hour,

Above the noble dead,

Doth memory come, with magic power,

To speak of those who bled!

Who fought in Freedom's sacred cause,

Beneath our banner bright,

The symbol each true heart adores!

The emblem of the Right!

And fell before the rebel host,

But own a pure renown,

Whose lustre never shall be lost—

A patriot martyr's crown!

"All quiet upon Potomac's shore!"

Soft may the river glide!

Life, with its conflicts now is o'er,

For heroes by its side.

But far on high where never comes

The sound of ruthless war,

These patriots found the saint's sweet home,

And meet with foes no more.

Each wide alarm, each whistling ball,

Each shrieking shell is gone,

Henceforth their anthems rise and fall

Where gleams celestial morn.

And while upon the lonely shore,

Their honored dust may rest,

Each Christian patriot evermore,

With victory is blest.

READING, MASS., Oct. 16, 1864.

PRESERVATION OF THE TEETH.—Horse

Walpole says "Use, a little bit of

alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger

than half your nail, till it has all dissolved

in your mouth, and then spit it out. This

has fortified my teeth, that they are as

strong as the pen of Junius. I learned

it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a

speck in her teeth till her death." Do

not let your brushes betoo hard, as they

are likely to irritate the gums and injure

the enamel. Avoid too frequent use of

tooth powder, and be very cautious what

kind you buy, as many are prepared with

destructive acids. Those who brush

their teeth carefully and thoroughly with

tepid water and a soft brush (cold water

should never be used, for it chills and

injures the nerves) have no occasion to

use powder. Should any little incrusta-

tion (tartar) appear on the side or at

the back of the teeth, which illness and

very often the constant eating of sweat-

meats, fruit, and made dishes, containing

acids will cause, put a little magnesia on

your brush, and after two or three ap-

plications it will remove it. While treat-

ing on the care of the teeth, which is a

subject of the highest importance to those

who have young families, and in fact

every one who wishes to preserve them,

I beg to remind my readers that as the

period generally occupied by sleep is

calculated to be about (at least) six hours

out of the twenty-four, it would greatly

promote the healthful maintenance of the

priceless pearls whose loss or decay so

**Married**  
In Stoneham, Oct. 16th, by Silas Dean, Esq., Mr. Martin Ellis and Mrs. Lucinda K. Eaton, both of Stoneham.  
In South Reading, Nov. 1st, by Rev. Charles R. Bliss, Mr. Abner B. Hart and Miss Margaret Morton, all of South Reading.

## UNION MEETING

EDWIN C. BAILEY, Esq., of the Boston Herald, and Hon. N. B. BRYANT, former Speaker of the N. H. House of Representatives, will address the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, in Lyceum Hall, on SATURDAY EVENING, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Let the lovers of "Liberty and Union" RALLY.

Ladies are invited.

Music by the Woburn Brass Band.

Rev. A. H. QUINT, Chaplain of the 2d Mass. Regiment, will speak for the Union cause, on MONDAY EVENING, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

nov5

**\$300 REWARD.**

SELECTMEN'S OFFICE, Woburn, November 3d, 1864.

Whereas depredations have been committed on the Fence enclosing the Lot of Gen. Abijah Thompson, in the Woburn Cemetery, the Selectmen hereby offer a reward of Three Hundred Dollars for the detection and conviction of the person or persons who committed the same.

By order of the Board of Selectmen,

A. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

nov5-3t

**Meat and Vegetable Market.**

THE subscriber having taken the store on Main Street recently occupied by Hiram Whitford, would inform his friends and the public, that he intends to keep constantly on hand and for sale, a choice assortment of all kinds of fresh and salt meats, fish, smoked and pickled: Sausages, corned beef, and Bologna; Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Beans, and a good variety of all the leading vegetable for the table. Every effort will be made to deserve and secure the patronage of the public.

FREDERICK A. HARTWELL, Proprietor.

Woburn, Nov. 5, 1864.—17

**TREASURER'S NOTICE TO SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.**

Persons who are entitled to draw State aid to families, are hereby informed that in all cases it will be payable on the first day of each month; and it is earnestly desired that parties interested, will be punctual in drawing it at that time.

GAWIN R. GAGE, Treasurer.

Woburn, Sept. 24th, 1864.

Boston Mercantile Academy,

228

Washington Street, corner Summer.

This institution offers to Young Men and Ladies inducements for obtaining an

**Actual Business Education**

not excelled by any other in New England. The instructions are thorough and practical. The actual business system faithfully carried out.

The course of study embraces PENMANSHIP, BOOK-KEEPING, ARITHMETIC, BANKING, COMMERCIAL CALCULATION, CORRESPONDENCE, PHONOGRAPHY, COMMON AND HIGHER ENGLISH GRAMMAR, &c., &c.

Terms moderate. Time for completing the full course is not limited. Diplomas awarded. Students retained in obtaining employment. Open day and evening. Call or send for circular.

C. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Principal.

H. C. KENDALL, Associate

and Professor of Penmanship.

sept24-cov6m

**To Business Men.**

THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL

And Woburn Townsman.

Has a large and rapidly increasing Sub-

scription list, and finds its way into nearly all the best families in Woburn.

It also has a large Circulation throughout Middlesex County, and is one of the best mediums for Advertising in this portion of the State.

Those of our Readers who desire to give a wide publicity to their Business Notices, will please bear this fact in mind when dispensing their favors to the Press.

All Advertisements will be well displayed and made attractive, so that readers can see them at a glance.

**CENTRAL HOUSE,**

MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

THE undersigned, having completed the alterations and repairs on this commodious and centrally located Hotel, is now prepared to receive transient and permanent boarders. Gentlemen, with their families, can be accommodated in the best manner, and in this respect the proprietor feels sure that he can give satisfaction to his guests.

The establishment is connected with the establishment have recently been put in due order, and horses and carriages are to be let at day or night.

L. R. NORRIS, Proprietor.

Woburn, Aug. 30, 1864.

**Letters Remaining Unclaimed.**

IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN, State of Massachusetts, 3th day of Nov. 1864.

27. To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "unclaimed letters," give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising.

If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

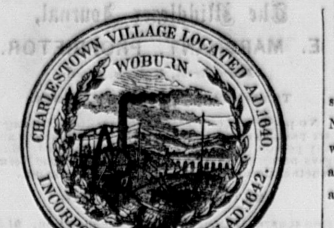
John Hallen, Jacob Pierce,

Patt McGough, Susan Sheldon,

John McGraw, Wm. Warren,

Mercy N. Parkhurst, A. G. Walker,

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.



## Town Warrant.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn, in said County, Greeting:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn, qualified to vote in elections, to meet at the Town Hall, in said Woburn, on Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, it being the eighth day of said month, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, at ten of the clock A.M., to bring in their votes to the Selectmen for twelve Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, two of whom shall be for Electors at Large, and one resident in each of the Congressional Districts of this Commonwealth, on one ballot. Also, to bring in their votes to the Selectmen for a Governor, Lieut. Governor, Secretary, Treasurer and Receiver General, Auditor of Accounts, and Attorney General of said Commonwealth, one County Commissioner for the County of Middlesex, one Councilor for District Number Three, one Senator for the Fifth Middlesex Senatorial District, one County Treasurer for Middlesex County, one Register of Deeds for the South Middlesex District, and one Representative to represent the Sixth Congressional District of this Commonwealth, in the next Congress of the United States, all on one ballot. Also, for one Representative to represent the Nineteenth Middlesex District in the next Legislature of Massachusetts.

The polls will be closed at 5 o'clock P.M., and you are required, as aforesaid, to notify and warn said inhabitants qualified to vote in Town affairs, to meet at the same place, on the same day, at the same time, P.M., to act on the following articles, viz:—

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2. To see what action the Town will take in relation to the list of Jurors, as offered by the Selectmen.

Art. 3. To see if the Town will authorize the selling of a part or the whole lot of the Town's land located on Fowler Street.

Art. 4. To see if the Town will instruct the Selectmen to use discretionary power in relation to the prosecution of persons for the violation of the license law, or do any thing in relation thereto.

Art. 5. To see if the Town will pay the bills presented by Wm. T. Spiller, for damages caused by the expulsion of his children from the Public Schools of Woburn, or act anything relative thereto.

Art. 6. To see if the Town will rescind the vote passed at the last April meeting, whereby the Selectmen were instructed to prosecute all illegal sales of rum and other intoxicating liquors in Woburn.

Art. 7. To see if the Town will accept of Chapter 221 of the Legislature of Massachusetts, of 1864, in relation to public baths.

Art. 8. To see if the Town will choose a Committee to report at the next annual Town Meeting, on the feasibility of erecting public baths in Woburn.

And you are directed to serve this warrant by causing the same to be published in the "Middlesex Journal," a newspaper printed in the town of Woburn, seven days at least before the time named herein for holding said meeting.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this warrant, with your doings thereon, to ourselves, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

GIVEN UNDER HANDS, and the seal of the Town, at Woburn, this twenty-seventh day of October, A. D., 1864.

ELBRIDGE TRULL, A. E. THOMPSON, WM. TOTMAN, WALTER WYMAN, WILLIAM B. HARRIS, MOSES A. TYLER, L. G. RICHMOND, E. E. THOMPSON, S. O. POLAND, Selectmen of Woburn.

A true copy. Attest, EDWARD SIMONDS, Constable of Woburn.

**Notice to Gas Consumers.**

THE Woburn Gas Light Company hereby give notice that on and after Nov. 1st, 1864, and until further notice, the price of Gas will be \$1.50 per 1000 cubic feet.

Woburn, Oct. 29th, 1864. 3t

**NOTICE.**

STOCKHOLDERS owning Shares in the Woburn Gas Light Company, on the first day of October, 1864, are hereby notified that a dividend of six per cent on the Capital Stock of the Company, has been declared, payable on and after Nov. 1st, 1864.

Office hours from 9 till 5 o'clock, P. M.

AARON THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Oct. 29th, 1864. 3t

**Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.**

BY License from the Court of Probate for Middlesex County, will be sold at Auction, on the premises, on Monday, Nov. 14, 1864, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the following parcels of land belonging to the Estate of the late Jeremiah Brown: 1 piece of tillage land, situated in South Reading, on Vernon Street, between the house of N. C. Wright on the South, and that recently owned by Geo. H. Putney, on the North, containing 2 1/2 acres, more or less. Also, 1 piece of Pasture, East of the above described piece, and separated from it by a wall, containing 2 acres, more or less. A full description may be had by reference to posted bills.

EDWARD M. FIELD, Administrator.

South Reading, Oct. 29, 1864. 3t

**Executrix Sale, by Public Auction, of desirable Real Estate in Reading.**

BY virtue of license from the Probate Court of Middlesex County, will be sold on Monday, Nov. 21st, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises: 12 Acres valuable land; 3 acres said land is covered by a heavy growth of Pine Wood; the remainder is desirable for building or for tillage. Also, at the same time and place, 2 1/2 acres of Meadow Land, known as the "Hundred Acre Meadow." Said land being a part of the Estate of DAVID BALL, deceased.

Per Order of NANCY L. L. EXECUTRIX.

WM. H. TEMPLE, Auctioneer.

Reading, Oct. 29th, 1864. 3t

**NOTICE** is hereby given, that the Subscrib-

er has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of THOMAS SKINNER, late of South Reading, in the County of Middlesex, Yeoman, deceased, and taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

DANIEL ALLEN, Adm.

South Reading, Oct. 11, 1864. 3t

**MATRIMONIAL!**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

If you wish to marry, address the undersigned, who will send you, without money and without price, valuable information that will enable you to marry happily and speedily, irrespective of age, wealth or beauty. This information will cost you nothing, and if you wish to marry, I will cheerfully assist you. All letters strictly confidential. The desired information sent by return mail, and no questions asked, address

Sarah B. Lambert, Greenpoint, Kings, Co., N. Y.

oct8-2m

**REOPENED.**

THE PHOTOGRAPH ROOMS of F. S. KNOWLTON, having been refitted, and an addition made of a new light, is now prepared to execute work in all the different branches connected with the art. Special attention paid to copying Photographs from old Daguerreotypes or Ambrotypes. An assortment of frames kept constantly on hand for sale.

Woburn, Sept. 24, 3m

## U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from Aug. 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date, must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

**Special Advantages of this Loan.**

It is a NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the best security. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it cannot pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in government securities or in notes and bonds payable in government paper.

**Convertible into a Six per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond.**

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than NINE PER CENT. PREMIUM, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.

**Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.**

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress EXEMPTS ALL BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES FROM LOCAL TAXATION. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country. It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositories, and by the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOWELL,

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CAMBRIDGE,

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON,

And by all National Banks which are depositories of public money, and

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country will give further information and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS

oct8-2m

**FOR THE HAIR.**

STERLING'S AMBROSIA,

KENDALL'S AMBROSIA,

BURNETT'S COCAINE,

And all the popular Hair preparations of the day. For sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM.

sept 10

**COAL, LUMBER, & C.**

THE firm of AYER & McDONALD having been dissolved, the subscriber respectfully gives notice to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he will continue the business, at the same stand, in all its branches, and trusts by giving strict attention to business, and always keeping on hand the different kinds of COAL, WOOD and LUMBER, to receive that generous share of public patronage which has been accorded to the late firm during the past year.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, \$1, \$1.50, and \$3 per box, according to size.

TO THE YOUNG OR OLD

Male or Female,

WHICH CAUSES SO MANY ALARMING

It unites them for Marriage.

And is the GREATEST EVIL which can befall

MAN OR WOMAN.

See symptoms enumerated in Advertisement, and if you are a sufferer.

Cut out this Advertisement, and send for it at once.

Delays are dangerous.

Ask for Heinbold's take no other.

Cures guaranteed.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

oct1-2m

**TOILET EXTRACTS.**

In endless variety, many of which will be sold at a low figure. By

W. C. BRIGHAM, Apoth



A New York letter to the Boston Traveller says:—

Inquisitive people gather with great interest around the marble building of A. T. Stewart, gradually approaching form in Fifth Avenue, on the corner of Thirty fourth street, the site of the Saratopilla Townsend mansion, so mercilessly leveled to the ground by the great dry gods, King. There is infinite speculation in regard to the rising walls of the pure marble, the contrast of which has cost already \$200,000. The dimensions are 61 feet by 114, or 6,954 square feet. Madame Humor says that it is to be a superb gallery of art, unequaled in this country; again, others of the beau monde assert that it is intended for Mr. Stewart's private residence. The above advertisement will enable Mrs. Stewart to show to her 460 guests on the drawing room floor, allowing a moderate appropriation for each crinoline.

See **HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU** for all Affections and diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether existing in MALES or FEMALES, and of all diseases originating and no matter of HOW LONG STANDING.

Diseases of these Organs requires the aid of a powerful and reliable EXTRACT BUCHU, and **HELMBOLD'S** is the GREAT DIURETIC, and is certain to have the desired effect in all Diseases for which it is recommended.

Evidence of the most reliable and responsible character will accompany the medicine.

Price, \$1.00 per bottle, or Six for \$5.00.

Send your address, securely sealed, from observation.

*Describe Symptoms in all Communications,*  
and send your name and address *Free of Charge* !!

Address letters for information to  
**M. B. HELMBOLD, Chemist.**  
104 South Tenth St., bel. Chestnut, Phila.  
**HELMBOLD'S Medical and Chemical Warehouse,**  
**HELMBOLD'S Drug and Chemical Warehouse,**  
504 Broadway, New York N. Y.

Beware of cheap imitations of this medicine, and those who endeavor to dispose "of their own" and "other" articles on the reputation attained by **HELMBOLD'S** preparations. Beware of cheap imitations. **Ext. Buchu** and **Ext. Sarsaparilla**—Improve Rose Water.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other. Cut out the Advertisement, and send for the medicine, its composition and exposure, and for the name of the druggist nearest you.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patient in every disorder are affixed to each box.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment are now retailed, owing to the high price of drugs, &c., at 30 cts. and .§1.10 per box or Pot.

Dealers in my well known medicines can have Show Cards, Circulars, &c., sent them, FREE OF EXPENSE, by addressing Thomas Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, New York.

For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM.

**FRANK B. DODGE,**  
**WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER**  
ALSO, DEALER IN  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-Ware  
Musical Instruments, Fancy-Goods, &c  
★ Melodeons For Sale and to Let.  
Wine, Beer, Map, Sewing, Whisky

**Bank Block, - - Woburn.**

**Central Market,**  
**Main Street, Woburn.**

**THE** subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Fruit &c., at Wholesale or Retail prices. **WHOLESALE.**

French, English and American  
**TOILET SOAPS**  
Genuine.  
From the manufactories of Coudray, Mangin & Co.,  
Coudray, Gelle Freres, Lowe, Son & Co., Hay  
Patty, Glenn, Worsley, and others,  
For sale by  
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary

**Drugs and Medicines**  
AND FANCY ARTICLES.  
For sale at the lowest market prices, by  
W. C. BROWN, Apothecary  
**Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,**  
Just received and for sale by



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : No. 7.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

## How I Won My Wife.

BY WILLIAM TREMAINE.

Jessie Hale was the merriest, prettiest, most provoking daughter of Eve that ever existed—at least, I thought so—though perhaps I was not an impartial judge, as I must confess I was deeply in love, and, in fact, I don't believe I could remember of a time when I was not in love with her. It certainly was not when a youngster of twelve I took her under my especial care, feeling proud of my curly-headed charge that I could now of a mine of gold; nor when a tall, awkward boy of sixteen, I first ventured to ask for her company home from church; or still later, when, after four years absence, I returned to my native town and set up as a surgeon in the house where Dr. Moore's name had been since my earliest recollection.

Oakdale was a remarkably healthy place, or else the good people felt a little afraid of trusting their lives in the hands of such a young scape-grace as they had known me to be, for somehow my horse and gig found more employment in carrying Jessie Hale to ride than any more profitable business; and it is certain more of my time was spent in Mr. Hale's pleasant parlor than in either the study or practice of medicine. Some of the neighbors slyly remarked that I must have a very sick patient there to occasion such frequent visits; and I was certain that if I had no patient there, all the patience I ever had was required there at times; for of all the tantalizing little wretches that ever fascinated and provoked a poor fellow—until he could not have told whether he was in the body or out of it—Jessie Hale was the worst.

And there was I—William Tremaine—standing six feet two in my stockings, big enough to have known better, that is, sure, led about by that little elf, coming and going at her every beck and call, as if I were a great simpleton, as in truth I must have been, after playing "yours most devotedly" for six months, I was no nearer winning than at first. Open-hearted and candid she was on every other subject; but just let me speak of love or marriage, and I might as well talk to a stone wall for all the sense I could get from her. No matter how cautiously I might approach the subject, she was always ready with some off-hand answer as far from what I wanted as the equator from the poles, until I was almost in despair, but more eager after any failure.

"All is fair in love and war," or at least I thought so, and resolved to try the result of strategy on my wilful little lady-love. One fine morning, as we were about starting for a ride on horseback, and I was assisting Miss Jessie into the saddle, her horse commenced rearing and kicking at an alarming rate; of course the jagged bits of iron I had cautiously inserted beneath the saddle had nothing to do with it. By the time she was fairly seated he had become perfectly unmanageable, throwing her violently from the saddle; of course I caught her before she touched the ground. No sooner was she in safety, than, with a deep groan, I staggered back against the fence, my right arm hanging helpless by my side. It took nicely, for Jessie was beside me in a moment.

"O, Will," she said piteously, "that terrible horse has broken your arm; what will you do? Poor Will! poor Will!"

How like a rascal I felt at the sight of her distress; but I was not going to give up then; so I answered, with another terrible groan, "It is nothing, dear Jessie; I would suffer a thousand times more to feel that I had saved your precious life."

"But oh, I am so sorry! What can be done for you?" she said, in such touching accents that I half repented.

"The end justifies the means," I thought. The end accomplished certainly did. My answer was in a voice low and faint, as if I was just dying.

"Only tell me that you love me, Jessie, darling; it will soothe my pain more than any thing else in the world." And then like the great simpleton that I was, I put that right arm around her, and never discovered my mistake until she sprang suddenly away from me.

"Wouldn't a little brandy and water do as well, Mr. Tremaine?" she said, archly. "There don't seem to be any bones broken; the injury was internal, I should think."

Wouldn't I have sold myself for a sixpence?—But there was no help for it; so I had to own the trick, and went home wishing I had broken my arm or neck, I didn't care much which. After that, for awhile, I was rather shy of the love subject, for I did not fancy hearing of my last attempt; but "out of the abundance

of the heart the mouth speaketh," and my heart was so full of my love for Jessie Hale that I could not force my tongue to keep silence very long. So one morning, after lounging in my study until I was tired of everything—myself in particular—I went over the way, resolved that the matter should be decided before I returned. Jessie was sitting by the parlor window, busily sewing, and humming some merry tune to herself when I entered. She and I found it terrible hard work to talk on common place subjects, when my mind was so full of the one so important to me.

At last I broke in upon some of her careless nonsense with—"Why in the world, Jessie, don't you say whether you love me or not? What is the use in keeping a fellow in suspense forever? I believe you do—in fact, I know you do."

Here I was again making a simpleton of myself. I might have known she never would have told me after that, but I did not understand woman kind as well then as I have done since.

"Oh! you do know, then, do you?" she said coolly, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "Then of course there is no need of my telling you."

"No, I did not mean it Jessie," I said, penitently. "But do you love me? Will you answer me yes or no?"

"Yes or no," she answered, demurely. "O, Jessie Hale," I exclaimed, impatiently, "you will drive me crazy!"

"A terrible misfortune, surely," she said, with a laugh, throwing down her work and stepping through the low window upon the lawn. "Now Will, I will tell you what I will do if you will promise never to plague me again about this."

"I will promise any thing if you will only give me an honest answer," I said, eagerly.

"Well, then, if you can catch me before I reach the elm tree, I will give you a candid answer, upon my honor."

I thumped my head against the window-sash, and away I went racing over the green sward with ten times more eagerness than I ever displayed in playing catch in my boyhood days. A very dignified proceeding, truly, for a staid surgeon. All the gossips in Oakdale would have held up their hands in pious horror had they seen me then; but I did not care if half the world saw me, so intent was I on catching that flying gipsy; and catch her I did, before she was half way to the old elm.

"Now for the answer," I said eagerly. "Oh! but can't you wait until I get breath?" drawing it in quick, spasmodic jerks, like some dilapidated old steam engine. "Let me see; what was it I promised to tell you?"

"Whether you loved me or not, you provoking little wretch!" I said, fairly out of patience.

"Now look here, Mr. Will; if you don't leave off calling me names I won't tell you at all; though perhaps that is love talk to it? Will, I promised, you say?"

"Of course you did; so don't be all day about it."

"If you hurry me I can't speak at all; for it will take me some time to think over the objects of my love to see if you are among them. Let me see,"—beginning to count her fingers—"there is Chloe, that's one; and Prince—though he hurt your arm, you know—is two; and old Brindle is three; and Watch is four, and—let's see—yes, there is—Mr. Willard Tremaine is five."

I don't think I stopped to thank her for that answer, and if my return to the parlor was not as rapid as my exit from it, it was certainly far more dignified. I had taken my hat and was out of the gate before Jessie reached the house.

I went home in no very enviable state of mind, resolving that I would never go near her again. But by the time I reached my study my anger had cooled considerably, and I sat down in my arm chair and began to think of any plan, just as I had done a hundred times before, how I could outwit this provoking little elf. Have her I would; but how? That was the question.

"A letter for you, sir," called out the boy at the door.

I took the letter and tore it open. I was too much occupied with my thoughts to care much what its contents were; but the first few lines fixed my attention. It was from an uncle of mine—a surgeon in a flourishing office—making me a very advantageous offer if I would come and take his place. This was just the situation I had been wanting for years, and I hailed it with delight now.

"But Jessie," I thought—"could I leave her?"

A moment's reflection showed me what was needed, for if she really cared for me

my absence would make her willing to acknowledge it. It did not take long to make my arrangements, and before night they were completed; and the next morning I started for the station, calling at Mr. Hale's on my way, to bid Jessie goodbye. I could see the little witch did not believe one word of the story I told her.

"I hope Mr. Will, you won't break your arm in the train; it would make it so bad for you," she said with a queer smile, as I concluded.

"And you not there to cure it," I retorted. "But seriously, Jessie, I am in earnest, now. It is probable I shall not see you again for years; for if I like the place I shall remain there."

She still believed it some trick, for her eyes said plainly, "You can't cheat me again." And she said goodbye as coolly as if it were only for a day. I went down the walk, feeling much as I think Adam must have felt when he left Paradise, except that his Eve went with him, and I left mine behind.

I was well pleased with the place, and was not long in accepting my uncle's proposal. I wrote to this effect to a lawyer, desiring him to dispose of my property at Oakdale. I knew Jessie would hear of it, and it would give her to understand that I had no intention of returning, determined that if I did not succeed this time, I would give her up for ever, though my heart gave a quick throb of pain at the thought.

It was just twilight, of a pleasant September day, when I reached Oakdale. Direct to Mr. Hale's I took my way, saying over to myself as I went, "Now or never?" Straight up to the gravel walk and across the broad lawn I went, and on into the dusky parlor, unannounced. By the light, I saw Jessie sitting on a sofa, her head resting on a pillow. She was alone and had not heard my step. Was she asleep? A quick sob answered me. That argues well for my success. In a moment I was kneeling beside her, and had raised the bowed head.

"Jessie! dear Jessie?" I said, tenderly, scarcely knowing how she would receive it. With a quick start and a glad cry of surprise her head was pillowed on my bosom.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you, Will! They told me you would not return, and I have been so lonely without you."

"And I have been lonely, too, Jessie, darling," I said. "My home anywhere would always be lonely without you. Will you not go and share it with me?"

The answer was very low, but I knew it was in the affirmative.

"Will you become my wife next week? I was determined to make sure work now."

There was some hesitation, a few objections raised, but I finally gained the same answer to that.

Then I hurried to the drawing-room to see the old folks. There was considerable pleasure expressed at my unexpected arrival, and great surprise when my errand was made known; and a few tears and regrets from the mother at parting with Jessie, and hearty congratulations from the father, concluded by the remark, "That just as likely as not she would change her mind while changing her dress."

I think I accomplished more in that half hour than I ever did in twice that length of time before or since; for at its expiration I was supremely happy. And the result was that in a week I got the prettiest, best little wife in all England; and what is better still, I think so now, even though she did say, ten minutes after the ceremony, "I never told you I loved you, after all, Will!"

And she never has to this day.

## Two Rules, AND HOW THEY WORKED.

"Here are two rules for you, Fred," said Giles Warner, looking up from the paper he was reading, and addressing a younger brother, who was sitting by the stove, playing with a favorite dog.

"Well, what are they? Let's have them," said Fred, suspending his sport with the dog.

"The first is: Never get vexed with anything you can help. The second is: Never get vexed with anything you can't help."

"Are not these rules as applicable to you as to me?" inquired Fred, archly.

"No doubt of that," replied Giles, good-humoredly; "but then it is so much easier to hand over a piece of advice to another than to keep it for one's own personal use. It is a kind of generosity that don't require any self-denial."

Fred laughed.

"But what say you to these rules?" continued Giles. "How would it work if we adopted them?"

"I think they take a pretty wide and clean sweep," said Fred. "They don't leave a fellow any chance at all to get vexed."

"That might be an objection to them," said Giles, "if any one was wiser, better or happier for getting vexed. I think they are sensible rules. It is foolish to vex ourselves about things that can be helped, and it is useless to vex ourselves about what can't be helped. Let us assist each other to remember these two simple rules. What say you?"

"I'll agree to it," said Fred, who was usually ready to agree with anything his brother proposed, if it was only proposed good-humoredly.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Fred the next morning, while making preparations for school.

"I have broken my shoe-string, and it is vexations. I'm in such a hurry."

"It is vexations, no doubt," replied Giles, "but you must not get vexed, for this is one of the things that can be helped. You can find a string in the left corner of the upper drawer in mother's bureau."

"But we shall be late at school," said Fred.

"No we shan't," said Giles. "We shall only have to walk a little faster. Besides, if you keep cool, you will find the string, and put it in much sooner than you can if you become vexed and worried."

"That's true," said Fred, as he started for the string, quite restored to good humor. Several opportunities occurred during the day for putting into practice the newly adopted rules. The best was this:

In the evening Giles broke the blade of his knife while whittling a hard piece of wood.

"It can't be helped," said Fred, "so you must not get vexed about it."

"It might have been helped," said Giles, "but I can do better than to fret about it. I can learn a lesson of care for the future, which may some day save a knife more valuable than this. The rules work well. Let's try them tomorrow."

The next morning Fred devoted an hour before school to writing a composition. After he had written half a dozen lines, his mother called him off to do something for her. During his absence, his sister Lucy made use of his pen and ink to write her name in a school-book. In doing this she carelessly let fall a drop of ink on the page he was writing. Fred returned while she was busily employed in doing what she could to repair the mischief.

"You have made a great blot on my composition," he exclaimed, looking over her shoulder.

"I am very sorry. I did not mean to do it," said Lucy.

Fred was so vexed that he would have answered his sister very roughly if Giles had not interposed.

"Take care, Fred; you know the thing is done and can't be helped."

Fred tried hard to suppress his vexation.

"I know it was an accident," he said pleasantly, after a brief struggle with himself.

Lucy left the room, and Fred sat down again to his composition. After a moment he looked up.

"No great harm is done after all," he said.

"Two or three alterations are much needed, and if I write it over again I can make them."

"So much for a cool head and not getting vexed," said Giles, laughing.

"Our rule works well."

At night Fred tore his pants while climbing over a fence.

"That's too bad," he said.

"It can't be helped," said Giles. "They can be mended."

"The way to help it is what troubles me," said Fred. "I don't like to ask mother, she has so much to do."

Giles proposed that he should get over his difficulty by asking Lucy to do the job for him, as her mother had taught her to mend very neat. Fred was not at first disposed to adopt this measure. He knew that Lucy disliked mending very much, and was afraid she would be cross if asked to do it, but at last decided to run the risk of that. They found Lucy busily employed with a piece of embroidery, and quite absorbed with her work. Fred looked significantly at Giles when he concluded he had gone too far to retreat, and must make a bold push.

"I wish to ask a favor of you, Lucy, but I fear I have come in the wrong time," said Fred.

"What do you want?" said Lucy.

"I am almost afraid to tell you. It's too bad to ask you to do what I know you dislike."

"You are a good while at getting to what is wanted," said Lucy, laughing. "Come, out with it."

Fred thus encouraged, held up his foot and displayed the rent.

"Well, take them off, I will do my best," said Lucy, cheerfully.

"You are a dear, good sister," said Fred. "When I saw what you were about, I thought you would not be willing to do it."

"My uncommon amiability quite puzzles you, does it?" said Lucy, laughing.

"I shall have to let you into the secret. To tell the truth, I have been thinking all day what I could do for you in return for your not getting vexed with me for blotting your composition. So now you have it."

"So much for our rules," exclaimed Giles triumphantly. "They work to a charm."

"What rules?" inquired Lucy.

"We must tell Lucy all about it," said Giles.

They did tell her all about it, and the result was, that she agreed to join them in trying the new rules.—*Merry's Museum.*

## Those that return not.

When peace with her banners, that float in the sun,  
Proclaim that the battle is over and won,  
How pure is the happiness filling the breast  
Of the soldier who returns to his homestead for rest.

How stately the welcome the nation delights  
To offer the heroes of numberless fights,  
And the leader who guided his armies to fame,  
Till his glory and hers were one and the same.

But the heart's adoration shall still be for those  
Who know naught of the triumph that blesses the close,  
Who from the dark battle-field never return  
To hear the warm praises so gallantly earned!

To see the proud tears on the delicate cheek,  
While loving lips quiver that welcome would speak.

Al, desolate hearthstones; where no more shall stand,  
The young and the brave, who have rescued our land.

For the living, the plaudits, for them the heart thrill,  
Of a love death has hallowed, but never can chill.

Reading, Oct. 13th, 1864. G. E.

## Popping the Question.

We have heard of many cases of "popping" under very singular circumstances—the eccentric, the abrupt, the business-like, the silly, and a hundred other styles. Of the eccentric, we would cite the case of a well-known merchant, who, one day dining at a friend's house, sat near to a lady who possessed rare charms of conversation. The merchant did not possess this faculty in a rare degree, but he could do that which is next best, he could appreciate—an appreciation which he endeavored to show by the following mode of action:—

"Do you like toast Miss B——?"

"Yes," responded the lady, slightly surprised at the question.

"Buttered toast?"

"Yes."

"That is strange; so do I. Let us get married."

There cannot be much doubt but that the lady was taken slightly aback, a fact that did not prevent the marriage from coming off in a month afterwards, nor the accession of the lady to one of the finest establishments in the city.

As a specimen of the abrupt, we shall cite the case of a gentleman who had retired from business at the age of forty and built him a beautiful house, determined to enjoy life to the utmost. One day a friend was dining with him, and said, half jokingly:

"You have everything here that the heart can desire, but a wife."

"That's true. I must think of it," said he; and then relapsed into silence for a few minutes, at the end of which time he arose, begged to be excused for a short time, and instantly left the room. He seized his hat went instantly to a neighbor's, and was shown into the parlor with the information that neither the master or the mistress were at home. He told the servant that he wanted neither, and requested that the housekeeper be sent to him. She came, and the gentleman thus addressed her:—

"Sarah, I have known you for many years, and have been told that I want a wife. You are the only woman I know that I should be willing to entrust my happiness with, and if you agree, we will be instantly married. What is your answer?"

Sarah knew the man that addressed her, and knew that his offer was serious, and as well weighed as though considered for a year; and she answered him in the same spirit.

"I agree."

"Will you be ready in an hour?"

"I will."

"I shall return for you at that time?"

Which he did, the gentleman who had suggested the idea accompanying him to the clergyman's. Many years have passed since then, and neither party has seen any cause to regret the abrupt proposal and acceptance.

Of the business style, we can cite a case related to us, which we know for a true one. A young man who had succeeded to the ill-kept and badly cultivated, though really valuable farm of a deceased uncle, saw at a glance that two things were necessary to enable him to succeed; the first being a wife to take charge of the woman's department, and the second, a few thousand dollars to stock it with. He could not help thinking to himself that possibly these two great aids to his happiness and prosperity might be found together, and yet without attempting to put his matrimonial and financial ideas into practice, he allowed them to haunt him continually.

With this upon his mind, our farmer started upon a horseback journey to a distant part of the country, and upon his return made an acquaintance upon the road, in the person of an old gentleman jogging the same way. The companions dined together at a wayside inn, and fraternized pleasantly, during which the young man opened his heart to the elder, telling him all his plans and aspirations, when the old gentleman addressed the younger:—

"I rather like you, my friend, and your honest way of telling your story, and if you will come and see me I shall be glad. I have three daughters, all as good girls as ever lived. Now perhaps one may be the very one you are looking for; if so, I will do my best toward making the balance of the matter agreeable. Ride over and see me to-morrow, take dinner and stay in the afternoon, which will give you a fair chance to see and judge."

The young man instantly agreed to the proposal, making only one condition, that the young ladies should not be informed of the nature of his errand. This was agreed to, and they separated.

The next day, at the time appointed, the young man dismounted at the door of the house of his new made friend, and was heartily welcomed. The hour before dinner was consumed in looking over the farm, the young man in admiring its keeping, and the old one in approving of the sensible and practical remarks of the younger, when the meal was announced and the three young ladies and their mother introduced. They were all, as the old gentleman had said, fine girls, but the younger, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, and laughing-faced, charmed the young farmer especially. The dinner over, they once more walked out for a chat.

"Well how do you like my daughters?" was the old gentleman's first question.

"They are all nice girls, very nice," said the young man thoughtfully.

"And which of them do you like best?" was the next question.

"The youngest, Kate; she is charming, and if I'm to be your son-in-law, you must give me Kate!"

"That will never do to take the youngest, and by all odds the prettiest," said the old gentleman seriously.

"I must have her or none," was the response, spoken decidedly.

"How much money did you say you wanted?"

"Five thousand dollars will put my farm in excellent order, and make it worth twenty thousand to-morrow. I must have five thousand dollars."

"I'll give you the sum with either of the other girls," said the old man positively, "but I will only give you three thousand with Kate."

"Then I may as well go to my home. Five thousand I must have—I have set my mind upon it."

"And I have just as strongly determined to do what I have said," was the old gentleman's reply; "so I suppose the matter is at an end. However, we will be good friends, and you must sometimes run over and see me."

This ended the conference, and they parted. The young man mounted his horse, and rode down toward the gate, but just as he was about opening the gate, stooping from his saddle, the laughing-faced Kate sprang through the shrubbery to save him the trouble.

"Can't you accept my father's terms?"

"Yes, by George I will, if you say so," was the instantaneous response.

"Then come to-morrow morning before ten o'clock and tell him so," and the girl vanished like a fairy among the leaves.

The young man rode slowly home, but he was on hand next morning, according to bidding, and married the fair Kate in two months after.



### The Importance of Trees.

We who live in the country are justly proud of our scenery. Trees with us are valuable, both for use and ornament, and our fields and gardens afford us daily pleasure. Our comparatively new country has not yet been despoiled of its forests, woods and groves, but in some portions, even of New England, they are getting diminished. The bringing into working order of the coal mines of Pennsylvania and other portions of the country, has proved the salvation of our trees, and they have been preserved to shelter us from the cold winds, and to add beauty to our landscapes. What effect the present high prices of wood and coal may have upon us, to call for the woodman's axe to lay the forests low, is not yet apparent, but it is to be feared that the temptation will be too strong in some cases to be resisted.

In Europe, where the scarcity of wood is felt as a serious injury, diminishing the quantity of rain and affecting the climate, governments are engaged in planting woods, and the time has also arrived with us when measures of a like character will have to be taken to secure their benefits. An article in the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, treating of Palestine and the Desert, Past and Present, contains a great many valuable facts upon this subject. That country, spoken of in the Old Testament as "a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven," has become naked and barren, depopulated, because the trees have been cut down. Says the article mentioned:—"The Palestine of the present day is not the Palestine of the time of Moses, of Solomon, or even of our Lord. It has undergone a great change. Its forests have utterly disappeared, its fountains have dried up; climate, soil and productions have changed; and the whole country appears desolate, withered, parched,—the very opposite of a land of invitation, and of abundant blessings like the Promised Land."

In the wooded districts of Maine, where, we may say for hundreds of miles in several directions, one vast primeval forest stretches itself out over hill and plain, water courses and lake, the inhabitants are often heard to sigh for a cleared up country, and hundreds of cords of wood are annually burned on many farms in the process of clearing the land. Now, all is wild and silent in those vast forests, save as few and far between the settlers log houses and barns are built, and the noise of children at play, and the lowing of cattle are heard. The solitary smokes from their chimneys steal out above the bare branches of the forest tops in winter, in a frosty morning like silver clouds in the sunbeams, but soon as the land is settled and the forests are moved off, towns and cities will appear and a teeming population. Undoubtedly the trees should and must diminish, as man takes possession of the earth to subdue it, but they should not be wholly destroyed, and least of all should they wantonly be cut down. When some wide conflagration takes place, and for ten, twenty and fifty miles, the devouring flames pass swiftly along, and leave behind the blackened trunks and boughs to mark the track of ruin, what feelings are created at the spectacle, and men pass by for settlement to more verdant regions. It would greatly conduce to the contentment of these dwellers in the woods to read of the droughts that visit the countries, dry and scorched and sterile, because of the absence of forests. Here is a striking and truthful description from the article before quoted, of the benefits of a wooded country: "The forests which crown the mountains and cover the hillsides and rocky districts of a country unsuited to tillage, are, in the economy of nature, at once the refrigerators of the climate and fertilizers of the soil. By their immense evaporation they supply the needful moisture to the atmosphere, the first requisite of vegetable life, an indispensable element of fertility. Year by year they overspread the earth with a vast amount of vegetable matter to enrich the soil with another element of fertility equally essential to the support of vegetation. Their vast evaporation cools the atmosphere, disturbs its equilibrium, raising alternately the stormy wind and the whispering breeze, which sweep away the noxious exhalations from the earth, and circulate health and happiness through all the habitations of man. The vapor, received from the forests chiefly, is returned in fruitful showers to feed the luxuriance of many fields. Thus God in his beneficent providence 'watereth the hills from his chambers, and sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth!'"

A private letter from New Orleans, received in Newport by the last steamer, states that the immense quantities of cotton stored in the interior of Texas, and which Banks failed to reach last spring, is being rapidly sent over the border into Mexico, where it is being bought up by the Mexican and European speculators at comparatively small figures.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION has resulted in the triumphant re-election of Abraham Lincoln. He has not only carried most of the States but has the popular vote of the country by an immense majority.

Massachusetts elects an entire Union delegation to Congress; an undivided Union State Senate, and all but six of the members of the House of Representatives. Now that the President has been so emphatically endorsed in his policy, we trust he will prosecute the war with more vigor than in the past.

**ARRIVAL HOME OF THE FIFTH REGIMENT.**—The fifth Regiment, M. V. M., Col. George H. Peirson, arrived in Boston, Monday night, their hundred days' service having expired. The Woburn men attached to the Regiment arrived home on Tuesday morning at about 7 o'clock. They were escorted from the cars at Horn Pond Depot to Lyceum Hall, by the Home Guards, the Warren Cadets, and a large number of citizens, accompanied by the Woburn Brass Band.

**A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.**—The funeral of Corporal George A. Flagg, late of the 5th Regiment, Co. G, was largely attended at the Baptist Church in Woburn on Monday afternoon. After the services his remains were followed to their final resting place by a large concourse of citizens.

**Private J. F. Leslie**, of Woburn, taken prisoner at the battle of Weldon railroad, has been paroled, and arrived home on Tuesday last.

**THE PIRATE FLORIDA CAPTURED.**—The U. S. steamer Kearsage, which arrived at Boston Monday night, brings the gratifying intelligence of the capture in the port of Bahia, by the U. S. steamer Wachusett, of the pirate Florida, and twelve officers and fifty-eight of her crew, the balance being on shore at the time. No lives were lost. The Surgeon and 20 of the crew are on board the Kearsage.

**MR. BRIGHAM**, at his apothecary establishment and fancy good store, Wade's block, has a very valuable lotion for chapped hands, sunburn, inflammation of the skin, &c. It is an article of Mr. B.'s own compounding, and is far superior to most preparations of the kind, as we can testify from actual experience. See notice.

Harper's Monthly, for December, has the following list of contents:—  
Resigned; Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men; Harvest Memories; A Tour through Arizona; Wrecks; Recollections of a Philosopher; Dear Mother; The Pigot Murder; Music in a Crowd; French Flower Farming; In the Meadow; After Petroleum; Almost Divorced; A Visit to the English Courts of Justice, &c. &c.

**THE HOME MONTHLY.**—The November number of this valuable magazine is full of choice and valuable reading. We know of no better work for the family circle.

**Godey's Lady's Book**, for December, is already before us. It is a sterling number.

**TO INVALIDS.**—The White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns to-day, is performing wonderful cures, and is destined to become one of the most popular specifics of the age.

At a meeting of the Young Men's Literary Association, held on the evening of the 5th inst., the following resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our number by death, while in the service of his country, our beloved associate, GEO. A. FLAGG; Therefore, Resolved, That while we recognize in this event the dispensation of an All-wise and merciful God, we mourn the loss of a true friend and brave companion, who had endeared himself to us by words and acts of kindness and consideration.

Resolved, That we tender our earnest sympathy to the widowed parent of the departed, who has suffered this irreparable bereavement, and trust she may be directed to the Great Source of consolation for support in this hour of need.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved widow, and to the Middlesex Journal for publication.

J. G. POLLARD, } Com.  
GEO. H. CONN, }  
C. P. POLLARD, }

**TEACHING THE DEAF AND DUMB TO SPEAK.**—A Paris correspondent writes:—

"One of the most curious exhibitions which I have seen lately was the exhibition, by a M. Mary, of a system of teaching the deaf and dumb to speak. He has succeeded to such an extent that there is little doubt much more will be achieved when his system becomes more developed. It is something to enable the deaf and dumb to express themselves even by a word. A little French girl, the earliest who had received tuition, was able to speak a number of sentences in French. The pupils are taught, by means of the hand alphabet to form their mouth, and place their tongue in a certain position, and when once they hit the right sound, and by encouragement repeat it, they can retain it for future use. The only wonder is that something of the kind was never thought of before."

### VOTE OF WOBURN. Proceedings of Town Meeting, November 8th, 1864.

Whole No. of ballots cast for Presidential Electors, 948

**FOR ELECTORS AT LARGE.**  
Edward Everett, of Boston, 608  
Whiting Griswold, of Greenfield, 608  
Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, 340  
Erasmus D. Beach, of Springfield, 340  
Dist. No. 1.—Richard Borden, of Fall River, 608  
A. H. Howland, of New Bedford, 340  
No. 2.—Artemus Hale, of Bridgewater, 608  
John Wilson, of Cohasset, 340  
No. 3.—George Putnam, of Roxbury, 608  
Andrew Pierce, of Boston, 340  
No. 4.—John M. S. Williams, of Cambridge, 608  
Abraham Jackson, of Boston, 340  
No. 5.—John G. Whittier, of Amesbury, 608  
Samuel E. Peabody, of Salem, 340  
No. 6.—George L. Davis, of No. Andover, 608  
James H. Carlton, of Haverhill, 340  
No. 7.—Stephen M. Weld, of West Roxbury, 608  
Levi Saltun, of Newbury, 340  
No. 8.—Levi Lincoln, of Worcester, 608  
Isaac Davis, of Worcester, 340  
No. 9.—Wm. S. Clark, of Amherst, 608  
Wm. H. Fuller, of Whately, 340  
No. 10.—John Wells, of Chicopee, 608  
Abram Paige, of Springfield, 340

**STATE OFFICERS.**  
**FOR GOVERNOR.**  
John A. Andrew, of Boston, 593  
Henry W. Paine, of Cambridge, 351  
**FOR VICE GOVERNOR.**  
Joel Hayden, of Williamsburg, 596  
Thomas F. Plunket, of Pittsfield, 350

**SECRETARY.**  
Oliver Warner, of Northampton, 596  
Frederick O. Prince, of Winchester, 350  
J. C. Bodwell, Jr., of Woburn, 1

**TREASURER.**  
Henry K. Oliver, of Salem, 596  
Nathan Clark, of Lynn, 351

**ATTORNEY GENERAL.**  
Chester I. Reed, of Taunton, 596  
S. O. Lamb, of Greenfield, 351

**AUDITOR.**  
Levi Reed, of Abington, 596  
Moses Bates, of Plymouth, 351

**COUNSELLOR FOR DISTRICT NO. 3.**  
Thomas Talbot, of Billerica, 596  
Isaac Davis, of Cambridge, 351

**COUNTY COMMISSIONER.**  
Joseph H. Waitt, of Malden, 596  
Loren L. Fuller, of Malden, 351

**COUNTY TREASURER.**  
Amos Stone, of Charlestown, 596  
P. P. Jewett, of Lowell, 351

**REGISTER OF DEEDS.**  
Caleb Hayden, of Cambridge, 596  
E. W. Keyes, of Charlestown, 351

**SENATOR FOR DISTRICT NO. 5.**  
John Hill, of Stoneham, 593  
S. T. Sanborn, of Winchester, 351

**REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS FOR DIST. NO. 6.**  
Daniel W. Gooch, of Melrose, 596  
Thomas J. Greenwood, of Malden, 351

**REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE 10TH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.**  
Joseph G. Pollard, of Woburn, 610  
John Cummings, Jr., of Woburn, 346

**TOWN MEETING.**  
On Art. 1.—Chose Horace Conn, Moderator. Mr. Conn not being present, it was voted to choose another Moderator. Chose S. M. Allen.

On Art. 2.—List of Jurors; Voted to strike out of the List the name of  
A. B. Brooks, and substitute that of Ames Gowing; Joseph Kelley, " " Oliver C. Rogers; Stephen Nichols, " " Warren Emerson; Edward Chapman, " " Munson Johnson; T. Chandler Parker, " " John Robinson.

Voted, To adopt the List.  
On Art. 3.—(in relation to selling a piece of land on Fowle street.) Voted, To refer to the Selectmen.

On Art. 4.—(in relation to prosecutions for violation of the license law.) Voted, To dismiss.

On Art. 5.—(in relation to the claim of Wm. T. Spiller.) Voted, To refer the whole matter to the Selectmen.

On Art. 6.—Voted, To rescind the vote passed at the last April meeting, instructing the Selectmen to prosecute all illegal sellers of intoxicating liquors in Woburn.

On Art. 7.—Voted, To accept Chapter 221 of the Acts of the Legislature of Massachusetts, of 1864, in relation to Public Baths.

On Art. 8.—(in relation to the feasibility of establishing Public Baths.) Voted, To refer to the Selectmen, with instructions to consider the subject and report at a future meeting.

Voted, That a committee of three be added to the Selectmen.

Voted, To choose them by nomination from the chair. The chair nominated Ephraim Cutler, Thomas Emerson, A. W. Goodale.

Before dissolving the meeting, the Chairman addressed the town as follows:

**FELLOW CITIZENS:** The Selectmen feel that there is much credit due to the citizens and voters of Woburn, for the extremely good order and good feeling which have been manifested here to-day—and hope that the same good order and good feeling have prevailed throughout our good old Commonwealth; if so, Massachusetts has much whereof to boast.

Dissolved. W.

A down-east genius has invented spectacles that will make lard look like butter. A dealer in town is about to order a few gross for boarding-house keepers.

Robert Hall was once asked what he thought of an elegant sermon, which had created a great sensation. "Very fine, sir," he replied, "but a man can't eat flowers."

A thick pamphlet has just been published to prove that Presidents Harrison and Taylor were assassinated by poison in the interest of the South, and that the mysterious National Hotel epidemic in 1857 was the result of a similar attempt on the life of Mr. Buchanan.

A paragraph in the recent foreign news says that the Danish Government is anxious to sell its West India possessions to the United States. Considering the straits of the Danish Government, arising from the war waged against her by Germany, this is by no means improbable.

Among the acts passed at the late session of the Alabama Legislature was one which makes the crimes of negro stealing, horse stealing, burglary, robbery and arson punishable with death by hanging, without discretion of the jury.

### Our Army Correspondence.

MIDDLETOWN, VA., Oct. 27, '64.

Dear Editor:—Like storms that come and go across the face of Ocean, so battles stir the current of an army's life. Engagements, large or small, excite more remark and occupy attention for a longer time among the civil community at home, than among those who have been actual participants in the struggle. Soldiers forget surprisingly quick the dangers to which they have been exposed. And so the late battle and glorious victory near this place has already become a stale subject to the soldiers of the Middle Military Division. Perhaps your readers may find a little interest in the relation of how a battle-field looks at the rear, as they have already many times read descriptions of how it seems at the front. Your correspondent has before this written to you his impressions gathered amid the blaze and glare of the contest, and now is able to present things as seen a safe distance behind the line of battle.

Two divisions of the cavalry corps had covered the right flank of the army in its position on Cedar Creek, previous to the battle of the 19th inst. Early on that morning we were roused from our blankets by an imperative summons from the bugle to "boot and saddle." Shortly after which could be heard volleys of musketry. This caused no alarm as everybody knew Custer to be on the extreme right, and we were all the more undisturbed that he had but two mornings before entirely frustrated an apparently similar attack upon his pickets. It appears that this was but a feint on the part of the rebels to cover their flanking operations on our left. About daylight they came down in heavy force upon our left flank, and made desperate pushes to gain a position in our rear on the pike. The firing grew terrific and ever seemed to edge round to our left. The cavalry disappeared upon the extreme right, while the wagon trains gathered thick about the pike hastening to quit the vicinity of the battle. With one of those trains duty called your correspondent to go. For many minutes we awaited opportunity to move out in the direction of Winchester, the avenue of movement being all choked with ambulances, forges, wagons, &c. All the while the battle seemed to surge nearer and nearer until its outer waves began to reach us in the shape of wounded and stragglers. As it came our turn to move out I almost began to think the battle would reach us, for looking back the fields were thickly dotted with the fleeing forms of our broken soldiery. The 8th Corps had entirely broken up and was seeking the rear in great disorder. Small bodies of cavalry here and there stood firm and managed to detain many of the flying infantry. As we fled into the woods in the direction of Winchester, I took one last look and judged we had been quite soundly thrashed. As we made our way along by-lanes, through orchards, across ditches, and crashing over half-torn down trees, stragglers overtaking us gave out most dismal stories of captured men and artillery, while every now and then a loaded ambulance or limping wounded man bore testimony to their truth. At first we moved so slowly that even the wounded went by us, and for a time the battle seemed to gain ground upon us. As the long column of wagons straightened out, we moved more swiftly until at length our walk changed to a trot, and then to a gallop. Every now and again a short delay would occur as some unfortunate wagon broke down, and then the whole train would close up again leaving it to its fate. Small trains would occasionally attempt to enfilade the main column and then would occur some of the most extraordinary jamming. Oaths were plenty, and threats of shooting. Whips snapped and lashed violently. All was hurry and crush, with an occasional smash. Yet with all nobody was hurt. In two hours the whole of the immense train reached Winchester and parked at its northern extremity, having made a progress which was indeed wonderful for wagons. From Cedar Creek to W. it is about 14 miles. Toward noon we lost all sound of the battle. About the middle of the afternoon as we valiant soldiers in the rear were leisurely getting our dinner, the boom of cannon rang out again fiercely from the south. At night came the news of our wonderful and unexpected success. So thorough a defeat to either party in the east had not happened since Bull Run. The rebels threw down their arms, and each man ran his own way.

As far as the condition of his army would permit, Gen. Sheridan pursued the enemy, collecting arms, prisoners, and artillery at every step. Two days after the fight the open field in front of Gen. Sheridan's headquarters, was crowded with the captured armament and equipments of Early's army. Guns, caissons, ambulances, prisoners, horses, mules, small arms, were all jumbled together in a strange confusion, the fruits of victory. Of a certainty, the rebels must at least receive reinforcements of artillery before they attempt to face us. It is reported that prisoners have stated a section of artillery to be all that Early now has of that arm of the service. My comrades in the battery are loud in praise of the cavalry who on that day actually charged lines and columns of rebel infantry, repeatedly. Some claim that the fortune of the day was turned by their means.

Government pays \$75 apiece for artificial legs furnished to maimed soldiers.

### WINCHESTER.

**AN OCTOGENARIAN.**—Capt. Nathan Jaquith, eighty-four years of age, performed the remarkable feat, for a man of his years, of walking from this town to Lowell, a distance of about eighteen miles, on Wednesday, in six hours, returning on the following Saturday, and immediately after going to work hoeing in his garden. How many of our young men of the present day can beat this, or even equal it? Our venerable friend has cause for congratulation that his bodily health is so good as to enable him to show such activity and endurance of fatigue.

**ELECTION.**—The election passed off very quietly on Tuesday. The voters did not require to be sent for but came promptly up to the polls to discharge this important duty. Only about thirty names on the voting list remained unchecked at the close of the polls, and these were mostly unable to be present. The vote for Representative in the 6th Middlesex District was as follows:—  
Chas. Goddard, (Rep.) 203  
D. N. Skillings, (Dem.) 140

63 plurality  
W. Cambridge gave Goddard 96  
Electing Mr. Goddard by 150  
For Presidential Electors, — Lincoln, 227; McClellan, 110.

For Governor, Andrew had 223; Paine had 114.

This town only followed the rest of the State in its unexampled vote for the Republican candidates, and the victory achieved here, as elsewhere, was a surprise even to the members of that dominant party. As soon as the election of the Representative was decided, the friends of the successful candidate, under the leadership of Capt. Alfred Norton, called on Mr. Goddard at his residence, and congratulated him on his election. Mr. Goddard came out and made a brief speech, thanking his friends for the honor conferred, and expressing his gratification at the glorious result everywhere in the election, and its effect upon the country and the world. Three times three hearty cheers were given for the candi-

And in south everybody unites in their praise. On the field of battle they charged hither and thither, and like a sharp sword blade, cutting whichever way they turned. Our battery lost but one man, whose hand was taken away by a rebel shell.

The army has again settled down into its old position, its front along Cedar Creek, and its left flank resting on the Shenandoah. Perhaps it may again be a battlefield. Our div. (the First) holds the extreme left, while Custer, I am told, still occupies the extreme right. Power's, lately Averill's division, are said to be in the Luray Valley to prevent flanking by way of Front Royal. Connonading was heard all day yesterday in his direction, the cause of which has not yet transpired. The picket line of the whole army extends a distance of about six miles.

In the whole of the campaign which commenced with the battle of Winchester, no general has won more praise than Custer, and in this last fight he has fairly doubled his laurels. He is a great favorite and everybody claims that he has nobly earned the second star on his shoulder. He seems to possess all the fire and courage of Kilpatrick, but infinitely more judgment. In personal appearance he is the very model of a dashing cavalry officer. His figure is slight and elegant and he sits on his horse most gracefully. His costume is a dark red velvet cavalry jacket, with pants of a light drab. His long yellow hair flows out from beneath a broad brimmed hat, and streams in ringlets far behind him as he rides along at a swift canter. His features are strongly marked and pale. His voice is heavy yet musical. The members of his old brigade always cheer him when he passes, and he always returns the compliment by waving his hat above his head. No wonder he is admired when to graces of person he adds excellence of mind. When he lifts his hat his fair complexion and hair, and fine contour of head give him the look of a young Apollo.

Space does not permit a description of our falling back from Mt. Crawford to this place. It was accomplished by the groans and tears of an impoverished community. Fires are dreadful viewed singly, but pen cannot describe the terrible effect of a whole landscape in flames. Not a barn escaped that contained the least portion of grain or forage. The property destroyed must amount to millions. As Sheridan burnt all the barns and fodder, so, doubtless to prevent the poor cattle from starving to death the coming winter, he drove them all off. Perhaps it was to shut off all supplies to the rebel commissariat, as some say, that he did this. In the general conflagration part of the town of Woodstock was fired by accident. It happened as we were passing through. I shall never forget the scene. Families turned out of house and home hurried down the street to escape the flames, fathers and mothers with arms full of helpless children, and others hanging to their garments. Terror stamped every countenance. Thus the terrors of war reach beyond the battle field. Let your readers be thankful they live so far from the actual scene of conflict.

### HOPLITE.

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date elect and the cause so ably represented in him.

**TOWN MEETING.**—A Town Meeting was held at 2 o'clock. W. A. Stone was chosen Moderator. The list of Jurors prepared by the Selectmen was accepted. The report of the Selectmen in relation to the straightening of High street as petitioned for by S. P. Bartlett and others, which was that it be laid out as desired, provided the petitioners pay one-half the expense of the same, which was estimated at \$1000, was, after some discussion, recommended to the Board. The report of the Selectmen, that they had laid out Swanton Street as a Public Town Way, was accepted. Capt. N. A. Richardson, formerly the Treasurer and Collector of the town, by leave of the meeting, made a lengthy statement in regard to his matters, about which there has been so much said and written. He was followed by L. R. Symmes denying some of the facts stated. At this point the article in the Warrant allowing the subject to be brought up, was dismissed, thus stopping further debate.

**RELIGIOUS.**—Rev. Mr. Robinson, of the Cong. Church, preached last Sunday morning an able and eloquent discourse from the text, "Render under Caesar the things which are Caesar's." The duty of every citizen to vote for the present National Administration, was brought home to the heart and conscience of his hearers in a convincing manner, and the issues involved in the contest were clearly and logically set forth.

**ILLUMINATIONS.**—Several of the Republicans illuminated their houses on Wednesday evening, in honor of the great victory achieved on Tuesday at the ballot box. To show how well the Republicans were organized and knew their men, it may be stated, that they counted upon 228 votes for Lincoln, and 227 were cast for him.

### STONEHAM.

Stoneham thinks she has done her duty to the cause of the Union in this last election. Four Hundred Union men to 79 copperheads may be considered a pretty emphatic vote—a "good working majority!" And then, it must be remembered that the "unterrified" followers of McClellan and Pendleton leaders have been wide awake here, getting out their flag a long time before the Union men hung out theirs, going out of town as many as three times to attend meetings of their brethren in other places, distributing "the documents," posting up a big sheet with the phiz of the Little McClellan pictured thereon, and smaller sheets containing garbled extracts from the letters of Rev. Mr. Quint, and other such like doings, which may not be mentioned here and now.

It is noticeable that the plank in the Chicago platform containing the sentiment of an immediate "cessation of hostilities," was too heavy to be borne by the better portion of the opposition. One ardent democrat expressed his firm conviction in open town meeting, that Abraham Lincoln would be re-elected and that we should see a good deal of fighting done yet—he saw nothing ahead but fight. He said if McClellan could have been elected, he, the little McClellan, would have had just as much fighting as there will be now.

### SOUTH READING.

**ELECTIONS.**—The all important business of Tuesday was transacted here, as in other places, without any particular excitement, yet everybody was excited in his own mind, each wishing the success of his favorite ticket. The vote in this town stood as follows:—  
For President—Lincoln, 426; McClellan, 70.  
For Governor—Andrew, 408; Paine, 70.  
Representative to Congress—Gooch, 411; Greenwood, 73.  
State Senator from this District—Hill, 418; Sanborn, 69.

Representatives to General Court from 20th Middlesex District—L. F. Lynde, 394; Daniel Allen, 279; A. G. Sweetser, 119; Wm. H. Messer, 74; Caleb Howard, 70.

**OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.**—Father Kemp with his troupe, was in town on Wednesday, the guests of Dr. S. O. Richardson, and in the afternoon gave one of their highly entertaining musical concerts to the public schools of South Reading. And another in the evening to the adult population. This is the second privilege of the kind which our schools have enjoyed, made free to them by the liberality of Dr. S. O. Richardson.

**SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.**—The following will be the order of the School Exhibitions in the Town Hall the coming week: On Thursday P. M., at 1 o'clock, Montrose, Woodville, Greenwood—West Senior, Center Senior, Intermediate and Grammar school. On Friday A. M., 9 o'clock, North, West Primary, Center Primary, No. 1 and No. 2, and Center Junior Intermediate. Friday P. M., at 1 o'clock, High school, from which a class will graduate. The first part of the afternoon will be occupied by the exercises of the graduating class. On Friday P. M., the schools will close for two weeks, or until Monday, Dec. 5. M.

An idea may be formed of the expense of maintaining a steam navy from an inspection of the budget of the French



Minister of Marine, from which it appears that a steam frigate of 450 horsepower consumes 1,644 ft. worth of coal in 24 hours; a steam corvette of 320 horsepower, 1,236 ft.; a steam corvette of 230 horsepower, 925 ft.; a steamboat of 160 horsepower, 719 ft. Thus, a steam frigate making a voyage which lasts a month will expend 50,000 ft. worth of coal, or 600,000 ft. in the year. It must further be observed that ships of war of 600 horsepower consume 2,000 ft. worth of coal daily. The ships of war Alexandre, Jena, or Ville de Paris, consume 700,000 ft. worth of coal annually. The Imperial navy consumes 80,000,000 kilograms of coal.

#### READING.

The election passed off very quietly on Tuesday, hardly enough animation about it to make it particularly interesting. Old Abe got 353 votes, and Little Mac 64. Lieut. William Wallace Davis was chosen Representative. After the business of the State Election had been disposed of, a meeting for the transaction of town officers was held, and was organized by the choice of Mr. Solon Bancroft as Moderator. It was voted, That the sum of \$2 per day be paid to the Selectmen, from Nov. 1862, to May, 1864, for services in recruiting; to be paid from the money appropriated by the State. \$200 was appropriated toward procuring a watchman, which finished the town business at an early hour.

Father Kemp is on the wing again. He has just returned from an eastern tour, and gave a very acceptable concert in Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening. He had a good audience, although the weather was quite unfavorable.

The Re-union gave their annual entertainment Wednesday evening. The number present was not so large as on former occasions, although there was a goodly number of ladies. LENO.

OUR NAVY.—The navy of this country is becoming a very powerful arm of the National defence. There are in active service 558 steamers, with an aggregate tonnage of 408,000 tons, against the original 26 steamers and 49,700 tons, with which the war commenced. Of this number 200 steamers, with an aggregate of 240,000 tons, have been built by the Department. The additions which are now being made to our navy, are of vessels of the first class, which will largely increase its efficiency and power. There are seven wooden steamers, two built by outside parties, the others at the naval ship yards, of 3200 tons, intended to have a speed of sixteen knots an hour. They will carry immense batteries, be full rigged, and will doubtless prove the fastest and most formidable ocean cruisers ever built by any power. There are also in progress of building by the Department twenty first-class wooden screw steamers of two thousand two hundred tons each, to have a speed of thirteen knots, carry enormous batteries, and be full rigged for ocean cruisers. They will soon be completed. There has just been completed eight screw steamers of 593 tons each. The machinery is from the designs of various parties building to compete with the Department. The first three having the Department's machinery, have been thoroughly tried, and can maintain a speed of 11-1/2 knots. There are now nearly completed the wooden iron-clad coast steamers Tonawanda, Montonomah, Agamenticus and Monadnock, of 1,564 tons, drawing 12 feet of water, and having two turrets each, carrying two 15-inch guns. The Monadnock has been tried, and is found capable of achieving a maximum speed of 11 knots. Four other iron-clads of the same type, but larger and faster, being 3,200 tons, are being constructed. The Monitor iron-clads constructed number 74, and have an aggregate tonnage of 78,100. That this powerful navy should have been created within three years, when the means at command were at the beginning only about two dozen machine shops, some of them without tools, machinery or workmen, fitted for the work required, proves how readily the skill of the country can adapt itself to the circumstances required, and how great are the resources of the nation to supply any of its wants.

PREVENTIVE OF CANKER-WORM. [By J. W. Manning, Reading, Mass.] Canker-worm grubs can be effectually prevented from ascending the trees by placing finely sifted coal ashes about the base of the trees, say six to twelve inches at the steepest angle they can be made to remain. The grubs lose footing in the loose ashes and roll back to the bottom, and thus exhaust themselves; they, also, when in large numbers, cling together, and cannot extricate themselves, and are easily destroyed. This mode was first successfully practiced in this town, by Mr. W. T. Hartshorn, about four years ago. It was a perfect success; no Canker-worm having been seen in the orchard since. I have frequently passed the trees, and noted the healthy foliage as compared with neighboring trees, not treated thus.

Brush over the surface of the ashes frequently to prevent their becoming compact; if soaked with rain, renew the surface with dry ashes. Begin to apply ashes as soon as Oct. 25th, or at least early in November, and attend to them when the grubs run until spring. Coal ashes, so often a nuisance, are in this way made useful (other dry mealy substitutes may be used). In spite of the usual remedies to prevent the ascent of the grub in former years, the worms injured the trees until coal ashes banished them. Try it and report result.—[Gardener's Monthly.]

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#### BIRTHS.

In Woburn, Oct. 19, twin children, to Patrick Kelley.

Oct. 29, daughter, to James Manning.

#### Married.

In Boston, Nov. 3d, by Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Dedham, Samuel S. Jameson of Woburn, to Mrs. Ellen F. Bacon of Boston.

#### Died.

In Woburn, Nov. 4, Fred Lewis White, aged 10 months.

In Woburn, Nov. 9, Annie R. Cahill, aged 11 months, 24 days.

In Reading, Nov. 4, Mr. Jedd Brown, aged 79 years, 10 months.

In Reading, Oct. 26, after a long and severe illness, Jamie E. son of Jonathan E. and Lucy S. Temple, aged 8 years and 10 months.

#### WARREN ACADEMY.

The Winter term of this Institution will commence on Monday, Nov. 25th, at 9 A. M., and continue eleven weeks, under the care of Daniel W. Sanborn, A. M., Principal, and Miss Kate Bodwell, Assistant. There will be an evening session for those who are unable to attend in the daytime, on Mondays and Thursdays, consisting of 24 lessons.

Terms—\$6.00 for the Advanced department.

\$4.00 for the Preparatory department.

\$5.00 for the Evening Session of 24 lessons.

EPHRAIM CUTLER, Sec. of the Board of Trustees.

Woburn, Nov. 12th, 1864.—31

#### TRY IT.

The most effectual Remedy for Chapped Hands, Sunburn & Inflammation of the Skin.

#### BRIGHAM'S

Camphorated Glycerine Lotion.

For sale only at 5 Wade's Block.

#### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

#### IN INSOLVENCY.

Notice is hereby given that Honorable William A. Richardson, Judge of Court of Insolvency in and for the said County of Middlesex, has issued a Warrant against the Estate of Alfred Willoughby, of Woburn, in said County, Shoemaker, an Insolvent Debtor, and the payment of any Debts, and the delivery of any Property, belonging to said Insolvent Debtor, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any Property by him, are forbidden by law.

A meeting of the Creditors will be held at the Court of Insolvency, to be held at a Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-third day of November, inst., at nine o'clock in the forenoon, for the proof of Debts, and the choice of an Assignee or Assignees.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.

Woburn, November 10th, 1864.—24

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscribers has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Mrs. SARAH BUCK, late of Norbury, Maine, in the County of Oxford, widow, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

F. W. PERRY, Adm.

Winchester, Mass., Nov. 7, 1864. n12-35\*

#### Letters Remaining Unclaimed.

IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN, State of Massachusetts, 12th day of Nov. 1864.

To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call on the Postmaster, and pay the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

O'Connell Anne Mrs.  
Crain Lucy  
Cone S W  
Hall Harry  
Lawrence Josiah  
Stevens Mary E  
NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

#### \$300 REWARD.

SELECTMEN'S OFFICE, Woburn, November 3d, 1864.

Whereas depredations have been committed on the Fence enclosing the Lot of Gen. Abijah Thompson, in the Woburn Cemetery, the Selectmen hereby offer a reward of Three Hundred Dollars for the detection and conviction of the person or persons who committed the same.

By order of the Board of Selectmen,  
A. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

nov5-3t

#### TREASURER'S NOTICE

#### TO SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

Persons who are entitled to draw State aid to families, are hereby informed that in all cases it will be payable on the first day of each month; and it is earnestly desired that parties interested, will be punctual in drawing it at that time.

GAWIN R. GAGE, Treasurer.

Woburn, Sept. 24th, 1864.

#### Administrator's Sale of Real ESTATE.

BY License from the Court of Probate for Middlesex County, will be sold at Auction, on the premises, on Monday, Nov. 14, 1864, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the following parcels of land belonging to the Estate of the late Jeremiah Brown: 1 piece of tillage land, situated in South N. C. Wright on the South, and that recently owned by J. M. Putney, on the North, containing 24 acres, more or less. Also, 1 piece of Pasture, East of the above described piece, and separated from it by a wall, containing an acre, more or less. A more full description may be had by reference to posted bills.

EDWARD MANSFIELD, Administrator.

South Reading, Oct. 29, 1864. 3t

#### NOTICE.

STOCKHOLDERS owning Shares in the Woburn Gas Light Company, on the first day of October, 1864, are hereby notified that a dividend of six per cent on the Capital Stock of the Company, has been declared, payable on and after Nov. 1st, at the office of the Company.

Office hours from 9 till 5 o'clock P. M.

AARON THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Oct. 29th, 1864. 3t

#### DR. POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND!

#### THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY

#### For Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping Cough.

#### CURES GRAVEL AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be procured to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by druggists.

Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made as lately as the spring of 1853, and then merely for one individual, who was afflicted with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without name till November following, when it was called White Pine Compound. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1854, an individual who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' duration. This being a rare discovery, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine, one of the best diuretics known, provided its stringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the Compound could be so arranged as to neutralize the stringency of the bark, it would be a wonderful medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it, or recommend it for such use.

But while the White Pine Compound is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation, that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been cured by the originator, where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a cure effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves, or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of the White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans. One instance confirming this may here be given:

James Cartier, a bold French mariner, as early as 1674, sailed along the northern coast of North America, and was first among discoverers to enter the River St. Lawrence. On his return down the river, he found his men sadly afflicted and disabled by what sailors call the scurvy. His ravages were fatal, and the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. Some of the men died in his arms. He was likewise attacked by the same disease, but Cartier observed that they soon recovered. He therefore earnestly tried the quality of the bark, and leaves of which they used in decoction, with signal success. Cartier tried the decoction, and had the gratification of seeing all of his crew who were afflicted, rapidly improving. This Tree was the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation, and cleaning all sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine bark are known everywhere, and this Compound is one grand reason why the White Pine Compound was so favorably received at first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine, that the people living where it is prepared, are high in its praise.

#### TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed, from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious, not only in coughs and other pulmonary affections, also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I feel it has even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South River, writes:

"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties, with excellent results. Several of our friends have also benefited much from the use of the Compound. We intend to keep it constantly on hand."

Rev. H. D. Hope, of West Randolph, Vt., who is also a physician, says:

"I find it (the Compound) an excellent medicine in kidney diseases."

Says Mr. S. Moody, of the 14th Regiment Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, at Fort Tillinghast:

"The White Pine Compound effected a cure where a fellow was considered in a critical condition by all who knew him. I can fully substantiate this by men in this company, who thought it folly for him to make a trial of it. In colds and coughs, men leave the care of the surgeon, and try treatment that he had for nothing, and try the White Pine Compound."

Col. Gould, formerly Major of the 13th Reg't, M. V., (that Veteran Regiment!) in a letter to S. Dean, Esq., of Stoughton, speaks in the highest praise of the White Pine Compound, and expresses a wish that it might be sent to the soldiers. His opinion is based on personal knowledge.

No effort has ever yet been made by the proprietor to introduce it into the Army; and yet it has often been purchased by friends of soldiers, to send in packages, and ordered by officers and soldiers, and large quantities have been forwarded by express.

#### FROM JAMES J. HOYT.

Bradford, N. H., Sept. 1860.

DR. POLAND.—In the Fall of 1857, I took a very violent cold, which brought on a very severe cough, pain in side and lungs, and raising blood. I was very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the Kidney Complaint. For the three years past, I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense sight, with a bad cough, after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short, unless I soon got relief. The last spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest at night without choking and raising blood. I have taken nearly three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption; my father, mother, and two sisters having died of it.

FROM STEPHEN BARTLETT.

Bradford, N. H., July, 1860.

DR. POLAND.—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had been coughing 10 years standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would live long. I had taken two bottles of your White Pine Compound, and have cured me of both the cough and the Kidney Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours, was so badly afflicted with a Cough, that she was only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only one bottle of your White Pine Compound, and it cured her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

FROM B. F. AIKEN.

Goffstown, March 14, 1860.

DR. POLAND.—I wish to bear testimony to the value of your White Pine Compound. You will remember how feeble I was at the time I called on you in July last. My chief complaint was inflammation of the kidneys. In addition to this, I had disagreeable symptoms. I suffered dreadfully from severe pain. You sold me a bottle of the White Pine Compound, and before I had taken two bottles of the contents of one bottle, my pain had all left me. Though I have been afflicted with that complaint a long time, I have never had a return of it since, and have for many months past enjoyed excellent health.

Many cases of DIABETES have been treated with the White Pine Compound, and the result has shown it to be a wonderful remedy in that so-called incurable disease. I send you a sample.

MR. ASA GOODHUE.

Of Bow, N. H., was so prostrated by Diabetes, in March, 1859, that he could scarcely live through the month. As a last resort, he thought he would try the White Pine Compound. They procured a bottle for him, he began to take it, and to his surprise of all, he immediately showed signs of amendment. Eleven months afterwards, (Feb. 22, 1860), in a full statement of his case, he says: "I believe Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, under God, has been the means of my recovery thus far."

The White Pine Compound, GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, With be manufactured and put up at NEW ENGLAND BOTANICAL DEPOT HANOVER ST. BOSTON, Under the supervision of REV. J. W. POLAND, M. D.

DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed. Sold by wholesale and retail dealers in medicine everywhere. nov12-3m

For sale in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM.

#### U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from Aug. 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date, must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

#### Special Advantages of this Loan.

It is a NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the BEST SECURITY. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it CANNOT pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in government securities or in notes and bonds payable in government paper.

#### Convertible into a Six per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond.

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than NINE PER CENT. PREMIUM, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.

#### Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress EXEMPTS ALL BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES FROM LOCAL TAXATION. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country. It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositories, and by the

#### FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOWELL,

#### FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CAMBRIDGE,

#### FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON,

And by all National Banks which are depositories of public money, and

#### ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country will give further information and

#### AFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS

oct8-2m

#### FOR THE HAIR.

#### STERLING'S AMBROSIA,

#### KENDALL'S AMBROSIA,

#### BURNETT'S OIL OF SCALP,

And all the popular Hair preparations of the day. For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

sept 10

#### COAL, LUMBER, & C.

Particular attention paid to printing POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

#### JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

#### G. R. GAGE,

#### MERCHANT TAILOR,

New Bank Building, Woburn.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is now located in his new store, where, with increased facilities, he is ready to fill their orders with promptness and despatch.

#### BUSINESS AND DRESS SUITS

made in the best style, and warranted to fit.

Particular attention paid to making

#### Boys' Clothing

He has on hand a large stock of the best and most desirable goods in the market, suitable for the season, which will be made up to order at the most reasonable rates.

#### FURNISHING GOODS

of all kinds, and of the best qualities, constantly on hand.

Woburn, March 19th, 1864.

#### DR. C. T. LANG,

#### Surgeon Dentist.

Cor. Wynn and Pleasant Sts. Woburn Centre, Mass.

#### MATRIMONIAL!

#### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

If you wish to marry, address the undersigned, who will send you without money and without price, valuable information that will enable you to marry happy and speedily, irrespective of age, wealth or beauty. This information will cost you nothing, and if you wish to marry, I will cheerfully assist you. All letters strictly confidential. The desired information sent by return mail, and no questions asked.

Sarah B. Lambert, Greenpoint, Kings Co., NEW YORK.

oct12-2m

#### TOILET EXTRACTS.

In endless variety, many of which will be sold at a low figure. By W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

#### 4711 Farina Cologne 4711

Celebrated for its excellence all over the world. For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

#### To Consumptives.

Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and Lung affections, (free of charge,) by sending their address to Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings Co., New York.

sept14-3m

Ready-made Overcoats, \$60, \$55, \$50, \$45, \$40, \$35, \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$10, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2, \$1, \$1/2, \$1/4, \$1/8, \$1/16, \$1/32, \$1/64, \$1/128, \$1/256, \$1/512, \$1/1024, \$1/2048, \$1/4096, \$1/8192, \$1/16384, \$1/32768, \$1/65536, \$1/131072, \$1/262144, \$1/524288, \$1/1048576, \$1/2097152, \$1/4194304, \$1/8388608, \$1/16777216, \$1/33554432, \$1/67108864, \$1/134217728, \$1/268435456, \$1/536870912, \$1/1073741824, \$1/2147483648, \$1/4294967296, \$1/8589934592, \$1/17179869184, \$1/34359738368, \$1/68719476736, \$1/137438953472, \$1/274877906944, \$1/549755813888, \$1/1099511627776, \$1/2199023255552, \$1/4398046511104, \$1/8796093022208, \$1/17592186044416, \$1/35184372088832, \$1/70368744177664, \$1/140737488355328, \$1/281474976710656, \$1/562949953421312, \$1/1125899906842624, \$1/2251799813685248, \$1/4503599627370496, \$1/9007199254740992, \$1/18014398509481984, \$1/36028797018963968, \$1/72057594037927936, \$1/144115188075855872, \$1/288230376151711744, \$1/576460752303423488, \$1/1152921504606846976, \$1/2305843009213693952, \$1/4611686018427387904, \$1/9223372036854775808, \$1/18446744073709551616, \$1/36893488147419103232, \$1/73786976294838206464, \$1/147573952589676412928, \$1/295147905179352825856, \$1/590295810358705651712, \$1/1180591620717411303424, \$1/2361183241434822606848, \$1/4722366482869645213696, \$1/9444732965739290427392, \$1/18889465931478580854784, \$1/37778931862957161709568, \$1/75557863725914323419136, \$1/151115727451828646838272, \$1/302231454903657293676544, \$1/604462909807314587353088, \$1/1208925819614629174706176, \$1/2417851639229258349412352, \$1/4835703278458516698824704, \$1/9671406556917033397649408, \$1/19342813113834066795298816, \$1/38685626227668133590597632, \$1/77371252455336267181195264, \$1/154742504910672534362390528, \$1/309485009821345068724781056, \$1/618970019642690137449562112, \$1/1237940039285380274899124224, \$1/2475880078570760549798248448, \$1/4951760157141521099596496896, \$1/9903520314283042199192993792, \$1/19807040628566084398385987584, \$1/39614081257132168796771975168, \$1/79228162514264337593543950336, \$1/158456325028528675187087900672, \$1/316912650057057350374175801344, \$1/633825300114114700748351602688, \$1/1267650600228229401496







# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

## The Artist.

There came a great painter to paint the Earth,  
He painted the ground of it green;  
He smiled—and the figures sprang quick into birth,  
And spread themselves over the carpeted earth—  
All over that carpet of green.

"Oh, how shall we ever ourselves know apart?"  
Cried out to each other, the flowers;  
Then the Sun, that great painter, the first of his art,  
Seized his brush, and the flowers no more parted  
apart;

For he gave each its hue to the flowers.  
He garished with silver the gates of the East,  
He garished the West with gold;  
By him hath the daisy its yellow-bound vest,  
While the rose and the lily his talents attest—  
The Sun was a painter of all.

An artist of taste is our artist, the Sun,  
And the grace of the rainbow declares;  
For he threw at a dash all the colors in one,  
And hang it the path of the shower-cloud upon,  
Arching the path of the stars.

Oh, where shall an artist be found of like power?  
His pencil, as 'twere, dipped in flame;  
And he wrought all alone, as he rolled with the hours,  
For as yet there was none to give name to the flowers,  
No Eve yet to give them a name.

But his finest touches remained to be made:  
His subject was chosen well;  
He painted the face of the earliest maid;  
And sent her through Eden in glory arrayed—  
His subject was chosen well.

The forms of beauty and brows of grace  
That we meet in groups on the winding way,  
Are but copies struck off of the first of his race,  
Each wearing the blush first called to her face.  
When the Sun fell in love with his work that day.

Oh, a prince among painters is our painter the Sun,  
A prince among painters is he;  
He hangs up his pictures or ever they're done,  
And gives a free ticket to every one—  
His gallery open and free.

How bodies are embalmed.—A  
correspondent of a Philadelphia paper  
writes from City Point, Va., as follows:

Among the curiosities in the rear  
of our great armies, none more attract  
attention than embalming tents, and the  
amount of business they do. The process  
of embalming is very simple and easily  
comprehended. When the subject is laid  
upon the operating table, a slight incision  
is made in the neck, from which as much  
of the blood as can be is withdrawn, and  
then an incision in the femoral artery ad-  
mits the metal end of a rubber tube,  
through which, by a force pump, the  
preserving fluid is driven into the entire  
arterial system, and thus into the venous  
system, expelling in the course of its  
progress what blood had yet remained in  
arteries or veins. The materials used,  
the embalmers attempt to conceal. It is  
said that arsenic is a principal one. This  
is especially important in warm weather.  
After the process is completed, the form  
of the face and general expression of the  
countenance remains unchanged, except  
a good deal darkening in color. At the  
end of a few months, an embalmed body  
would not be very different in appear-  
ance, perhaps, from the Egyptian speci-  
mens, though less repulsive.

If the embalming is deferred till the  
third day after death in summer time, it  
cannot be performed with success except  
in rare cases. Upon the second day suc-  
cess is quite certain; "and when we get  
the body within a few hours of death,"  
said an embalmer to me, "we make very  
pretty cases." And he exhibited some  
which seemed beautiful to him.

I learned of Dr. J. W. Bunnell, City  
Point, who is engaged in the business,  
that the whole cost of coffin, embalming,  
and expressing the body home to the  
Northern States, will range from \$80 to  
\$160, which must be paid here before the  
body leaves.

Upon the desirableness of having a  
friend's body embalmed and taken home,  
I am strongly in the negative. If he  
falls in fighting for a sacred principle, his  
body will help consecrate the soil, and  
make it truly sacred dust; and we will  
then remember him as he appeared when  
he left his Northern home, nor have our  
recollection of a bright and beautiful face  
forever marred by the vision of his de-  
caying but embalmed corpse. Still,  
should he be my friend, such  
would be my advice to my friend, Still,  
if you must see and bury with your own  
hands that loved dust, the embalmer will  
enable you to do it.

THE attention of our readers is called  
to an advertisement in our columns  
to day of Rev. J. W. Poland's White Pine  
Compound. All are familiar with the  
healing properties of the bark of the pine  
tree. Mr. Poland has been for many  
years a pastor of the Baptist church in  
Goffstown, N. H., and the people all  
speak highly of his preparation where it  
is prepared.

## A Visit to Mrs. Kent's.

I visited Mrs. Kent's more for the pur-  
pose of inquiring for her husband, who  
had been in the army most of the time  
for two years, than for anything else;  
because she had three little ones to look  
after, and was in humble circumstances.  
His regiment, the Fourth Vermont, suf-  
fered very severely in the battles of the  
Wilderness; and the last information I  
had received was, that she had heard  
nothing from him. She met me at the  
door, saying: "Oh! I am so glad to see  
you! I had a letter from my husband  
last night. Walk in."

I entered her little kitchen, where three  
rosy checked children were having a mer-  
ry time over a pet black kitten.

"And what news from your husband?"  
I inquired.

"Oh! he's living, and I'm so thankful;  
but he's wounded in both limbs. He  
wrote me he was doing well, and that the  
surgeon thought amputation would not  
be necessary. He said he must have  
died, had it not been for the Delegates of  
the Christian Commission."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why he was wounded whilst fighting  
in a ravine; and in the confusion he was  
left behind. He lay there two days  
without a morsel of food, when he was  
picked up by some of the Commission  
folks, who were searching about to see  
if any body had been left. They gave  
him food and stimulants; dressed his  
wounds; took off his wet, muddy clothes,  
and put on clean ones; and then sent  
him to a hospital in Alexandria. Oh!  
what a blessed work the Christian Com-  
mission is doing!" and overpowered by  
her emotions, she burst into tears. In a  
moment she continued: "He told me to  
help the Christian Commission, if I ever  
had a chance; for it had been the means  
of saving both the souls and bodies of  
many of his comrades."

"Do you know whether the people  
about here are going to try to get up  
another box?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "I am going around  
this morning to see what I can get; and,  
if it is in my power, a box shall be sent  
to-morrow morning."

"I am so glad. I have a blanket I can  
spare, as it is coming warm weather,  
and—"

"O mamma!" interrupted Charlie, a  
bright-eyed boy of five years—for our  
conversation had attracted the children  
from their play—"O mamma! I will send  
my new frock; and then the Mission  
folks will show it to papa, and he'll know  
his own little boy sent it, and then he'll  
be so glad."

"And how will he know his own little  
boy sent it?" I asked.

"Oh! it's just as big as me; and he'll  
know it in a minute. My papa knows  
most every thing," and he straightened  
up, as if to give more significance to his  
words.

"They may have the kitty, too," said  
three-year-old Walter, not wishing to be  
outdone by his brother.

"Yes, they may have it," chimed in  
his twin sister Mary.

"What will you have to play with, if  
you let the kitty go?" said I.

Walter hesitated a moment.

"Well—we'll play with the chips," he  
said at last.

"And the posies," added Mary.

"I guess the 'Mission folks will be well  
supplied with everything needful if they  
depend upon you," observed Mrs. Kent,  
laughing as she went into a little bed-  
room adjoining, and brought out a thick  
blanket and two cotton shirts. "There,"  
said she, holding up the shirts, "these are  
almost as good as new; and so are worth  
sending. I'm sure if Mr. Kent was here,  
he would give them; and if he lives to  
come home, he can get some more, per-  
haps," and then going to a bureau in one  
corner of the room, she unlocked a little  
drawer and took out a silver dollar, and  
handing it to me, said: "My grand-  
mother gave me this when I was a child,  
like Charlie, and told me to keep it, to  
remember her by, till I found a better  
use for it. I can remember her just as  
well without it; and I'm sure the time to  
spend it has come."

"Thank you," said I, "I'm sure it will  
do somebody good."

"Can you take the blanket and shirt  
along with you?" she inquired.

"Yes," I replied, "I came prepared to  
take bundles or almost anything else that  
people choose to send."

"As she was folding them, Charlie came  
out of the bedroom, holding his frock  
in his hand, and Mary tugged along the  
fat kitty in her chubby arms, saying af-  
fectionately: "Poor kitty, poor kitty."

"Here, mamma, don't forget to put in  
the table of his Emperor."

my frock," said Charlie; "and the kitty,"  
said Walter; and so intent were they  
upon sending them to the "sojers," that it  
was with some difficulty Mrs. Kent per-  
suaded them that the five cent bits their  
Uncle James gave them last winter would  
do the soldiers more good than the frock  
and the kitten.

The little drawer was again unlocked,  
and the five-cent pieces duly presented,  
the little bundle placed in my wagon, and  
I went on my way much encouraged.—  
Christian Commission.

PRICE OF TWO POTATOES.—The fol-  
lowing anecdote of the first Napoleon is  
related in a letter from a correspondent  
who was in the French military service  
for a considerable time, and who vouches  
for its authenticity.

The evening before the battle of Ulm,  
when Napoleon the first, in company  
with Marshal Berthier, was walking in-  
cognito through the camp, and listening  
to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a  
group not far off a grenadier of the guard  
who was roasting some potatoes in the  
ashes.

"I should like a roasted potato above  
everything else," said the Emperor to the  
Marshal; "ask the owner of them if he  
will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier ad-  
vanced to the group and asked to whom  
the potatoes belonged. A grenadier  
stepped forward and said: "They are  
mine."

"Will you sell me one?" inquired Ber-  
thier.

"I have only five," said the grenadier,  
"and that's hardly enough for my own  
supper."

"I will give you two napoleons if you  
will sell me one," continued Berthier.

"I don't want your gold," said the gre-  
nadier; "I may be killed to-morrow, and I  
don't want the enemy to find me with an  
empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer  
to the Emperor, who was standing a little  
in the background.

"Let me see if I shall be luckier than  
you," said the latter; and going up close  
to the grenadier he asked him if he would  
sell him a potato.

"Not by a long shot," said the grena-  
dier; "I haven't enough for myself."

"But you may set your own price,"  
said Napoleon. "Come I am hungry,  
and haven't eaten to day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for my-  
self," repeated the grenadier, "besides all  
that, do you think that I don't know you,  
in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I, then?" inquired the Em-  
peror.

"Bah!" said the grenadier. The little  
corporal, as they call you."

"Well!" said Napoleon, "since you  
know me, will you sell me a potato?"

"No," said the grenadier; "but if you  
would have me come and dine with you  
when we get back to Paris, you may sup  
with me to-night."

"Done!" said the Emperor, "on the  
word of a little corporal, and on the word  
of an Emperor."

"Well and good," said the grenadier.  
"Our potatoes ought to be done by this  
time; there are the two largest; the rest  
I'll eat myself."

The Emperor sat down and eat his po-  
tatoes, and then returned with Berthier  
to his tent, remarking: "The rogue is a  
good soldier! I'll wager."

Two months afterwards Napoleon the  
Great was in the midst of a brilliant court  
at the palace of the Tuilleries, and was  
just sitting down to dine, when word was  
brought him that a grenadier was with-  
out, trying to force the guard at the door,  
saying he had been invited by the Emper-  
or.

"Let him come in," said his majesty.

The soldier entered, presented arms,  
and said to Napoleon:

"Do you remember having supped  
with me off my roasted potatoes?"

"Oh, is that you? Yes, yes, I remem-  
ber," said the Emperor. "And so you  
have come to dine with me, have you?"

Rustan, lay one more cover on your table  
for that brave fellow."

Again the grenadier presented arms  
and said:

"A grenadier of the guards does not eat  
with lackeys. Your majesty told me that  
I should eat with you, and trusting to  
your word I have come hither."

"True," said the Emperor; lay a cover  
here near me; lay aside your arms, mon-  
sieur, and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went to his  
usual place, took up his carbine, and  
turning to the Emperor, presented arms,  
and said:

"A mere private ought not to dine at  
the table of his Emperor."

"Ah! I understand you," said Napo-  
leon, "I name you Chevalier of the Legion  
of Honor, and Lieutenant in my company  
of guards."

"Thank you heartily," returned the  
soldier. "Vive l'Empereur," he shouted,  
and then withdrew.

MY GREAT GRANDFATHER'S ADVICE  
TO HIS WIFE.—Preserve at all times an  
evenness of temper and a cheerfulness of  
mind, which shall make thee contempt all  
petty trials, and bear with fortitude all  
heavier ones. Let us always unite our  
efforts to maintain the maximum of good  
nature in our home. But should we find  
ourselves unable, our tempers having so  
long been tossed on the fumes of outrag-  
eous circumstances, to maintain, under all  
petty and unavoidable circumstances of  
life, that firmness of disposition and  
equanimity of mind which is so necessary  
to happiness, yet we should, for the very  
respect we bear ourselves, never put our-  
selves on a level with irrational beings,  
by casting from us the little reason and  
judgment we may have—which we do by  
allowing these trifles to put us in such a  
passion as to deprive us of our self-con-  
trol, and place the will—that motive power  
of the soul—at the mercy of uncertain  
fortune. By such a course we not only  
cheat ourselves of our own respect, and  
fail to obtain it from others.

Bear in mind that, before thou wast a  
wife, thou didst always take great care  
never to appear in his presence with thy  
clothes untidy, or thy person in disorder,  
lest it be displeasing to him and prejudi-  
cial to thyself. Remember, therefore,  
that what was gratifying to him as a suitor  
will be doubly so as a husband; and  
that though from the commonness of thy  
intercourse with him, he may not often  
praise thee, yet he is none the less mind-  
ful of it. If, from the scantiness of his  
means, thou hast little to do with, and  
hast fewer goods to grace thy person,  
there is the greater need to use much  
prudent skill to render them serviceable,  
and keep them wholesome and without  
blemish. If thou wouldst be always  
loved, thou must be mindful to render  
thyself always lovable.

Besides the graces of the person, culti-  
vate also, as much as is in thy power,  
those graces of the mind and accomplish-  
ments of skill which are generally agreed  
by the other sex to adorn their own; so  
that thou mayest be able at all times,  
both in his presence and that of others,  
to acquit thyself honorably in all those  
peculiar functions which become thee as  
a woman and a wife. Let thy judgment  
in all matters which concern thee be well  
furnished, and thy conversation such as  
shall refresh him, and add forever a new  
charm to thy society. When thou doest  
this, if he is not a boorish man, he will  
doubtly repay thee in favor and affection.  
See to it that thy speech be more modest  
and comely than his own; for if, by his  
contact with the world, he bringeth home  
upon him burs and briars, thou shouldst  
endeavor to remove them with so careful  
a hand as not to fasten them upon thyself.

ONE OF LAMB'S BEST.—Lamb once  
convulsed a company with an anecdote  
of Coleridge, which, without doubt, he  
hatched in his hoax-loving brain. "I  
was," he said, "going from my house at  
Enfield to the East India House one  
morning, when I met Coleridge on his  
way to pay me a visit. He was brimful  
of some new idea, and, in spite of my  
assuring him that time was precious, he  
drew me within the gate of an unoccu-  
pied garden by the road-side, and there  
sheltered from observation by a hedge of  
evergreens, he took me by the button of  
my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced  
an eloquent discourse, waving his right  
hand gently as the musical words flowed  
in an unbroken stream from his lips. I  
listened entranced; but the striking clock  
recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it  
was of no use to attempt to break away;  
so, taking advantage of his absorption in  
his subject, and, with my penknife, quietly  
serving my button from my coat, I de-  
camped. Five hours afterwards, in pass-  
ing the same garden, on my way home,  
I heard Coleridge's voice; and on looking  
in, there he was with closed eyes, the  
button in his fingers, and the right hand  
gracefully waving, just as when I left  
him. He had never missed me."

Some idea of the enormous amount of  
tobacco-smoking in the world may be  
formed from the fact that one of the Bra-  
zilian mail packets recently brought to  
England six millions segars, and that an  
American mail steamer, which left  
Southampton lately, landed before her  
departure two thousand bales of unman-  
ufactured leaf tobacco.

[From our Correspondent]  
MR. EDITOR.—On the retrospect of a  
visit recently made to your town, I feel  
constrained, with your permission, to ex-  
press my delightful satisfaction with the  
beautiful scenery with which it abounds.

On the first of September last, after a ride  
of fifty miles, I, for the first time, entered  
the pleasant and romantic town of Wo-  
burn; and during a week's stay visited  
many lovely and attractive places.

Among the first that met my view was  
the celebrated "Rag Rock," from whose  
summit the town lies spread out before  
you as one vast garden. It was a lovely  
morning that I, in company with friends,  
visited this spot, and beheld for the first  
time the gorgeous splendor of the scenery  
below and around. The village church  
spires, pointing heavenward, glittered in  
the morning sun, while here and there the  
waters of some pond or river sparkled in  
its radiance; mingled in sweet harmony  
was the winding groves of evergreen, and  
smooth, finely shaded streets, in which  
might be seen the quiet citizens passing  
hither and thither on business or pleasure,  
presenting in all a truly magnificent scene.

Next in course we visited "Horn Pond,"  
that justly celebrated pond of all ponds.  
Language would fail me to describe the  
rich and varied scenery with which this  
pond is surrounded; to say nothing of the  
unsurpassed beauty of its waters seming-  
ly inviting you to a sail over its glassy  
surface. But another and more roman-  
tic place yet, met our vision—"Shaker  
Glen." Situated on the outskirts of the  
town lies this richly sequestered spot,  
surrounded by hemlock groves, away  
from the din and bustle of the village,  
nestled in the bosom of nature. As I  
gazed in silent admiration, I thought how  
wonderful are thy works, oh God. No  
work of man was here; naught but the  
handiwork of the Divine Architect. Here  
we climbed the rugged rock in the centre  
of the "Glen," and had the pleasure of  
washing our hands in "Shaker Basin,"  
in which we were told water is ever to be  
found. We also tried our skill at pitch-  
ing stones from the edge of the ravine into  
the "Basin," but as we failed in this we  
will leave the place.

But notwithstanding the natural scen-  
ery filled one with admiration, I found in  
your town many beautiful works of art.  
Your Cemetery, and burial ground are  
well worth a visit from the stranger.  
Those noble monuments of sculptured  
marble, bespeak not only a respect for the  
"sleeping dead," but the skill and work-  
manship of the designer.

Among your public buildings I was fa-  
vorably impressed with the architectural  
beauty of the Orthodox Church Edifice,  
the interior of which surpasses in elegance  
of finish that of any country church I  
have ever seen. Lyceum Hall building,  
and the Bank, are structures highly cred-  
itable to the enterprising citizens. In  
the course of my rambles I visited the  
printing offices, and enjoyed a pleasant  
chat with an editor who was soon to be  
"off to the war."

In conclusion, permit me to say, who-  
ever wishes to enjoy a few days of life  
in earnest, let him visit the rich and var-  
ied scenery, the beautiful works of Art,  
and the genial citizens of Woburn; and  
if he does not experience pleasures of an  
exalted character, it must be because he  
has not the capacity for enjoying the  
beautiful things of earth.

A LOVER OF BEAUTY.

AMERICAN GIRLS' DISDAIN OF "SER-  
VICE."—The following expressive extract  
is from a spicy article in the "Atlantic,"  
written by Mrs. Stowe:—"Beyond all  
doubt, the labors of a well-regulated fam-  
ily are more healthy, more cheerful, more  
interesting, because less monotonous, than  
the mechanical tools of a factory; yet the  
girls of New England, with one consent,  
preferred the factory, and left the whole  
business of domestic service to a foreign  
population; and they did it mainly be-  
cause they would not take positions in  
families as an inferior laboring class by  
the side of others of their own age who  
assumed as their prerogative to live with-  
out labor. 'I can't let you have one of  
my daughters,' said an energetic matron  
to her neighbor from the city, who was  
seeking for a servant in her summer va-  
cation; 'if you hadn't daughters of your  
own, maybe I would; but my girls ain't  
going to work so that your girls may  
live in idleness.' It was in vain to offer  
money. 'We don't need your money,'  
ma'am, we can support ourselves in other  
ways; my girls can braid straw, and bind  
shoes, but they ain't going to be slaves to  
anybody."

Marshfield, the home of Webster, gave  
a unanimous vote for Lincoln.

A RAG GATHERERS' BALL.—The To-  
ronto (Canada) Leader of Thursday has  
the following account of a curious scene  
in that city:

"The very unusual entertainment of a  
rag-gatherers' ball came off in this city  
on Monday night, at which there could  
not have been less than three hundred  
ragmen and their wives and sweethearts,  
and other friends and acquaintances. The  
entertainment was given by a Mrs.  
Ashal, a woman who has made a good  
deal of money by the rag business. Having  
just built a large brick shop on  
Richmond street, a little west of Church  
street, on the south side, she determined  
to entertain her customers at a grand  
ball and supper; and not being particu-  
lar as to whether the company should be se-  
lect, she gave a general invitation to all  
the beggars and ragmen in the city and  
neighborhood. The gentry fell in with  
the idea, and freely accepted the invita-  
tion. A sumptuous repast was provided  
in a large room on the ground floor, to  
which the beggars had free access during  
the whole evening. A quadrille band  
supplied music for the company in the  
ball room up stairs, and 'all went merry  
as a marriage bell'; it is said to have been  
a ludicrous sight to witness the company  
in a quadrille, or pairing off in an Irish  
'breakdown' or 'plantation jig.' Dancing  
and a general merriment was kept up till  
nearly four o'clock in the morning, when  
the party separated and returned to their  
hovels and to their business in different  
parts of the city, evidently highly pleased  
with the hospitality of their generous  
hostess. Everything was conducted in  
the most orderly manner, only the pres-  
ence of a solitary policeman having been  
necessary to keep things straight."

CANALS.—The first canal on record  
was one constructed by Ptolemy Phila-  
delphus, for the purpose of opening a  
communication between the Nile and the  
Red Sea. The great canal of China ex-  
tending a distance of 825 miles, was com-  
menced in the ninth century. Canals  
were introduced into England by the  
Romans, who formed one from the river  
Nyne, a little below Peterborough, to the  
river Witham, three miles south of  
Lincoln; and in 1134, during the reign of  
Henry I., a canal was made to effect a  
junction between the Trent and Witham.  
The first canal regularly constructed with  
locks and sluices, was made in 1503, near  
the city of Exeter. The aggregate length  
of navigable canals in England exceeds  
2,200 miles.

A contemporary attributes the fre-  
quency of railway accidents of late, to  
the fact that employers on trains are  
often engaged in political discussions to  
the neglect of their proper duties. If  
correct, railways will be safer, hereafter.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—It is a well  
established fact that no preparation has  
ever been placed before the public, that,  
as a remedial agent for the safe and  
speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup,  
Influenza, Hoarseness, Tickling in the  
Throat, Soreness of the Chest and  
Lungs, and the relief of Consumptive  
Cough, is equal to Coe's Cough Balsam.  
Although not known in the Western  
States until the fall of 1863, over 300,000  
bottles of it were sold and used by the  
people; its immense popularity being the  
result of its undoubted merit. The pro-  
prietors, Messrs. C. G. CLARK & Co., of  
New Haven, Ct., who are among the most  
reliable of the Eastern Drug Houses have  
offered to any man who would produce  
an article that would cure any Lung  
and Throat affections as quick as Coe's Cough  
Balsam, a reward of \$100, and are with-  
out any taker, although the offer has been  
made public over two years. The bottle  
compares favorably in size with any of  
the 65 cent preparations, and its strength  
is second to none, making it not only the  
best, but the cheapest remedy in the  
world. We have the united testimony of  
such houses as Lord & Smith; Fuller,  
Finch & Fuller; Burnham & Van  
Schaack; S. H. Reed & Co., and H. Sco-  
vill, all heavy druggists in the city of  
Chicago, together with the assurance of  
wholesale and retail druggists in all points  
of the Northwest, that they are selling  
more of this preparation, and that it gives  
greater satisfaction than any other Cough  
Balsam now extant. No family should  
be without it; it is within the reach of all,  
the price being only 40 cents. In time of  
health, provide for diseases.—Chicago  
Tribune.  
nov19-1m

Oil-wells have been struck in Southern  
Ohio and Northern Kentucky. Of course  
there is a great excitement in that region.



### Course of Lectures in Woburn.

Considerable disappointment having been expressed by many of the people of Woburn, that they were not to have a course of lectures this winter, Rev. Mr. Fay and others have been casting about to see if they could meet what has come to be regarded as almost a necessity by such villages as ours; and they are happy to be able to announce that a course of six lectures will be commenced in Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 29th inst. As indicative of the unusually high character of the course, it is sufficient to say that President Hill and Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge University, Rev. Messrs. J. M. Manning and Edward Everett Hall, of Boston, and probably Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, will speak.

Tickets for the course, one dollar, and for sale at the Post Office, A. E. Thompson's, Brigham's, and the Woburn Book Store. Single admission, 25 cents. As the course is to commence so soon, those wishing to procure season tickets will see the necessity of doing so at once.

**THE LADY'S FRIEND.**—The December number of this magazine is the handsomest yet issued. The opening plate, "The Snow-birds' Christmas Visit," is a perfect gem; and the Frontispiece of the volume, suggested by a story of Hans Christian Andersen's, is one of those engravings upon which the eye will linger for a long time, and turn to again and again. The double Fashion Plate is finely engraved and richly colored. The literary contents are of a very high order. Price \$2.50; 2 copies \$4.00; 9 copies \$16.00; 21 copies \$35.00. Address Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

The English newspapers in sympathy with the Southern rebellion are, as was to be expected, highly indignant at the capture of the pirate steamer Florida in a neutral port. The Times regards the capture as an act of piracy, while the Herald, a notorious rebel organ, says if our Government does not release the Florida, all the maritime powers have a right to interfere in the matter. Let 'em try it.

There was a terrific hurricane at Calcutta, Oct. 5th. Of 200 ships in the Hoagley 19 were totally lost, and of the remainder only 20 were reported seaworthy. One hundred and fifty were driven from their moorings, stranded and damaged. It is believed that a greater portion of their cargoes will be saved. There was no serious loss of European lives. There was much excitement at Lloyd's in view of the heavy losses. The American ships Lookowah and Singapore were totally wrecked, the Dirigo almost wrecked, the Red Rose, Southampton, Richard Busted, Hindostan, Western Star, Empire, Southern Cross, Eastern Belle, Continental, Southern Belle, Leonide and Harry Warren were more or less damaged. 12,000 persons are stated to have been drowned. Total loss estimated at two hundred million francs.

Subscribers to newspapers sometimes move away to parts unknown, and others from various but generally from insufficient causes allow notice to be sent to the publisher that their paper is not taken from the office. Undoubtedly every publisher has more or less of such cases. It is a very mean way for the subscriber thus to treat his publisher. It is dishonest. We have upon our books the names of several persons who have treated us in this manner. We begin to think it will be well for us to advertise the name of each person, the amount due, and the circumstances under which the paper was stopped and appoint a day when the same will be sold at auction in the several towns in which the indebted person may reside, and then add to the advertisement the amount for which the debt sold. Should all the publishers in the State adopt this plan, the result would prove a valuable directory of the moral character of the persons named.

A young man in Wheeling went out to get chestnuts, climbed a tree, the hub broke, and he fell sixty feet to the ground. He fortunately had a companion, a young lady of great physical strength, who picked him up and carried him a mile to a farm house. That young lady is a jewel. We trust that the young man may proceed at once to give her the legal right to carry his name as well as himself.

Though General Butler is stationed in New York, it is said he has an eye on Brooklyn.

Bumors are afloat to the effect that government will offer generous terms to the rebels before December. It would be a grand act to do so.

George B. McClellan has tendered his resignation as Major General in the U. S. Army, and it has been accepted. Gen. Sheridan has been promoted to the vacancy.

**STUFF THE SOLDIERS WITH TURKEY.** The New York Tribune makes a stirring appeal to the public in behalf of the proposed Thanksgiving festival for the soldiers. "Turkey" is the burden of its song. It says:—

Let us take thought not of what Thanksgiving day shall be to us at home, but how much of comfort and compensation it shall bring to those who, scattered along the banks of the James and the Appomattox, and in the Valley of the Shenandoah, will turn their thoughts with the utmost longing to those homes that many of them may never see again. There at least let us do what we can to dispel all feeling of loneliness so natural at such a season, to pile upon the soldier's table the plentiful bounties of Thanksgiving Day. Let us turn now from the screaming of one American bird to the slaughtering and roasting of another. The Eagle has had his turn on "a thousand hills;" turn now to the Turkey, and turn him on tens of thousands of spits. No tent should be without that noble bird for a Thanksgiving Feast. The young men who will recall on that day the loved faces around the fireside at home, the games of ball on village greens, the shooting-matches, the skating-frolics on Northern ponds, the sleighing-parties over New England hills, the dance in the evening, the dear "girls" they have left behind them, must not sit down to a Thanksgiving dinner of hard tack and salt pork. All else of festivity he must forego—except the shooting-matches where men are the targets—but of eating give him enough. Fill him full with Turkey! Fill his mouth as well as his head with "merry thoughts." Put a "drum-stick" in every fist for another purpose than to beat the long-roll. Let camp-fires be reflected in faces ruddy and redolent with Turkey; let the fatness thereof be wiped with thankful hand from beard and moustache. Let him so feast on Turkey that his memory will make the hours short in the lonely watch, and fill his dreams in a shelter-tent. The lean and hungry Rebels "are fit for stratagems and spoils;" let our soldiers be "with fat Turkey lined," and go into the next honest fight with traitors with Turkey—the good, honest, American bird!—for his battle-cry. It is little enough we can do for those who are doing so much for us. A surfeit of fight, on our behalf, deserves at least, as a poor return, a surfeit of Turkey. Those who have many, send many; those who have two, send one; those who have one only, send that to the soldier, and go without at home. Better a dinner of herbs with the love that has sent the bird to camp, than the stuffed Turkey and the thought of hard tack on that day for the soldiers. One day's rations to the brave fellows and let it be Turkey roast, with all the fixings! The Army of the Potomac, the Army of the James, the Army of Western Virginia—let not a single mess in all their tens of thousands be without Turkey to head its bill of fare on the 24th of November. Though there be not enough left for seed for next Thanksgiving, be this day remembered as the Day of the Feast of Turkey when the soldier comes home and fights his battles o'er again with his crutch, for the instruction of his children and his children's children. Scream, O beautiful bird, in every poultry-yard in the land, your last scream, a louder cry than your bigger brother ever compassed, for the bravest of soldiers shall gnaw your white and dark meat to the last sweet morsel, and crunch your tender bones. Give them!

"Turkeys hot and turkeys cold,  
Turkeys young and turkeys old,  
Turkeys tender and turkeys tough,  
Till they thank the Lord they've turkey enough."

**LIKE HEARD FROM.**—In our last from Mrs. Partington, she thus discourses concerning Ike: Betsy Jane writ to you about poor Isaac being grafted into our noble army; it was during the late prevailing restriction. I've been so dreadful uneasy—laws a me! But, Dan'l, at last we've heard of him by a neighbor who is home on a furrow. He—poor innocent—at one's took his place, so neighbor Tibbins says, as First Corporal, and soon proved so deficient that he was prompted to be an Ordinary Surgeon—poor child! But what the blessed dear knows about taking up arterials, computation of limbs, and the like, surpasses me. However, if he can be the humble implement in the hands of the Lord of saving the lives of the gallus fellows whose heads have been disseminated, by the bursting freely of pontoons and things, why we must sacrifice him freely on the altar of *epicurary uniform*, and may the Lord have mercy on his solar system.

**TO YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.**—We would call your attention to the advertisement of the Boston Mercantile Academy, 228 Washington Street, Boston, for a thorough business education. It stands second to none for thoroughness of instruction and in the estimation of merchants and business men of Boston.

"Perley" says that a medal of honor has been given to Sergeant David Murphy, of the Mass. 19th, of Woburn, for capturing the battle flag of the 47th North Carolina Regiment at Hatcher's Run, October 27.

The Newburgh Daily Telegraph has been suspended—cause, high cost of material and labor.

### The Afterpiece of the Election.

BOSTON, Nov. 17th, 1864.

We have had a change in objects of interest since the Presidential election. That momentous affair was carried on with great spirit by both parties, up to the last moment, and then there was a great stand still and waiting to receive returns. The Republicans have been very jubilant over the result, and the Democrats have submitted with a good grace to defeat. The former build great hopes in the future and the latter predict great calamities, as coming, upon the country. Time will show which is right. The country will need the help of all its friends, and especially the blessing of Almighty God to restore peace and union. Both parties deserve high praise for the spirit and enterprise they have manifested.

On the evening previous to the election, the Kearsage steamed into our harbor, bringing the welcome intelligence of the capture of the Confederate steamer Florida, Oct. 5th, by the U. S. steamer Wachusett, Capt. Collins. The Kearsage brought with her twenty of the crew and Surgeon Charlton of the Florida, as prisoners of war. Of course such an arrival was an inspiration in the pleasure it created. The first public appearance of Capt. Winslow and his officers and crew, was at the dedication of the National Sailors' Fair on Wednesday evening, at the Boston Theatre. They were received with immense applause. Captain Winslow and Captain Worden, of Merri-mac and Monitor fame, were introduced to the audience, and were greeted with a warm welcome. On Thursday the city government gave a flattering reception to the officers and crew of the Kearsage. This vessel is anchored near Lewis's wharf, and the men were conveyed in boats to that wharf, and under an escort of a company of marines from the Navy Yard, under Capt. William H. Hale, with their band, marched through many of the principal streets to Faneuil Hall. The officers rode in barouches with the Mayor and committee of the city government. The sidewalks were crowded with spectators all along the route, who cheered the procession as it came along. Capt. Winslow with his Lieutenant, Thornton, were in the first carriage, and took off their hats and with smiles bowed their thanks for the cheers given them. There was no mistake about the heartiness of their welcome, for an exploit like that of the Kearsage, in one of the fairest and most equal of fights, capturing and sinking that notorious rover of the seas, the Alabama, created an enthusiasm in foreign nations, and the Yankee nation is accustomed to do honor to her naval heroes. Faneuil Hall was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The lower floor was occupied by the tables on which the banquet was spread, and the galleries were filled with ladies. The platform also was crowded. Chiering, waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, music by Gilmore's Band, greeted the entrance of the men whom the people delighted to honor.

The Mayor, in his welcome, referred to a similar welcome given in the same hall, to Capt. Isaac Hull, of the Constitution, for his capture of the English frigate Guerriere, August 10th, 1812, being 62 years old. Capt. Winslow made a brief reply, in which he commented on the unfriendly sentiment in Europe towards our country previous to the capture of the Alabama, and the changes his victory accomplished. Speeches were made by other persons, and the banquet and the exercises were very interesting.

The National Sailors' Fair has been a great success. Arms, trophies, a curious room, a music department, a fine collection of paintings, a beautiful temple of Flora, ladies work in worsted, ottomans, chairs, stools, afghans, make a fine show, and are very rich and valuable. Besides the attractions of the hall there have been theatrical performances at the Melodeon by an amateur company, the Monitor and Merrimac exhibition on the Frog Pond of the Common, concerts at the Music Hall, and a splendid exhibition of paintings at the Athenaeum Gallery, all of which have been well patronized. The receipts have been large and a handsome beginning will have been made in the net receipts, towards the erection of a Home for Seamen and Mariners disabled in the service of the Union. All honor to the ladies who have exerted themselves in such a successful manner, and to all gentlemen who have aided in the Fair.

Our Puritan Fathers would hardly have countenanced all the circumstances of this Fair. They would not have chosen such a place for the exhibition, nor countenanced an amateur theatrical company. Raffles would not have specially pleased them. But the object they would have liked. It is however, a very pleasant and successful way of raising money for benevolent purposes, and highly popular, and no great harm arises. In New York they refused, in their Great Fair for soldiers, to have raffles, and succeeded in raising a large sum without lotteries.

It has justly been charged as a great neglect of the sailor, who has done so much in the present war for his country, in blockades, captures and naval battles, that no contributions, no fairs, and no sewing circles have been got up in his behalf, but the handsome affair in Boston will go far to silence complaint and

restore Jack to good humor. The Kearsage arrived in good time to give an impulse to the Fair.

A writer in the Illustrated Times says: "Of two sermons, by Spurgeon, nearly a quarter of a million copies have been sold, and, as each sermon fills a sheet, 500 reams of paper have been expended on these alone. Did ever sermons sell like these before?"

The gunboat Tulip, one of the Potomac flotilla, was blown up down that river on Friday, and out of sixty-five persons on board only ten are accounted for.

Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free and easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days, at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of —, without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose that the other had asked him, and so it turned out.

The Vicksburg Herald says of the ravages of the worm in the Mississippi valley:—

"The cotton crop of those plantations leased from government to be worked by freedmen, will fall very short of the most moderate calculations, if the same casualties have befallen it in other localities that will cut it short in this immediate region. We do not suppose that a solitary planter in this country will make one fourth the amount of cotton he might have reasonably expected to gather three months since."

"Ma," said a little boy, "why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell my son. Why is it?" "Because he gets licked and put in a corner."

Eighteen millions of new copper cents and six millions of two-cent pieces have been coined within the last two months. And still no one has any pennies to make change with.

The Richmond correspondent of the London Times, writing October 8, gives a gloomy picture of the Confederate position, and says Lee's army is almost worn out. There was nearly a panic at Richmond when Gen. Grant threatened an attack on the 29th of September, as Lee had only a handful of men to resist it. He thinks if Gen. Sherman establishes himself in Georgia there will be reason for apprehension about Richmond during the winter, the like of which has never existed before.

At Birdisle, England, recently, a boy was sentenced to six months hard labor in jail, for taking six walnuts from a tree which did not belong to him. And yet the English pretend to be civilized.

The particulars of the capture of Plymouth, N. C., by our fleet, have been received. Some forty prisoners, forty pieces of heavy and twelve pieces of light artillery, and a large quantity of small arms, are among the trophies.

The ladies are now adopting a new fashion for buttons. Buttons on ladies have lately increased by degrees from the size of a pea to the dimensions of a four pound dumb bell and the area of a soup plate; now they are to be square. Yes, square. Next month they will be triangular, and in the spring they will exhibit the shape of a rhomboid.

**GREAT WINE YEAR IN FRANCE.**—Foreign papers say that nothing can be more magnificent than the vintage this year in all parts of France. In the wine districts there is a superabundance of grapes. The proprietors of vineyards are actually puzzled to know what to do, their usual supply of casks having long been filled.

—Mrs. Frances L. Clayton, now in Maine, enlisted in the army at St. Paul, Minnesota, with her husband in 1861, and fought by his side until he was killed at the battle of Stone River. She has been in eighteen battles, once a prisoner, three times wounded—in the head, hip and knee. After her husband's death she made known her sex to her general and was discharged.

A London paper says the Mormon delusion is stealthily making inroads in the great towns of England, and diffusing itself through the agricultural districts wherever ignorance and credulity are to be found.

There is in California a colony of Mormons who reject polygamy. They have just held a meeting in San Francisco, under the title of the "Conference of the Reorganized Church of Latter-Day Saints." The San Francisco Bulletin says that their numbers in California and Nevada are as follows: Members, 337; elders, 48; priests, 11.

—A fabric is now manufactured at Lawrence, Mass., from refuse scraps of leather, which are reduced to a pulp by grinding and maceration, and reconverted into solid "sides" of leather by pressure. The article thus produced is used mainly for inner soles.

—There are now three female American sculptors, to wit: Miss Hosmer, Miss Stephens, and a Mrs. Freeman, now in Italy, and just becoming known to fame.

**OUR FINANCES.**—A Washington letter to the New York Post claims good authority for the statement that the Secretary of the Treasury has not yet fully decided upon his policy for the winter. He must have more money—not less than one hundred millions by the first of January. The only point which he has de-

cided is that under no circumstances will he increase the amount of legal-tender notes in circulation. His chief aim this winter will be to sustain the value of the currency, and to obtain what money is needed to prosecute the war. Congress will be called upon for more legislation. A vigorous attempt will be made to bring down the premium upon coin to at least 200, and a new description of bond will be issued in the course of the winter. The project of offering gold to merchants at a fixed rate is yet undecided upon.

**NOTICE.**—The following parties are respectfully requested not to attend the series of Popular Lectures to be given in this town the ensuing winter:

The man with creaking boots.  
The woman with the cough.  
The man who sees a friend and desires to sit beside him.  
The man who insists upon procuring a better seat for the ladies under his escort.  
The woman who cannot refrain from audible criticisms on the looks of the lecturer.

The man who eats pea-nuts.  
The man who laughs in the wrong place.  
The man who is invariably ten minutes late.

The young woman who goes invariably to see the fashions.

The man who invariably has to go out five minutes before the termination of the lecture.

The man who continues to read his evening paper during the entire lecture.

### WOBURN'S SURPLUS.

**SELECTMEN'S OFFICE,**  
WOBURN, Nov. 18, 1864.

E. MARCHANT, Esq. Dear Sir: I have received the following note from the Provost Marshal of this district.

Yours, very truly,  
A. E. THOMPSON,  
Clerk of Selectmen.

**PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,**  
6TH MASS. DISTRICT,  
Lawrence, Nov. 17th, 1864.

Sir:—I have the honor to state in reply to yours of the 15th ult., that the surplus, over "all calls," for Woburn, is 52 men, Nov. 1st, 1864.

Very respectfully, &c.,  
H. G. HEERICK,  
Capt. and Pro. Mar. 6th Dist. Mass.

**A PROCLAMATION FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.**—By and with the advice and consent of the Council, I do hereby appoint THURSDAY, the 24th day of November next, to be observed throughout this Commonwealth as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

I cordially and earnestly invite the people of Massachusetts, uniting with all the people of our common country, whose patriotic loyalty and whose religious faith and convictions combine to inspire their hearts with the spirit of devout thanksgiving and joyful gratitude for the national and temporal benefactions as well as for the personal and spiritual blessings of the year, to lift up their hearts with one accord in solemn and grateful adoration to Him who lives in the Heavens and rules the Universe, but who has condescended to our own estate,—who has owned and visited and redeemed the children of men.

For the innumerable mercies of divine forbearance and love; for the tender sympathies and associations of home and household; for the ties and affections of friendship; for the examples and testimonies of the noble, the brave and the good who have lived with us on earth, and who, offering their lives in devoted sacrifice for mankind, have passed beyond mortality, but who, though dead, yet speak to us; for the fruits and the feast of nature; for the gifts and faculties of mind and hand and of every art which helps our conquest and mastery over poverty and want, over disease and accident, over ignorance and wrong; for all our capacities of enjoyment and happiness; for all our opportunities of activity and usefulness; for all the sunshine and the rain; for the strength vouchsafed to us in the experiences of affliction not less than in the delights of our happiest days; for the revelation of duty; for the bliss of being and for the hope of immortality; let us unite with heart and voice in prayer and songs of grateful and adoring praise.

Let us kindle afresh in the sublime devotions of the sanctuary the fires of patriotic love of country, the pure flame of unselfish consecration to the cause of her honor and welfare.

Let us learn to feel it sweet and honorable to encounter all peril, toil or difficulty in her behalf, whether in bearing forward the ensign of her power against her enemies, or in harmonizing the policy of her rulers and the sentiments of her people with the venerable traditions and the immortal principles of justice, humanity, freedom and sacred right, by the fathers of the Republic, vindicated by generations of heroes, sealed by the blood of martyrs, preached by every branch of the Church in all ages wherever the purity of religion has triumphed over the devices of men.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this thirty-first day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and the eighty-ninth of the Independence of the United States of America.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

A firm in Springfield manufactures sixty thousand paper collars a day.

Jeff. Davis is growing unpopular very fast. He has recently declared himself in favor of committing the newspaper press to the supervision and censorship of the military authorities. The Richmond Examiner thinks this monstrous, and says if the President is not more careful he will be assassinated. Other papers denounce him, as well as public men, among whom we notice Mr. Foote, a member of the rebel Congress from Tennessee. Poor Jeff, when you die we fear the soil of America will refuse you a burial place; and it is thought that the very waters of the deep would revolt at your presence; certain it is, the voracious, but sensible shark, would keep clear of your polluted flesh.

The New York Journal of Commerce, of Wednesday, says, "The committee having in charge the soldiers' Thanksgiving dinner have bought 5,000 turkeys and bargained for as many more. Persons who cannot contrive gobblers are sending in chickens, hams, pies, and other good things."

The London Star, in a sensible article on the capture of the Florida, remarks, "It is not a question which England can touch, even with the longest possible diplomatic pole."

### READING.

The schools are now having a vacation, and some of the teachers are improving it to good purpose by attending the Teachers' Convention, at Natick.

Honest Old Abe has handsomely won the race, and now the rebels and their detestable sympathizers in the north had better look out for squalls, or big pills may be sent after them.

The copperheads are very quiet since the election, reflecting upon their rash words, perhaps, uttered before election, such as "stopping business," "fleeing the country," &c. But it is believed that these individuals make there along about as usual, looking a little down east of course.

Snow has come and sticks like sawdust in the eye. Nothing remarkable to chronicle this week, so I will stop here and wait for the turn of events. Stop! yes; there is a very important item which I must make public, as it is of such vast importance to those who live by eating. Beef has fallen a quarter of a cent, and those who ever expect to want any more had better pitch in for a supply, as no one can tell how soon it will advance again.

### WINCHESTER.

**TEMPERANCE.**—Rev. Dr. Chickering addressed a large audience in the vestry of the Cong. Church last Monday evening, upon the subject of Temperance. The reverend gentleman is the Agent of the Suffolk Temperance Union, which has been recently formed on the basis of the old fashioned temperance organizations. He is seeking to interest the religious element in this cause, and his argument was mainly directed to that object. At the close of his address the pledge received a large number of signatures, and it is proposed to form an auxiliary association in this town to aid in the promotion of the good work.

**SCHOOLS.**—The Fall Term of the several schools closed this week without any public examination. The High School commences the Winter Term on Monday, (Dec. 5th).

The boys of the High School have formed a Club, for mutual improvement, and will meet at each other's houses from time to time for this purpose. Why do not the girls do likewise? It would be very pleasant and profitable if the different classes, boys and girls, should have an organization which should unite them together in friendly ties and serve afterwards to perpetuate the remembrance of their school days.

**APOTHECARY.**—Next to a skillful physician in a country village comes the Apothecary who is able to respond to the prescriptions of the doctor in a prompt and safe manner. Sometimes mistakes occur in this business through the carelessness of the storekeeper or his assistant, which have an injurious tendency, if not attended with fatal results. There is also a great deal of difference in medicinal preparations, as to their quality, and therefore as to their effect upon the diseases which they are intended to remove. We are fortunate in this respect, in having located in Lyceum building, Mr. Geo. P. Brown, whose thorough knowledge and long experience in pharmacy, together with a supply of the needed articles of the best quality in this line, should recommend him to those requiring these oft-times indispensable drugs. Mr. Brown's store is a model of neatness, and we would, unsolicited, commend him to the patronage of the community. In addition to his stock of medicines, he keeps a good assortment of fancy goods, stationery, newspapers and magazines.

**REJOICING.**—In honor of the great National victory achieved in the recent election, the Republican Town Committee, in connection with the Union Club, recommended a general illumination and other manifestations of rejoicing on Thursday evening of this week, which was successfully carried out. The town was in a blaze of light, and reflected the feelings of the Union party in a small measure.

EXCELSIOR.







season, which will be made up to order at the most reasonable rates.

**FURNISHING GOODS**

of all kinds, and of the best qualities, constantly on hand.

Woburn, March 19th, 1864.



# Woburn Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV : No. 9.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

[BY REQUEST.]

**Sermon Delivered by the Rev. Daniel March, D. D., in the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, November 6th, 1864.**

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Ps. 137, v. 5, 6.

In such words of lofty and unconquerable devotion, the patriotism and the piety of the Hebrew people spoke out in the dark days of disaster and exile. Jerusalem was both the civil and religious capital of the nation, and the people mourned over its desolation, equally because there was the temple in which the fathers worshipped, and there was the throne on which their kings reigned. With them devotion to God and devotion to country united, was one sacred and summing passion. It was with them, whether they were called to defend the civil Constitution of the nation, or the ordinances of their national religion; for both were of divine origin, and upon their maintenance depended the existence and prosperity of the people.

With them patriotism expressed itself in devotion to God, and piety kept the love of country alive in the hearts of the people. It was the decline of patriotism and piety which divided the nation, and gave up the country to be ravaged by fire and sword. And it was the revival of the love of God and of country in the hearts of the sorrowing exiles by the river of Babylon, which brought them back from the strange of their beloved Zion.

The word of inspiration records the history of the Hebrew people for the instruction of all subsequent times, and one of the most obvious and important lessons taught us by that history is this—*Patriotism is a religious duty.*

The love of God and the love of country should go hand in hand, united and inseparable. When the old Jewish patriotism was Christianized in the first preachers of Christianity, it became a still more intense and martyr-like devotion to one's own people.

The heroic Apostle who spent his life in preaching the Gospel to other nations wept and mourned for his own people like the exiles by the Rivers; he would not be willing to suffer if by such means he could promote their welfare. We could not have better authority for saying that patriotism is not only a religious but a specifically Christian duty. There is no place too sacred, there is no occasion too holy in which to inculcate the love of country as a Christian duty. There is no class of persons exempt from the demands of this sacred obligation. If in any country on the face of the earth indifference to the nation's welfare could be excused it could not be done in these United States. If there ever has been a time in our country's history when the Christian pulpit might leave other teachers to inculcate the duty of patriotism, and Christian churches might leave other organizations to look to the interests of the nation, this is not such a time.

The day after to-morrow will be to us, as a people, the most momentous day that has passed since we took our place among the nations of the earth. The cause of American Independence, in our father's days, could better have afforded to lose the campaign of Saratoga, and the siege of Yorktown, than we, their children, can afford to have a wrong decision of the question which is to be decided by the people of this land within sixty hours. And the mode in which that decision is to be made, is such that every individual citizen must share the responsibility, and be held answerable to God, to his own conscience, and to posterity for the consequences. The people themselves are to decide of their own voluntary choice in the exercise of the highest act of personal sovereignty, whether they will continue to hold their place among the nations of the earth honored, united and mighty, or whether they will be basely and recklessly thrown away all that has been purchased by millions of treasure, and rivers of blood, and the utmost extremes of sorrow and suffering. On the 8th day of this (November) month the page of national history is to be emblazoned with glories that will shine through all time, and irradiate the uttermost parts of the earth, or it will be darkened with a dishonor which the blood shed in a hundred years of war will not avail to wash out.

Everything for which the first settlers of this country endured the woes of exile and the privations of the wilderness; everything for which our fathers suffered and died in laying the foundation of our civil and religious liberty; everything that we learned in our childhood to regard as most precious in the institutions and privileges of our country; everything which is essential to the maintenance in this Western world, of a free and glorious Christian nationality, to encourage the struggling millions of other lands, and to keep the beacon of hope burning for darkened nations; everything which promises peace on earth and good-will to men; everything for which we pray when we say "thy kingdom come," is vitally interested in the decision which the suffrages of this people will make in the course of the passing week. One of the great acts in the world's history is to take place, and what is done will be written down in the records of national retribution forever.

Not in the councils of cabinets; not by the enactments of legislative bodies; not on the battle-field, amid the thunders and the onset of charging hosts, is this great, solemn, and momentous decision to be made. The supreme sovereignty of the nation comes back to the people, and they,

by their own calm, peaceful, determinate choice, are to pass the verdict of life or death upon themselves as a nation. If they decide one way, they will ensure for themselves and for their posterity in the future a country, glorious with justice, radiant with truth, joyful with liberty, crowned with the blessing of heaven, and endowed with the riches of earth; if they decide the other way, they will decrease for themselves and their posterity national dismemberment, never-ending conflict, perpetuity of human bondage and every moral dishonor.

It is impossible to exaggerate the solemnity and the awful moment of the day which is so near at hand. It is impossible for a Christian citizen to escape the responsibility of acting on that day as becomes a servant of the righteous God and a disciple of the Prince of Peace. No man is at liberty to be indifferent when the existence of the nation is imperilled. No man has a right to stand by as a disinterested spectator, when called to sustain the integrity of a government, which, by the admission of its enemies, is the best that ever existed on the earth. The heart of every American should be stirred to its utmost depths by the peril of the hour. To be unmoved when the everlasting principles of truth, of justice, and of humanity are at stake, is a crime against country and a sin against God.

The suffrage of the citizen in his sceptre of power and of sovereignty, for the right use of which he is responsible, not to a person, but to God, to country and to the human race. If he subjects that sacred sovereignty to the demands of selfishness or passion, he dishonors his citizenship as much as the king dishonors his crown by injustice and oppression. No monarch on earth is more absolute in his acts of government than the free citizen of this country in his right of suffrage. Each individual vote is a fractional part of the sovereignty which makes the Constitution, and Government and the Laws of the land, and thus determines the question of life or death, peace or war, liberty or bondage for millions.

Any one of us would feel it to be a very solemn responsibility to be called to decide such fearful questions alone. The act of voting for the choice of rulers, so far as its influence extends, is just as solemn a responsibility for any individual citizen to bear. He is a judge upon the bench, and the sentence of life or death, condemnation or acquittal for millions, must come from his lips. In his hand is the source of the power by which legislatures enact laws, magistrates administer justice, generals command armies, presidents enforce the decrees of oppression, or proclaim peace and liberty throughout the land.

The citizen, to the extent of his individual influence is the only true and lawful sovereign under God, on earth, and in the use of his sovereignty he is to exemplify the same principles of pure, immaculate justice, truth and love, which are exemplified in the administration of the Supreme and Eternal Sovereign.

The Christian citizen should regard no act of his life with more earnest, conscientious, prayerful consideration, than the act of voting in an election which is to decide the great questions of order, of justice, of human improvement, of National integrity and of National life, for years and generations to come. These are the reasons in general why I have thought it incumbent on me, as a Christian minister, to urge upon your attention the duty of a Christian citizen in the sanctuary on this sacred day. I desire to bring all the solemnities of God's house and all the sanctions of our holy religion to impress upon your minds that the responsibility of citizenship is great and sacred, and that, in all probability, never again after the close of this week will any one of us see the time when the importance of fulfilling that responsibility will be as great. And this duty is to be discharged not from partisan feeling, not from the impulses of passion, not from the desire to lift up one man and to pull down another, but simply and solely in the fear of God, from the love of country, from the desire that every human being in our whole territory, may receive the protection of justice, the enlargement of truth, and the enjoyment of liberty. I desire you all to feel most solemnly as Christian citizens, that these great interests are at stake, and that the responsibility of giving them the most peaceful and powerful defense rests with you. It is not my province, nor is this the time or place minutely to dissect platforms, to compare candidates, to review policies and campaigns. That has been done by able hands within your hearing and before your eyes already. This is the place and the hour to insist that a pure, disinterested, conscientious, Christian regard for the interests of the whole nation shall govern the conduct of every citizen in this awful crisis of our country's history. I shall be abundantly satisfied if anything that I can say shall induce any to discharge the first great duty of citizenship with a more conscientious devotion to God, to country and to truth. And all who would so fulfill their duty must act from such considerations as these.

1. Every individual citizen should vote in such a way as will most effectually disappoint and defeat the devices and the forces of Rebellion in this land. If of two policies, or two candidates before the people, one is more acceptable to treason than another, then every loyal man and true citizen knows at once in what direction his duty lies. It is a dreadful thing to do anything which shall even seem to countenance the stupendous wickedness of Rebellion against a Government which its worst enemies have declared to be "the best and freest, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most

lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of man, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon.

The conscientious Christian citizen should shrink with horror from the approbation and sympathy of men who have confederated for the commission of so great a crime. When Rebels, in arms against their country, desolating the land with war, declaring with passionate earnestness their determination never to return to their allegiance, express their sympathies and preferences for men and measures, Christian citizens know at least for whom not to vote. And if any man at the present crisis will conscientiously set himself to use the sacred right of suffrage in such a way as will most effectually dishearten and dismay the leaders of Rebellion, I have no fear that he will mistake in the hour which he ought to pursue. It is not a case which requires profound reasoning or protracted investigation.

The enemies of our country have not failed to tell us what will please them best, and it becomes every loyal citizen to see to it that he does nothing to help them in their ungodly devices. They build their system upon oppression and wrong, and to disappoint them we have only to defend justice and liberty. They have dignified treason and perjury with names of honor, and we have only to show ourselves truthful and God-fearing men to put their wickedness to shame. They have saved the poor and murdered the defenceless, and started the imprisoned, and we, as humane, peace-loving, Christian men, are called upon to sustain the Government of the nation in its determination to deliver the oppressed, and to inflict righteous judgment on those whose tender mercies are cruelty.

Nothing will so bitterly disappoint the enemies of our country as the manifested and unanimous determination of the people to sustain the Government which they are seeking to destroy. Any change in the policy of the Government which will give the slightest encouragement to armed rebellion, is one against which every loyal citizen is called upon to protest with his voice and his vote, with his personal influence and his outspoken patriotism, to the end. We must not publish to the world a reward for the commission of a most gigantic wickedness by compromising with rebellion, or by consenting to have a system of organized oppression exalted to an equal and honorable place among the nations of the earth.

The people of this land have just one more declaration to make, in order rightfully to take their place forever as the most enlightened and Christian among nations. They must declare with one consent, that a rebellion instigated, and organized, and maintained with diabolical energy for the perpetuation of human bondage shall be written with blood upon his wall, until it finds in all this land no place on which to rest the sole of its foot. Let such be the earnest, outspoken, unanimous declaration of this people, on the eighth of this month, and that day will be written highest and brightest among the great events of the world's history.

From that hour the master spirits in this great conspiracy against the dearest rights and hopes of the human race will begin to see a hanging place from the just indignation of mankind. They will be ready to prefer the darkness of the cavern and the solitudes of the wilderness to the society of their fellow men, when they read in every face the sentence of their condemnation. It is only necessary for the whole mass of the people at the polls to call this proud, mighty and malignant treason by its true name, and to give it the doom which it deserves, and then all its defenders and apologists in other lands will drown the child of their ambition in the sea of his birth. And every Christian citizen should count it a privilege and an honor to be permitted to bear a part in the great declaration which in its consequences shall sweep the foul system of human bondage from the face of the American continent, and establish in its place a complete, enduring and glorious nationality, whose foundations are laid in justice and truth, the love of God and the love of all mankind. I did not think I should live to see the day when coming has been hastened by the wrath of man, and I forbid that any of us should shrink from the responsibility or fail to improve the privilege which it brings.

2. Every individual citizen should so exercise the sacred right of suffrage as shall tend to keep the nation in the line of God's progressive providence, for the enlightenment, deliverance and christianization of all mankind. Nothing is clearer in the history of the past than the fact that there has been an advance all along the line of the centuries—sometimes, indeed, to human vision, slow, wavering or imperceptible—yet always in reality from darkness to light, from servitude to liberty, from anarchy and despotism to order and law, from the rule of the strongest to the supremacy of justice, from paganism to Christianity.

The Providence which rules the world is constantly giving the promise of better things, and better still, in infinite progression. The basis of this advance has always been one of spiritual truths and moral convictions. Human policies, expedients, compromises, have done very little for human improvement. The world moves in the right direction only so far as it is set in motion by individual convictions of truth, earnest and full acceptance of personal obligation. It is by such means that God's providence carries the race onward to a better and happier state. And it is our duty as citizens, to bring the great eternal idea of justice, truth and benevolence, more and more into the working life of the Government and the nation. In these dark days of conflict, our government has indeed received a large accession of that moral force which alone can bring it into harmony with God's providence, and thus perpetuate its life. It has learned to do some things simply because they are right. It has engraven the name of God and country upon the symbol of its power and riches. It has removed the reproach of human bondage from beneath the shadow of its capital.

It has acknowledged the divine hand in the victories and disasters that have attended the national arms. It has accepted and honored the ministrations of Christian charity and instruction in the camp, the field and the hospital. It has made slow, yet perceptible advance toward the adoption of justice, benevolence and truth as paramount ideas in its policy. It has only to be carried forward so far as to be willing to do right in the sight of God at whatever cost, and then its prosperity will be bound to the course of God's providence for the amelioration of the race, and it must advance through all the ages.

We have bought this accession of moral force to the Government at a very great price, and we cannot afford to give it up. The thousands of lives that have been sacrificed, and the thousands of millions of money that have been expended in this conflict, have all been paid that the nation might cast off the hindrances which held it back from the high career of enlightenment and of Christian civilization. The additions and betterments that have come upon uncounted homes,

from the utmost north away westward and southward to the Golden Horn of California; the hardships and sufferings worse than death, borne by brave men in the field and in cruel captivity; the rude graves of fallen patriots scattered along the hillsides and in the valleys, from Missouri to Florida, and from Gettysburg to Galveston, all tell how dear we have paid for our new ideas of nationality, of freedom, and of advance toward a Government that shall rest upon moral convictions, and an administration that shall fulfill all righteousness. These things have cost too much to be thrown away, when we have hardly yet learned to prize their worth, or to enjoy their possession.

Having taken so many steps forward in the career of true national greatness and glory, we are bound by all the sorrows and sacrifices of the past and all the brightening prospects of the future, not to go back; not to surrender the ark of our liberties again to be desecrated by the abominations of slavery; not to suffer the helm of state to fall into false or feeble hands. Having beaten up and down through the darkness and tempests of four years, we are just beginning to see the guiding star of the nation's true destiny through the clouds; we find ourselves upon the right course, the haven of rest is before us, and God forbid that any man shall vote for a return to the wanderings and the tossings of the deep when the safe harbor is so near at hand.

Forward, rather let us say, in God's name, through toil and cloud and battle, if it must be for a time, for darker tempests loom behind. Forward in the direction where the day is breaking and the morning stars are waiting to sing the anthem of praise over the new creation of joy in the house of bondage, justice in the halls of legislation, peace upon the foundation of righteousness and prosperity as constant as the dews and rains of heaven. The effort to go back to the old order of things will only end in greater disaster and deeper infamy. The only hope of preserving the far of the nation into the whole mass of the people to a higher level of moral rectitude than they ever occupied before, and to shake off all the public and political falsehoods and injustices and corruptions which have hung like a thousand millstones upon our necks, and so nearly drowned us all in the head sea of feeble and faithless concession to wrong.

Methods I see this nation so purified and delivered at last, crowned with light and irradiating the ends of the earth with its glory; holier than Jerusalem, wiser than Greece, mightier than Rome, using its great power to protect the feeble; gathering its great riches to help the poor; aggrandizing itself with the conquests of beneficence. I seem to hear its mighty voice in the far future, louder than the thunders of the sea, proclaiming liberty to all the nations of the earth; asserting the divinely-constituted brotherhood of man; gathering the lost millions of the human race to the standard of the cross; causing the far of the nation into the whole mass of the people to one falling to bless the memory of the citizens who voted, and the patriots who fought, and the martyrs who died in the dark days of treason and war, to make America free—to make it a praise in all the earth. Oh! who would not wish to have their name upon the roll of benefactors, whom future generations will bless for so great a deliverance?

## The Traitor's Doom.

A STORY OF THE REBELLION.

BY LIEUT. H. B. TAYLOR.

Robert Sutton is a particular friend of mine. We first met at West Point, and our tastes and dispositions being alike, a deep and lasting friendship sprang up between us, and many happy days we spent together while pursuing our studies. The time came when we must part. Robert had received his commission as lieutenant in a regiment of infantry stationed at Independence, Missouri. I also had received my commission as lieutenant in an artillery company stationed at Fort Washington. Our parting was sad, but we cheered each other by promises to write often.

For three years our correspondence was uninterrupted, but when this rebellion broke out, in the tumult and excitement that followed we lost track of each other. It was in the fall of 1863 that my regiment was ordered to Washington. We were encamped upon Meridian Hill, and one night, my company being upon guard duty, I was sitting in the guard quarters, lazily watching the wreaths of smoke as they ascended from a cigar that I was smoking, my thoughts far away at the home I had not seen for most three years, when my reverie was suddenly interrupted by hearing the sentry stationed at the door challenge some one, and supposing it to be the colonel, I flung away my cigar, and assuming a military attitude I turned towards the door, when I found myself face to face, not with the colonel, but Robert Sutton!

Our meeting I cannot describe, but you can imagine what it was. As we had many things to talk about, I am afraid that my guard duties were somewhat neglected. As my duties required me to sit up all night, Robert volunteered to sit up with me, and so relieve the tediousness of my lonely vigil.

After I had gone the rounds of the guard it was twelve o'clock, and it was not likely that I should be again disturbed. I went to my room, and taking a box of cigars and a bottle of wine, I returned to the guard quarters, and we prepared to enjoy ourselves for the remainder of the night. Robert established himself in a large arm-chair, his feet on top of the stove, while I threw myself upon the settee. As I lay there watching Robert I noticed a large scar upon his left temple, and partially concealed by his hair, which was the reason that I had not noticed it before, and my curiosity was at once aroused.

"Robert," said I, "where did you get that scar?"

"I got it down in Tennessee, while with General Grant. It came pretty near using me up, too. Perhaps you would like to hear how it happened?—so I will help myself to another glass of wine, and then, if you wish it, I will proceed with my story."

Of course I was glad to hear of any adventure in which my friend had been engaged, and I will try and relate it in his own words:

"Last August my regiment was stationed about twenty miles southeast from Nashville, at a place called Remington, which boasted of being the county seat of the county. Our regiment then numbered about six hundred men, and two companies of cavalry attached to it. It was the only force stationed at this place, and our orders were to keep watch of the numerous guerilla parties which were roving through the country, and when it could be safely done, to send out foraging and reconnoitering parties into the surrounding country."

"One afternoon a man on horseback was seen coming towards our lines, pursued by a party of rebel cavalry, who gave up the chase as they neared our lines. When the fugitive reached us, the appearance of both horse and rider betokened that they had travelled both fast and far. The rider appeared to be a citizen, of middle age. He stated that he was a citizen of the county, and a strong Union man, and that his principles gave offence to those of his neighbors who sympathized with the rebels, and a small guerilla force, consisting of twenty men, being in the vicinity, he was reported to the commander of the force as a suspicious character. That morning they started for his plantation, with the intention of arresting him, but a faithful black saw them coming, and informed his master, who mounted his fleetest steed and started for our camp; but the rebels perceived him and started in pursuit; but he proved to be too much for them, and reached our lines in safety."

"He requested to see our commander, and was conducted to the tent of our colonel, who held a long conversation with him. He told the colonel that a short distance from his plantation, in an old catholic church, the rebel sympathizers had collected a large quantity of ammunition, for the use of guerilla parties, who came that way, and that all the guard they had at the present time, was the before mentioned guerilla band. Upon being questioned as to how he obtained his information, he said that a brother-in-law of his who pretended to be a rebel, but was a Union man at heart, informed him of it."

"The colonel called a council of his officers, and laid the case, before them, and after a short consultation they concluded to send a force that evening to seize the ammunition and capture the guard if possible."

"If the cavalry had been there this duty would have been performed by them; but they were away upon a reconnoitering expedition, and were all eager to perform this service, and to avoid showing partially, the colonel told them to put nine black pieces of paper and one marked in a hat, and after they had been shook up the one who drew the marked paper was to be the lucky one. This being done, I being in command of the company, was fortunate enough to draw the prize. I was ordered to have my company in readiness at eight o'clock, P. M."

"At the appointed time we left camp, our guide leading the way; I kept close to his side, watching every movement, for I had taken a dislike to him when I first saw him. Several times when asked a question his answers were vague and indistinct, as though his thoughts were occupied with something of more moment. This and his restless manner did not tend to quiet my suspicions, and as I did not want he should give us the slip, I fell back to the rear of the company and told Sergeant Walden to pick out two men upon whom he could depend, and have them take their place in his rear, and keep a close watch of his movements."

"If I had been convinced that my suspicions were correct, I should have turned back immediately, but I did not know but my dislike to the man caused me to regard him with suspicion; so I concluded to keep on, if indeed he was a traitor, and not let him lead us into any trap. I kept an advance guard some distance ahead of us, and flanking parties on either side, and about midnight arrived at the church, which was a large wooden structure, two stories in height, with a tower in the center."

"Having brought lanterns with us we lit them, and myself and Lieut. Carver were about starting on an exploring tour through the interior, when we were startled by a voice which seemed to proceed from the churchyard, calling upon us to surrender as we were surrounded, which one glance assured me was the truth. I saw that the only chance for us was to gain the interior of the church, and a party of rebels were trying to get between us and the door; calling upon the men to follow me, I started for the door, which the enemy had already reached, but our headlong charge soon scattered them, and we rushed into the church and succeeded in closing the door in their faces. When we started for the door our guide tried to give us the slip, but the brave sergeant and his men were watching him, and succeeded in forcing him into the church."

"The lower windows were all protected with heavy shutters, which fastened upon the inside. Taking a lamp I proceeded to take a survey of the interior. In the vestibule a flight of stairs led up into the gallery, which ran around three sides of the building, and there were windows upon two sides, upon which there was no shutters; I stationed a guard at each of these windows, and then went down stairs; calling Lieut. Carver to me, I asked him what was to be done."

"Can we get a messenger to camp to inform them of our situation?" said he.

"I am afraid not," was my reply; 'but we must try it, for it is our only salvation.' I called Sergeant Walden to me; I asked him if he thought he could elude the enemy if we could succeed in getting him out of the church, unperceived by them, and proceed to camp and inform the colonel of our situation."

"I will try it," said the noble fellow, 'and if you can hold out until to-morrow noon, I will bring a force to your relief, if the rebels do not kill or capture me.'

"There was a large piece of woods a short distance from the church, and a ditch and hedge-fence ran from the church-yard to it. My plan was to take twenty-five men and make a sortie in that direction, and in the confusion that must ensue, the sergeant could gain the hedge, and under its cover gain the woods, while we were to fall back to the church."

"All being ready, the door was opened, and we made a rush for the hedge, which we reached without opposition, as the rebels were not dreaming of such a movement. They supposed that our whole force was trying to cut their way through the lines and escape, accordingly they made a rush from all directions to thwart our plans; but as we had seen the sergeant gain the hedge we commenced retreating, hard pressed by the enemy, and our chance of escape would have been slim if it had not been for Lieut. Carver, who saw our perilous situation, and gallantly came to the rescue. His appearance was unexpected to the rebels, and charging upon them, they gave way, so that we gained the door with the loss of four of my brave men, whom the rebel bullets laid low."

"I supposed that the rebels would set fire to the building, as they knew it would be impossible to carry it by storm. Our gaining the church was something that they did not have laid down in the programme for our capture. Further examination showed me why the enemy did not wish to burn it. I was walking in an open space in the rear of the altar, with a lantern in my hand, when I perceived an open trap door, which communicated with a vault under the church; approaching it I saw a flight of stone steps, and I could plainly see the bottom of the vault from where I stood. I went down the steps with the lantern in my hand, and as I reached the bottom I found myself in close proximity to about thirty barrels of powder, which had been stowed there for safe keeping. I went up the stairs a little faster than I came down them, and placing my lantern upon the altar, where it threw its light down the stairs, I again descended; I was standing in the farthest corner from the steps and behind the barrels of powder, which I was proceeding to count, when the light suddenly became obscured, and looking up I saw a man descending the steps; I supposed that it was one of my men, and I did not discover my mistake until he had approached quite close to me, when to my surprise I saw that it was our traitor guide, whom I supposed was in the gallery, guarded by my men. As I was in the darkest part of the vault, he did not observe me, so I thought I would watch him and see what he was after. He first went to the corner opposite from where I stood, and picking up

[Concluded on Fourth Page.]



### Thanksgiving.

The day of our annual Thanksgiving, on Thursday last, found the people of Massachusetts in the enjoyment of many and remarkable blessings, for which, we trust, they were truly grateful. It is in the fourth year of our civil war, and although our territory has not been the scene of conflict, many of our sons have fallen in battle, or have died of sickness in consequence of exposure in the camp. To families thus bereaved, especially to those who have been deprived of loved ones, during the present year, the recurrence of this anniversary must have brought sadness, for it is on such days, when families meet together, that departed friends are specially and kindly remembered.

We thank our Puritan Fathers for instituting Thanksgiving Day. It has become a pleasant remembrance of their, and it is linked with all the past history of New England, and is sacred to kindred ties binding the hearts of households more closely together. It was a happy thought to remember the soldiers, far away at such a time, and make the generous contributions that have been made in turkeys, chickens, puddings, pies, &c., to send to them in the field, so that, although absent, they may celebrate a New England holiday in distant and rebellious States. Like St. Patrick's Day, so universal commemorated among Irishmen, wherever they may be, is becoming our Thanksgiving Day, in whatever land a Yankee may have his home. We hope, that if it is convenient, our soldiers may give some portion of their fare to the poor half-starved Scotch soldiers, and win them back to duty and Union by kindness, for fighting, ought to be relieved of its harsh influences by occasional outbreaks of benevolence.

Our readers, fresh from this festival with all its enjoyments, have doubtless been made more happy by their gifts to the poor. Our asylums for the poor, where so many aged ones are gathered, should be particularly remembered, that the sunlight of other and better days, when they were at parental homes, or had homes of their own, should gleam over the dark clouds of the present and impending future, and gild the sunset of life.

While we are thankful for all successes of the Federal Army and Navy, our joy is tempered with commiseration for the suffering, and our hearts cry out for Peace whenever it can honorably be attained; and when that day comes the Nation will have a festival of serene joy and wild acclamation.

Probably, in no part of the world, has the Sun looked down upon the sight of so much plenty and true enjoyment, gazed upon such happy, virtuous and comfortable households, and perceived so many advantages of education and religion, as among us. May our New England still continue to flourish, and improve in every virtue, and may our whole land, North and South, East and West, enjoy equal privileges, and our only strife be, who will best serve the country, embody and carry out the principles of Christianity, and benefit the nation and the world.

We should not forget that there are many things in our land very much to be deplored. Sabbath breaking, profanity, irreligion, abound in many places, and we shall need the example and labors of all good men and women to counteract the evil influences of war and the dangers from an increase of wealth and luxury, dissipation and lawlessness. Through the dark clouds of the present, there are rays of light streaming of hope in the future, but we shall need all our diligence and care to extricate the nation from the dangers which threaten us, and carry us safely on the career of greatness and virtue, that Providence, a while ago, seemed to have marked out for us among the nations of the earth.

Clay is used in refining sugar. The sugar is put into earthen jars, shaped like sugar loaves. The large ends are upward. The small ends are open. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay is put over the top, and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar white. Paper manufacturers use clay in making paper. In this way they obtain a good price for it, and cheat the printer, who has to pay 30 cents a pound for it. It is also very destructive to type.

It was Sergeant Daniel J. Murphy, not David, who had a medal of honor given to him for capturing the battle flag of the 47th North Carolina Regiment. It was one of the most daring acts which we have had to record during the war, and reflects much credit upon the young hero who performed it.

An urchin, suffering from the application of the birch, said: "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better; let anybody get such a licking as I have had, and he'll find out that one rod makes an acre."

### Sailors' Fair.

On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of attending the "Children's Offering," an entertainment given for the benefit of the "Sailors' Fair," in Academy Hall, Woburn, consisting of tableaux, dramatic reading, singing, &c. We cannot particularize every attractive and interesting feature of the exhibition, but will give a passing comment upon all.

The tableaux of "Faith," "The Tambores Girl," and "The Twins," representing statuary, stood before us in bold relief, apparently as massive as though they had been wrought by the artistic skill of a Powers, from columns of solid marble.

"Valentine," "The Greek Girl," "The Spirit of Fire," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "Little Bo Peep," (three scenes,) were all beautiful and worthy of praise.

"Now I'm Grandma!"—Represented by a young Miss, who having mischievously donned a ruffled cap and spectacles, sat busily engaged on a piece of knitting-work (perhaps soldiers' stockings), veritably hiding her roguish smiles behind the ruffles of her cap, and assuming the more sober and dignified countenance of that much honored matron.

"Our Father"—Represented by three young ladies in the attitude of prayer,—with clasped hands and bended knees,—whose innocent eyes in their fixed earnestness, seemed to utter, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name," was very interesting and affecting.

"First Appearance of our Youngest," was represented by an automaton Miss, who danced to the music of the piano, pleasing the most fastidious, and bringing down the house with unbounded applause.

"Patriotic"—a group of three,—A young lady in the centre representing the Goddess of Liberty, dressed in white, with her hair hanging profusely about the shoulders, while in her hand she held her magic wand, upon which was the cap of Liberty, while above floated her glorious and blood-bought banner. At her feet on the left, stood a lad attired in the dress of our noble tars, and on the right, another, in the Union-blue of our gallant soldiers, and upon the whole was thrown a beautiful crimson hue, adding much to the beauty of the scene, inspiring all hearts with a reinvigorated love of country and a firmer determination to "do and die" for Freedom.

The dramatic readings, by Misses Bennett and Gordon, exhibited great perfection in elocution, and reflected much credit upon both.

The exercises were interspersed with singing and music, by Messrs. Leighton and Trowbridge, and Misses Clough and Teare, assisted by Mr. Albert H. Fernald, of Boston, who in his comic melodies brought down the house with applause, and added greatly to the exercises of the evening.

The audience retired highly pleased with the perfection of every arrangement and the exactness with which each part was performed, all saying with every smile and word—"Well done!"

DR. DIO LEWIS, AT LYCEUM HALL. Our readers will be glad to learn that Dr. Lewis, the celebrated gymnast and lecturer, will give a lecture on "Physical Education," to the citizens of Woburn, on Thursday evening next. The doctor is too well known to the people of our town to need any extended notice in favor of his system of physical culture, which is being rapidly introduced into many of the best schools in this and neighboring States. We have no doubt that the hall will be filled by an appreciative and intelligent audience. The doctor has done a "noble work" already, and his future promises to be brilliant, indeed.

A RUNAWAY.—On Saturday morning last, the horse belonging to Mr. F. A. Hartwell and driven by Mr. Charles Bates, while starting out of Oakley Court, accidentally came in contact with a post, throwing the seat and its occupant out, whereupon the beast became frightened, and ran at a furious pace down Main street, entering the sidewalk in front of C. A. Smith's dry goods store, where he came in collision with an iron post, which he carried away, and continuing on until he got in front of Adkins' periodical depot, he again attempted to enter the street, but the wagon coming in collision with another post, the shafts gave way, leaving it, while the animal kept on down to the store. Fortunately no one was injured. Damage, about \$5.00.

PRESENTATION.—By reference to our advertising columns, it will be perceived that the members of Niagara Engine Company, have presented their foreman, Capt. William Conner, a watch and chain. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Ferren, the clerk, and appropriately responded to by the worthy recipient.

The reader will not fail to notice the advertisements of Mrs. Hale, whose store in Lyceum Hall building, is well stocked with a choice and desirable assortment of seasonable goods.

THE TOPERS' AUTUMN SOLILOQUY. Leaves have their time to fall, And so likewise have I; The reason, too, 's the same, Both comes of getting dry. But here's the difference 'twixt you and me; I fall more harder and more frequently.

A PROMINENT CITIZEN GONE.—We regret to record the death of Hon. Bowen Buckman, which took place at his residence, in Woburn, on Wednesday afternoon last. Few men in our town were better or more favorably known than Mr. Buckman. His kind and genial manners, his strict probity, and well known interest in public affairs, had won for him in a marked degree, the respect and esteem of the whole community. Through a long life he has always been known as a just man in all his dealings with his fellow-men, doing the thing that was right from a sense of duty rather than of policy. His kindness to strangers was always marked, and the writer of this remembers with gratitude the cordial sympathy and welcome extended to him a short time since, when he "took up his abode" in Woburn. We look upon his death as a public loss; but we are thankful that he was spared so long to adorn a community which will long cherish his memory and profit by his example.

"William Webb, a boy, who was sentenced by a provincial magistrate to six months imprisonment, for stealing six walnuts from a tree, has had the sentence reduced, by advice of Sir George Grey, to one month's imprisonment."

Sir—I copy the above from the "Illustrated Times" of London, and hope the English will now be entitled at least to "pretend" to be a civilized nation.

Yours, EDWARD SYKES, of London.

THE COURSE OF LECTURES.—The statement made in our last week's issue that a course of lectures would be given in Lyceum Hall this winter, was incomplete in its details, as all the arrangements had not been made when we went to press. But we are happy to be able to announce now that they are finished, and also that the clergymen of our town have kindly consented to speak in the course, which will give us three more lectures at the same price.

The course will therefore consist of nine lectures, instead of six, and be given in the following order: The first by President Hill, of Cambridge University; the second, by Rev. Dr. Neal of Boston; the third, by Rev. Mr. Webb, pastor of the Shawmut Avenue Orthodox Church, Boston; the fourth, by Rev. J. M. Manning, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston; the fifth, by Rev. Mr. Kennard of Woburn; the sixth, by Rev. Mr. Hepworth, pastor of the Church of the Unity, Boston; the seventh, by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Cambridge, or Rev. Mr. Hale, pastor of the Twelfth Congregational Church, Boston; the eighth, by Rev. Mr. Fay, and the ninth, by Rev. Dr. Bodwell of Woburn.

The course will commence on Tuesday evening, the 29th inst., at 7 1/2 o'clock. Tickets for the course, \$1.00; Single tickets, 20 cents. Season tickets for sale at A. E. Thompson's, Brigham's, the Post Office, and the Woburn Book Store.

Those who have purchased the old tickets can exchange them for the new ones, at the places where they were purchased. There will be so short a time for the sale of the season tickets, that they may be procured at the door on the evening of the first lecture.

THE DEPREDATIONS OF THE PIRATE FLORIDA.—It appears from a memorandum book found on board the pirate Florida, that she captured and burned from March 29th to Sept. 26th, the following vessels:—Ship Avon, of Boston, 1600 tons, cargo, guano; schr. George Latimer, of Baltimore, with over 1000 bbls. of flour and other merchandise; brig W. C. Clark, of Boston, with 25,000 feet of lumber; bark Honora Stevens, of New York, with lumber; whaling bark Golconda, of New Bedford, with 1000 bbls. sperm and 700 bbls. whale oil; schr. Margaret G. Davis, of New York, in ballast; bark Greenland, of Brunswick, with 900 tons of Government coal; bark Gen. Berry, of Thomaston, with hay and straw; bark Belinda, of Eastport, in ballast; schr. Howard, of New York, with fruit; bark Mondamin, of Baltimore, in ballast; The Florida also captured the Southern Rights, but her cargo being English, she was bonded. The steamer Electric Spark, with an assorted cargo, was sunk.

All babies born after the fourth of March must be stamped.—[Internal Revenue decision.]

The executor on the estate of Stephen A. Douglas reports to the court in Chicago, that he has paid to Mrs. Douglas over \$7,500, and to the children over \$7,000, being proceeds of the estate after paying all its debts. This will be gratifying information to the many friends of the family who had supposed the estate to be insolvent.

The census of Chicago, just taken, gives a total population of 169,353, against 138,186 in the year 1862; and the present total valuation is \$48,372,000, against \$37,239,000 two years ago.

Gen. Pope denounces the present system of treaty-making as leading to constant hostilities. Every treaty made, he says, is accompanied with expensive presents of goods and of supplies, and the Indians believe that they are given as bribes to keep the peace, because the whites are afraid of them.

How to extract stains: cut neatly round with a pair of scissors, and when you have made a hole sufficiently large, nothing will be found there. The simplicity of the process is as remarkable as its rapidity.

A firm of biscuit manufacturers in Carlisle, England, by way of showing what rapid work they could do, recently reaped a field of wheat, threshed it, ground it, and made hot biscuit out of the flour in four hours.

"TAKEN THEIR SIGN DOWN."—We notice, after a successful campaign, the Union men of Woburn have taken in their transparency and retired from the stirring scenes of political, to the quietness of civil life.

The body of Irving Foster, who was killed before Petersburg, June 18th, 1864, has been disinterred, and is now on its way home. His remains will probably arrive in Woburn the first of next week.

While filling the reservoir of the Charlestown, Mass., water works, a few days since, the pumps would not operate, and an examination proved that the pipe was completely filled with cels. The next day the trouble occurred again, and on the two occasions over 2,500 pounds of cels were removed.

Since June of last year, United States Marshal Keyes has paid over to the United States Treasurer, as the proceeds of captured blockade runners adjudicated at Boston, over \$5,000,000.

A reading room in Richmond, supplied with the northern papers, charges \$5 per day for admission.

Twenty thousand dollars were recently refused for two sheep which have their home in Middlebury, Vermont.

A short-sighted professor, in going out of the gateway of his college, run against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street, and in sudden recollection of his former mishap, he cried out, "Is this you again, you brute."

Cowper says that "the tear that is wiped with address may be followed, perhaps, with a smile." An exchange says, if it is a woman's tear, the perhaps is unnecessary; you can generally dry it with a dress.

A policeman on night duty sends us the following observations: "It seems to me that with many young men the most approved method of winding up the night is reeling it home."

"Mother," said a bright-eyed little boy as he saw an inebriate staggering down the street, "Mother, did God make that man?" "Yes, my child." "Well," said the little fellow, after a moment of thoughtfulness, "I wouldn't."

A HOG PANIC.—The General Government having appointed agents to go through Kentucky and buy all surplus hogs, at eight cents per pound, delivered in Louisville, and at the same time issued orders prohibiting any railroad or steamboat from taking hogs out of the State, some of the people are much excited. The hog growers are disposed to complain that they cannot take advantage of the increased prices now offered in neighboring States, and consumers are apprehensive of a coming scarcity. The old pork-packers are also disabused, as no hogs in Louisville are permitted to pack this fall except the authorized agents established in a government packing-house.

AN ORIGINAL FOR SOME AMERICAN DICKENS.—The indefatigable individual who invites visitors to take a look at "Gen. Grant" at the Fair is a rare specimen of a showman. He sticks to his post like a post: taking his nourishment at intervals between his rich exhortations, when he seems to have exhausted the resources of quaint invitation: he always has some new phrase of humor to add to his coaxing and putting novelties. He is a genius in his vocation, and quite irresistible in his appeals. Never did ox or man have such a persistent and amusing eloquence. By all means see the quadruped and listen to the biped.—Boston Transcript.

A new substitute for cotton is thus referred to by a Paris correspondent:

Great excitement prevails in those districts of France where cotton is most used, on account of the discovery of a substitute for the now dethroned king. This substitute is the China grass or white urtica (nettle weed), which may be cultivated cheaply in all parts of France. The experiments with this new textile fibre have been going on for a year or more under the direction of a competent committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce, of Rouen, and this committee, with the weed, the raw fibre, and various specimens of woven and colored and uncolored cloths in hand, have shown the chamber, beyond all question, that the substitute is a genuine one in every point. They declare, without reservation, that none of the qualities of the cotton are wanting. I commend to your attention the lengthy report as published in the two last numbers of the Moniteur. The Minister of the Interior is furnishing seed, obtained from China, to agriculturists, and the speculation is going to assume at once colossal proportions.

The plates of the new fifty cent fractional currency are nearly ready for printing. These notes will be of the same breadth as those now in circulation, but nearly twice as long. The new five cent notes will be of the same size as the old ones, while the ten and twenty-five cent notes will be of lengths gradually between the highest and lowest denominations. It is probable that a three cent note will be issued for the greater facility of making change.

Seven years ago, Venango County, Pa., was regarded as one of the poorest, as it is one of the smallest counties in the State of Pennsylvania. More than one third of its entire surface could have been purchased for less than three dollars per acre. Its best improved farms would bring little if anything over thirty dollars per acre, and its entire industrial products did not exceed three hundred thousand dollars. Choice oil lands sell now readily at from three hundred to five thousand dollars per acre, and they have been sold as high as forty-five thousand dollars per acre. The yield of oil from this county during the last year was over fifty millions of dollars, or greater than the entire coal and iron trade of the entire State of Pennsylvania, and should the present price of oil be sustained, the product will be nearly eighty millions of dollars the coming year.

### SOUTH READING.

SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.—The school exhibitions of last week were, as a whole, of a higher order than those of previous years. Most of the schools are in good condition, and reflect credit upon those who manage them, and upon the liberality of the town. The exercises of the High School, on Friday afternoon, were of an interesting nature. Eight young ladies graduated with honor, having well earned their diplomas. At the organization of the class, which contained only eight members at the graduation, about a dozen lads were connected with it, and commenced on the course of study prescribed by the Committee, but various causes had removed them all from the school. Seven of them, though young in years, but filled with true patriotism, responded to the call of their imperiled country, and promptly and eagerly entered its service. They have been in many battles and dangers, yet all have been preserved save one, who received wounds at the battles of the Wilderness, of which he died. On the evening of Friday, Cyrus Wakefield, Esq., whose name the diplomas bear, invited the graduating class to his new and splendid mansion, where with a few friends, they spent several very pleasant hours in conversation, and in exercising their gifts upon the piano. It is a matter of congratulation that our liberal minded men are becoming more and more interested in the welfare of our public schools.

HIGHWAYS.—A few weeks ago we spoke in terms of praise of the repairs that had recently been made on Main street. We heartily repent for having bestowed credit where it was not deserved. It was fair weather when the article was written, and the street was in excellent condition; but when the rains descended and beat upon it, it became simply mud, and such travelling was the consequence, as people cannot become reconciled to. The fault was in the material. It was not of the right sort, though if it had been put on in the spring, and had the benefit of the travelling of a dry summer upon it, the result would doubtless have been different. We are glad to know, however, that this state of things is not long to last,—that the mud is being covered with gravel, to the infinite delight of the many concerned.

November 23d, 1864.

### READING.

A course of eight Lectures has been arranged for the season, the first of which was delivered in Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening, by Rev. A. L. Stone, of Boston. Subject: "Campaign Life." It was a splendid production and worth many times its cost. This lecture was well attended, and those of our citizens who were so fortunate as to hear it, will be able to learn "why the army does not move." Sometimes the speaker thought he would like to have grumblers witness what had fallen under his observation while in the service as Chaplain. He thought they would cease their grumbling at once, and be quiet. Tickets for the course, \$1.00; Reserved seats, 50 cents, extra. Admission without tickets, 20 cents. F. H. Knight, Treasurer. The lectures are to be delivered on successive Wednesday evenings. The next is to be delivered by Judge Russell, of Boston. Rev. J. M. Manning, E. W. B. Canning, Esq., and others, are engaged. The Executive Committee, Messrs. A. W. Phillips and J. S. Temple are exceedingly fortunate in being able to secure Lecturers on Wednesday evening, as a late train leaves this place for Boston, so that the speakers will not be under the necessity of looking at their watch, for fear they shall go a minute beyond the hour, nor omitting page after page to reach the end, for fear they shall miss the cars.

### WINCHESTER.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—The Wiggins Estate, on Prince street, lately occupied by Mr. Breeden, has been sold to Mr. Hornblower, who is in the morocco business in Pearl street, Boston, for \$3300.

RE-INTERMENT.—The mortal remains of the late S. D. Quimby have been recently removed from Franklin, N. H., the place of his birth and death, to this town, where his family reside and where he spent so large a portion of his active life. The occasion afforded a fitting opportunity for his pastor, Rev. Mr. Robinson, on the last Sunday morning, to preach a sermon of consolation to the afflicted ones, at the close of which he alluded to the christian character of Mr. Quimby, as exemplified in his life, and the calmness and resignation with which he met the approach of the King of Terrors.

DEER SHOOTING.—A man in the employ of Dr. S. P. Bartlett, shot a deer last week in the woods in the westerly part of the town. He was a fine animal of his species, weighing some 250 pounds and must have found his way thither from some of the wilds of our neighboring States. Our town can now boast that it affords an opportunity for deer shooting, among its other attractions.

THANKSGIVING.—Union Service was held in the Baptist Church, this morning, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hinckley, officiating.

SCHOOLS.—The High School will commence on the 28th inst, and the other schools, Dec. 5th.

### EXCELSIOR.

Tom Hood called the slamming of a door by a person in passion "a wooden oath." Most men swear by word or deed and there is perhaps no particular difference in the sinfulness of the two modes.

"Oh, father, I've just seen the blackest nigger that ever was!" said a little urchin, as he came running into the house. "Why, how black was he, Ned?" asked papa. "Oh, he was as black as black can be. Why father, charcoal would make a white mark on him!"

THE DEVASTATION AT ATLANTA.—A correspondent of the National Intelligence, who has just returned from this Southern city, which our troops have abandoned, not because they were forced to, but because it was no longer of importance to hold it, gives a graphic description of the awful destruction of property which has taken place there. He says, Atlanta has lost its importance as a military point of view. It was the centre of a network of railroads connecting the South, Southwest, and North. It was the great arsenal, foundry, and rolling stock depot of the rebellion. All these are destroyed. All the factories, mills, and foundries from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and several miles beyond, are destroyed, the railways gutted, torn up, and the iron put beyond use or brought to the rear. Therefore Atlanta is no longer of military importance. For miles the country around it has been made such a waste as to preclude the possibility of the rebel army again occupying it. Men, who were almost millionaires a few years since, had to fly without a dollar in their pockets. Atlanta is no more. The Babylon of the South has fallen, the voice and hum of busy industry has ceased. Its splendid houses and broad streets are destroyed. The houses are in ruins, the streets will soon be overgrown with grass, and sportive children will play through them and furtively peep through the piles of brick and the ruins of factories, foundries and railroad depots, peopling the deserted halls with ghastly legends. Atlanta, the Gate City of the South—Atlanta, the Tyre of Southern trade, is a deserted city of ruins. Her growing grandeur and loveliness are gone. She stands forth a lesson to rebels of the fruits of their wicked efforts to rend their country in pieces.

The condition of the army investing Richmond, is spoken of as follows, in a letter from Fort Keene, Va., to the Rochester Union:

"The army is in no wise in a demoralized and dispirited condition, but it is true that the troops need a great deal of drill and discipline, as every commanding officer is ready to testify. So many old men have left the army on account of the expiration of their term of service, and so many, too, have fallen in battle or by disease, or have been discharged by reason of disability, and their places being filled by new men, there is, as a consequence, a want of strength and efficiency on the part of the army which requires instruction and drill to correct and improve. Unquestionably another call for troops will be issued very soon, for 'more men' is already the cry."

CUSHMAN & BROOKS, Boston, are opening Ladies' and Misses', Black Lace Veils, Lace Sets in new styles, Head Nets, Lace Barbs, Lace Collars, New and elegant Linen Collars, Cord Edge Sleeve and Sets, Embroidered Handkerchiefs, new designs; also Scarfs for Ladies and Gentlemen, Hair and Sash Ribbons, Rich Black Ribbons (Veils, Flowers, Hats and Bonnets, White Shetland Veils, Collars, &c., New and Select Style Dress Buttons, Belts, Clasps, Bonnet Velvets, Velvet ribbons, &c., &c. PRICES SATISFACTORY. CUSHMAN & BROOKS, two doors South of Mount Temple.

CRIOUS PUZZLE.—A farmer died, possessed of seventeen ploughs and three sons. Left, by his will, half of the ploughs (the eldest son; one-third to the second son; one-ninth to the third son. The executors were puzzled; but an adjoining farmer undertook to make a division, so that each son should have more than he was entitled to by the will. He added a plough of his own to the seventeen—making eighteen. Then the first son had half—nine; second son, one-third—six; third son one-ninth—two. Thus each son took more than he was entitled to by the father's will; and then the farmer who made the division took his own plough back again.

CLEANING GRANARIES.—A prudent farmer will never fill his bins with the new threshed grain, without first having given them a thorough cleaning. In order to do this we would recommend either of the following modes:—Having formed a bed of sand upon the granary floor, place earthen vessels of powdered brimstone upon it, to which set fire, after having closed the doors, and crevices if there be any. This fumigation, it is said, will prevent the existence of the weevil, or other insects, in the grain. Or first sweep the ceiling and sides of the granary, and lastly the floor. Carry out the dust, being sure to burn it. Then wash all the interior of the granary with a strong lye mixture, and when done, finish by giving the whole a good coat of whitewash.—Dollar Newspaper.

LAYING DOWN GRAPEVINES IN WINTER.—A correspondent of one of our agricultural exchange papers says: "In my rambles in various portions of this and adjoining counties, I have been particular in making observations with reference to the productiveness of those vines that have been laid down when compared with those that have not been laid down during winter, and I have found it an invariable rule that those vines, no matter what was the variety of grape, which had been detached from their supporters in late autumn, and laid down and covered with a few inches deep of soil, or with leaves, until the cold weather had passed in the spring, yielded good crops of grapes, while those that had not been laid down during winter yielded but little fruit, and in many instances none at all; and when such vines did bear, the grapes were almost always several days later in maturing, and were also of an inferior quality."

An Irishman describing America, said "I am told that ye might roll England thru it, an it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water ocean inside that ye might dround Old Ireland in; an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, an' never be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell o' whiskey."







an iron bar from the floor, and inserting it in a crevice in the wall, removed a large stone, which disclosed an aperture about two feet square, and from the rushing in of cold air I knew that it communicated with the outside of the church. Leaving the place open, he took up a board from the bottom of the vault; it disclosed a shallow trench; in the bottom was a time fuse, one end of which was inserted in the head of a barrel of powder; I now saw what his plans were: he intended to set fire to the fuse, and escaping through the subterranean passage, inform his friends of what he had done, and they would have time to remove to a safe distance before the explosion occurred, which would have leveled the building to the ground. I could not restrain a cold chill from creeping over me, as I thought what the consequences would have been if I had not discovered him; and now I determined to thwart the plans of the villain.

"He had just lighted a match with which to light the fuse, when I struck him a violent blow with the hilt of my sword, which laid him senseless at my feet. Springing up the steps I called loudly for help, which was not long in coming. Lieut. Carver reached me first, and in a few words I communicated to him what had happened. We soon had the wretch at the top of the stairs, where most of the men were gathered, and they were very much surprised when they saw who it was that we carried between us. Some water was procured and dashed into his face, and he soon began to revive.

"He was once more carried up stairs where I learned how he had escaped. He had watched his chance, and when his guard was looking the other way, he sprang forward and knocked the light from the guard's hand and rushed to the window, dashing out the whole of the lower sash; he then retreated back into the darkness, and as the men rushed to the window, through which they supposed he had escaped, he succeeded in getting down stairs unobserved.

"I called my men around me and told them of his endeavor to murder us all in cold blood, and when I had closed I saw by their compressed lips, which uttered not a word, and by the threatening looks which they cast towards him that his life was short. He saw it, too, and cast an appealing glance towards me, but I knew that his life was doubly forfeited, and taking Lieut. Carver's arm, we went to the farther end of the gallery, where we could view the proceedings.

"The bell-rope was procured from the belfry and fastened around his neck; a long bench was run partially out of the broken window; the other end of the rope was fastened to it; the guilty wretch placed upon the end which projected out of the window, and when it was turned over, with one wild scream of terror, the traitor was launched into eternity. We supposed that the rebels would try to rescue their comrade, but they did not, as they probably thought that they would gain nothing, and it would only be a loss of life to assail our position; they fired a volley into the window, which did no damage, as we had all retired from the window.

"It was getting to be daylight, and we were expecting an attack every minute, for we supposed that the rebels were only waiting for daybreak, to carry out their plans. But the time passed on, and 10 o'clock came, and still all was quiet; what it meant was more than we could tell. Many an anxious glance was cast towards the road by which our reinforcements must come, but they did not make their appearance.

"Suddenly we heard a cheer from a party of rebels concealed behind a rise of ground about fifty rods from the church. Looking in that direction we saw what the rebels had been waiting for; it was a brass field piece, which would soon render our position untenable. We were again summoned to surrender, and leaving Lieut. Carver to parley with the rebel commander, I hastily called my men around me, and told them that one of two things must be done, either to give ourselves up as prisoners, or to cut our way through the rebel lines and escape as best we could. I found that they were unanimously in favor of the latter plan.

"We quickly completed our preparations, and were only waiting to hear the report of the cannon, for we were to make our trial under cover of the smoke. We had not long to wait, for soon the loud report of the cannon was heard, and a twelve pound ball came crashing through the wall; opening the door we made a rush for the road, but the rebels soon discovered us, and with a loud cheer rushed forward to block up our way, but they were fighting against desperate men, and we were driving them slowly before us, when a party of the enemy that had been concealed behind the church, rushed forward to join their comrades.

"We were now completely surrounded, yet we fought with desperation, and refused to yield, but we could not have continued the contest for five minutes longer, when we suddenly heard the clear notes of a cavalry bugle sounding the charge. There was a pause in the conflict, and looking down the road we saw, not fifty rods from us, our gallant band of cavalry coming to our rescue; the rebels turned to flee but too late, for our brave boys were upon them, and many a rebel bit the dust before he could reach the woods.

Here they rallied and fired a volley at us; one of the balls struck me upon the temple, inflicting a dangerous wound, but not penetrating the skull.

"I was carried to camp, and the surgeon worked over me for four long hours before I recovered my senses; but it was two months before I was fully recovered, when I was sent to Washington with despatches, and hearing that your regiment was here, I concluded to give you a call and see if you had forgotten your old friend and companion."

When Robert had concluded his story, the sun was just rising, and as he had to leave upon the morning train, he bid me good bye. But our correspondence has been resumed, and it is often now that I hear from him.

**FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.**—It is a well established fact that no preparation has ever been placed before the public, that, as a remedial agent for the safe and speedy cure of Coughs, Croup, Influenza, Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, Soreness of the Chest and Lungs, and the relief of Consumptive Cough, is equal to *Coe's Cough Balsam*.

Although not known in the Western States until the fall of 1893, over 300,000 bottles of it were sold and used by the people; its immense popularity being the result of its undoubted merit. The proprietors, Messrs. C. G. CLARK & CO., of New Haven, Ct., who are among the most reliable of the Eastern Drug Houses have offered to any man who would produce an article that would cure any Lung and Throat affections as quick as *Coe's Cough Balsam*, a reward of \$100, and are duly copyrighted.

*Coe's Cough Balsam* is a remedy of the most reliable of the Eastern Drug Houses have offered to any man who would produce an article that would cure any Lung and Throat affections as quick as *Coe's Cough Balsam*, a reward of \$100, and are duly copyrighted. *Coe's Cough Balsam* is a remedy of the most reliable of the Eastern Drug Houses have offered to any man who would produce an article that would cure any Lung and Throat affections as quick as *Coe's Cough Balsam*, a reward of \$100, and are duly copyrighted.

### HELMHOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

**COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.** A Positive Specific Remedy for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropsical Swellings. This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Urinary Disorders are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

**Holmbold's Extract Buchu.** For Weakness arising from Excesses, Habits of Dissipation, Early Indiscretion or Abuse, attended with the following symptoms:—Indisposition to Exercise, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Trembling, Weak Nerves, Horrid Dreams, Watery Discharge, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Face, Dryness of the Skin, Eruptions on the Face, Pallid Countenance. These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine invariably removes, soon follow:—Impotency, Fatality, Epileptic Fits, In one of which the Patient may expire. Who can say that they are not frequently followed by those "Direful Diseases,"—"INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION." Many are aware of the cause of their suffering, but none will confess. The records of the insane explain. And Melancholy Deaths by Consumption bear ample witness to the Truth of the assertion. The Constitution once affected with Organic Weakness requires the aid of Medicine to Strengthen and Invigorate the System. Which HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does.

A Trial will convince the most skeptical. **Females—Females—Females.** In many Affections peculiar to Females the EXTRACT BUCHU is unequalled by any other remedy. It is in Chlorosis or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Scirrhous state of the Uterus, Leucorrhoea or Whites, Sterility, and for all complaints incident to the sex. Whether arising from Indiscretion, Habits of Dissipation, or the DECLINE OR CHANGE OF LIFE.

Take no more Balsam, Mercury, or unpleasant Medicines for unpleasant and dangerous diseases. *Holmbold's Extract Buchu* and *Improved Rose Wash* Cures.

**Secret Diseases.** In all their Stages, At Little Expense, Little or no change in Diet. No inconvenience, And no Exposure. It causes a frequent desire and gives strength to Urinate, thereby Removing Obstructions, Preventing and Curing Stricture, or the Urinary Glands, whether existing in MALE or FEMALE, from whatever cause originating and no matter of HOW LONG STANDING. Diseases of these Organs requires the aid of a DIURETIC, HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU IS THE GREAT DIURETIC, and is certain to have the desired effect in all Diseases for which it is recommended. Evidence of the most reliable and responsible character will accompany the medicine. Price, \$1.00 per bottle, or Six for \$5.00. Delivered to any Address, securely packed from observation.

**Describe Symptoms in all Communications.** Cures Guaranteed! Advice Gratis!! Address letters for information to H. B. HELMHOLD, Chemist, 104 South Tenth-st., bet. Chestnut, Philadelphia. HELMHOLD'S Medical Depot, 694 Broadway, New York. HELMHOLD'S Chemist, 694 Broadway, New York. HELMHOLD'S Chemist, 694 Broadway, New York.

**Use HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU** for all affections and diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether existing in MALE or FEMALE, from whatever cause originating and no matter of HOW LONG STANDING. Diseases of these Organs requires the aid of a DIURETIC, HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU IS THE GREAT DIURETIC, and is certain to have the desired effect in all Diseases for which it is recommended.

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### GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE, A SURE RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERER.

This Salve is a vegetable preparation, invented in the 17th century, by Dr. W. M. GRACE, surgeon in King James's army. Through its agency he cured thousands of most serious sores and wounds that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded by all who knew him as a public benefactor.

**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Burns.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Scalds.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Flesh Wounds.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Cuts.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Bruises.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Frenzied Limbs.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Cancers.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Salt Rheum.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Chills.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Sore Lips.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Erysipelas Sores.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Abscesses.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ulcers.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Chapped Hands.**  
**Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ringworms.**

And from Sores and Wounds of the most serious nature down to a common Pimple. It eradicates Pimples from the face, and beautifies the skin. There is no preparation before the public that can equal this Salve in prompt and energetic action for the speedy cure of external diseases, as those who have tried its virtues testify. Soldiers, Sailors, and Fishermen, will find this Salve their best friend.

It has none of the irritating, heating properties of other remedies, but cools, cleanses, and heals the most serious Sores and Wounds. Every family, and especially those containing children, should keep a box on hand in case of accident, for it will save them much trouble, suffering, and money. All it wants is a fair trial to cure old and inveterate Sores.

**MANUFACTURED BY WILLIAM GRACE, AMESBURY, MASS.**

Price 25 cents and \$1 per Box. A great saving is effected by the large size. Each Box has the above cut and the facsimile of the proprietor's signature attached to it, which is duly copyrighted. Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Boston, general agents for New England. Grace's Salve can be obtained at all respectable Druggists and country stores everywhere. For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM.



### HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from bodily weakness whether inherent in the system or produced by special causes.

Nothing that is not wholesome, genial and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This is a popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, no deadly botanical element; no fery extract, but it is a combination of the extracts of rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants. It is to be forewarned against disease, and so far as the human system can be protected by human means against maladies engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure water and other causes, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has been found infallible as a preventive and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This is a popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, no deadly botanical element; no fery extract, but it is a combination of the extracts of rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

The weak Stomach is rapidly invigorated, and the appetite restored by this Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia and in less confirmed forms of Indigestion. Acting on a gentle and pleasant aperient, as well as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the Constipation superinduced by irregular action of the bowels and secretions.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Spirits and Life of Langour, find prompt and permanent relief from this Tonic. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes. The agonizing Bilious Colic is immediately assuaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it, the return of the complaint is prevented.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Constitutional Weakness, Premature Decay and Debility and Depravity arising from Old Age, it exercises the most salutary influence. In the convalescent stages of all diseases it operates as a delightful invigorant. When the powers of nature are relaxed, it operates to re-enforce and re-establish them.

Last, but not least, it is *The Only Safe Stimulant*, being manufactured from sound and innocuous materials and entirely free from the sedative elements present more or less in all the ordinary tonics and stomachics of the day.

It is a family remedy, and is universally, and it may be truly said, deservedly popular with the intelligent portion of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Storekeepers everywhere.

**JOHN G. COLE, PAINTER AND GLAZIER.** Paper Hanging, White-washing and Color in the most perfect manner. Also, Gilding and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description furnished. PAINTS, OILS, and GLASS, of the best quality, constantly on hand.

**FRANK B. DODGE, WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.** Also, DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c. Melodions For Sale and to Let. WADE BLOCK, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**REOPENED.** THE PHOTOGRAPH ROOMS OF F. S. KNOTT, having been refitted, and an addition made of a new light, he is now prepared to execute work in all the different branches connected with the art. Special attention paid to copying Photographs from old Daguerotypes or Ambrotypes. An assortment of frames kept constantly on hand for sale. Woburn, Sept. 24. 3m

### The Middlesex Journal, E. MARCHANT, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass. TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, where previous notice has been given or not.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
One square (12 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.50  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (6 lines), one insertion, .75  
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One square six months, 8.00  
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Half a square six months, 5.00  
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Less than half a square charged as a half square; more than half a square charged as a full square. Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.** Inserted, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

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South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD  
Stoneham—E. T. WHITTIER  
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY  
Reading—L. E. GLEASON  
S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), 801 Broadway, Court street, Boston, are empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays, in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents. Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

### VERNATELLA.

WARRANTED TO MAKE THE SOLES OF BOOTS AND SHOES WATER AND DAMPNESS PROOF, AND WEAR ONE-THIRD LONGER. VERNATELLA, is a preparation from Copper, having no grease, Linseed oil, or anything of the kind, and when the soles are once saturated with it, water can no more get through them than through copper itself. Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

But its cost to the purchaser is really NOTHING, as it makes the soles wear enough longer to more than pay for it, leaving as a net gain the making of them Water and Dampness Proof and the preservation thereby of that priceless gem, the health.

### LADIES, READ THIS.

**SAVE YOUR HEALTH!** Use Vernatella on the soles of your Shoes. It makes them water proof and thereby protects your feet from dampness, for the ground is always more or less moist, either from rain or the morning and evening dew.

**At Wholesale in Boston by** GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., No. 38 Hanover street. S. M. CORCORAN & CO., 56 Hanover street. E. S. BURKE & CO., 36 Tremont street. CARTER, RUST & CO., 43, Hanover street. And Wholesale Druggists generally. Also by all the Principal Dealers in Boots and Shoes. Manufactured in the CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT of the

**Cahoon Manufacturing Company.** WYMAN & TYLER, Agents. 40—7m 82, Water street, Boston.

**EPHRAIM CUTTER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon** CORNER OF PLEASANT AND BENNETT STREETS, WOBURN CENTRE.

**CHARLES A. SMITH, DEALER IN American and Foreign DRY GOODS,** Bank Block, Woburn.

**HORACE COLLAMORE, DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.** OFFICE—4 WADE'S BLOCK, Woburn Centre.

**MIDDLESEX WAR-CLAIM ASSOCIATION,** Office, 4 Niles Block, 33 School St., Boston.

THIS ASSOCIATION has been formed to aid Soldiers, Seamen, and their Families, in obtaining PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, PRIZE MONEY, LAND, and other claims against the Government. Applications for the collection of claims should be made by letter, or in person, to the Attorney of the Association.

Advice will be given by the Attorney without charge. Upon the collection of claims, small charges, established by the Directors, will be made. HON. JOEL PARKER, President. HON. D. Y. GOUGH, Vice Presdts. HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, Vice Presdts. DIRECTORS—Joel Parker, Geo. S. Boutwell, D. W. Goody, Leonard H. Henshaw, James B. Rhute, Phineas J. Stone, Chas. Hudson, E. J. Collins, Amos Stone, H. Henshaw, Horace Conn, J. H. Waitt, Charles Kimball, John K. Goring.

A. D. COFFIN, Attorney, No. 33 School Street, Boston. GEO. W. CORLELAND, Secretary and Treasurer, 5 Tremont Street, Boston. 30 ly.

**To Business Men.** THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL

And Woburn Townsman, Has a large and rapidly increasing Subscription List, and finds its way into nearly all the best families in Woburn. It also has a large Circulation throughout Middlesex County, and is one of the best mediums for Advertising in this portion of the State.

Those of our Readers who desire to give a wide publicity to their Business Notices, will please bear this fact in mind when dispensing their favors to the Press. All Advertisements will be well displayed and made attractive, so that readers can see them at a glance.

**NOTICE.** STOCKHOLDERS owning Shares in the Woburn Gas Light Company, on the first of October, 1894, are hereby notified that a dividend of six per cent on the Capital Stock of the Company, will be paid on and after Nov. 1st, at the office of the Company.

Office hours from 9 till 9 o'clock, P. M. A. A. ROSS THOMPSON, Treasurer. Woburn, Oct. 29th, 1894. 3t

**TRY IT.** The most effectual Remedy for Chapped Hands, Sunburn and Inflammation of the Skin. — 15 — BRIGHAM'S Camphorated Glycerine Lotion. For sale only at 5 Wade's Block. Nov 4

### WOBURN BOOKSTORE!

THE WOUBURN BOOKSTORE is well supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing Paper, Pens, Ink, Inkstands, Pencils, Blank Books, Room Paper, Fancy Goods, Toys, and almost everything usually found in a Stationary Store. The stock of

**Bibles and Testaments** is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles. FAMILY BIBLES supplied to order.

**Hymn Books.** The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the different Societies, are always kept on hand. Those of particular binding, when not on hand, will be furnished to order.

**Sabbath Sch'l Books,** Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books, &c., supplied at short notice.

**Photograph Albums** in good variety, and at different prices, from 50 cts. upwards.

**Juvenile Works,** suitable for children of all ages, including the works of the most favorite authors, in great supply. TOY BOOKS of all kinds and prices.

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

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## Rhymes for the Times.

THE POOR SEAMSTRESS.

Found dead in her bed!  
Her spirit has fled,  
For light and air,  
To a more serene fair,  
From the bitter night,  
Without air or light.

Found dead in her bed!  
For life she has fled,  
From her living death,  
Where each labouring breath,  
Was a hopeless strife  
Between death and life.

Found dead! found dead!  
She has gone home for bread,  
And her sister slumber,  
She has left in her grave,  
Slumbering there,  
Without light or air.

Oh, where was the smile  
Her eyes to beguile?  
Oh, where is the tear  
To fall on her brow?  
What heart will bemoan  
The maiden that's gone?

Oh, who can disclose  
What visions were those  
That fever'd her brain,  
As with care and pain  
She made her own shroud  
In that toll-own crowd?

Did her spirit roam  
To her childhood's home,  
Where a father's care  
And a mother's prayer  
Cloth'd all the place  
With a deathless grace?

Did she dream of flowers,  
And summer showers;  
Of the fresh, sweet breeze,  
And the hum of bees;  
Of the glad, free song  
Of the feathered throng?

Did she think of the day  
When she went to pray;  
While the world seem'd blest  
With a Sabbath rest;  
As she labour'd there  
Without time for a prayer?

As she toil'd all day  
Without time to pray,  
And stole from her sleep  
The time to wait in state,  
And died in haste  
Not an hour to waste!

Oh, bury the slave  
In a pauper's grave!  
But the sin and the shame  
Still live on the same;  
And will not be hid  
By the coffin's lid!

Live on as before  
And lie at the door  
Where the beggar of old  
Found the cur with his gold  
Less moved by his state  
Than the cur at his gate.

W. K.

## Early Methodism Illustrated.

Soon after the promulgation of Methodism in England, it spread with great rapidity over the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and especially among the miners and lower orders. For a long period after its introduction the clergy and higher orders of society in the west of England manifested a dislike to the new doctrines which can scarcely be imagined in these days of modern toleration. It was thought by many young gentlemen good sport to break the windows and nail up the doors of a Methodist chapel. The robbery of a Wesleyan preacher as a spree by two young gentlemen, became the subject of investigation, and the frolicsome young men had to pay dearly for their practical joke.

Among the uneducated local preachers was one known by the name of "The Old Gardener." This old man was no common character—indeed, he was quite an original, and by far the most popular preacher among the disciples of John Wesley in that vicinity. He kept a small nursery garden about two miles from the town of St. A., working hard at his occupation as a gardener by day, and praying and preaching to his fellow-sinners, as he called them, in the evening. He lived in the poorest manner—giving away all the surplus of his earnings in charity, distributing Bibles, and promoting to the utmost of his ability the extension of Methodism. His complexion was a sort of dirty, dark, iron-grey, and his whole appearance lean and grotesque. Although extremely ignorant, he possessed no small degree of cunning; of this the following incident affords ample evidence:—

The "Old Gardener" was once subjected to a burglary and attempt at robbery. He lived with his wife in a small and somewhat dilapidated cottage, not far from the high road. Three young "squires," who had just finished their studies at the University, and who all despised and hated Methodism, having heard that the old man had been recently making a collection to build a Methodist chapel, thought it would be a good frolic to rob him temporarily of the proceeds of his collection. The result of the frolic is best related in the words of one of the actors:—

"We set out," said he, "upon our expedition with blackened faces, on a dark night, a little before twelve o'clock. We had dined late, and all of us had Dutch as well as Cornish courage: yet I confess,

when it came to the point, I felt myself a coward. I began to reflect that it was but a dastardly frolic to frighten a poor old man and his wife in the dead of night.

The clock struck twelve. "Now comes the witching time of the night," exclaims Tom.

"Don't let us frighten the poor couple out of their wits," said I.

"No," said Ryder, "we will be gentle robbers—gentle as Robin Hood and Little John."

I said that I would rather return than proceed. "Recollect," said I, "the old fellow is an old soldier, as well as a saint, and fears nothing human."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Ryder, "here goes." He pressed the feeble door of the cottage in which the old man resided; it immediately gave way and flew open. We entered, and found ourselves in a sort of kitchen. To our great surprise there was a light shining from an inner room. This made us hesitate.

"Who is out there at this time of the night?" exclaimed a hoarse voice from within. I knew it to be the unmistakable voice of the "Old Gardener."

"Give us your money, and no harm shall befall you," said Tom, "but we must have your money."

"The Lord will be my defence," rejoined the "Old Gardener." "You shall have no money from me; all in the house is the Lord's—take it if you dare!"

"We must, and will have it," said we, as we entered the inner room, after taking the precaution of fastening the chamber door as we entered.

We soon wished we had suffered it to remain open, as you will see.

Now, consider us face to face with the "Old Gardener," and a pretty sight we presented. Three ruffians (ourselves) with white waggons' frocks and blackened faces. Before us the "Old Gardener," sitting on the side of his bed. He wore a red worsted nightcap, a checked shirt and a flannel jacket; his iron-grey face, fringed with a grizzle beard, looking as cool and undismayed as if he had been in the pulpit preaching. A table was by the side of the bed, and immediately in front of him, on a large deal table, was an open Bible, close to which we observed, to our horror, a heap of gunpowder, large enough to blow up a castle. A candle was burning on the table, and the old fellow had a steel in one hand and a large flint in the other. We were all three paralysed. The wild, iron-faced, determined look of the "Old Gardener," the candle, flint and steel, and the great heap of powder, absolutely froze our blood and made cowards of us all. The gardener saw the impression he had made.

"What! do you want to rob and murder," exclaimed he; "you had better join with me in prayer, miserable sinners that you all are! Repent, and you may be saved. You will soon be in another world!"

Ryder first recovered his speech.

"Please to hear me, Mr. Gardener, I feel that we have been wrong, and if we may depart, we will make reparation, and give you all the money we have in our pockets."

We laid our purses on the table before him.

"The Lord has delivered you into my hands. It was so revealed to me in a dream. We shall all soon be in another world. Pray, let us pray. And down he fell upon his knees, close to the table, with the candle burning, and the ugly flint and steel in his hand. He prayed and prayed. At last he appeared exhausted. He stopped and eyed the purses, and then emptied one of them out on the table. He appeared surprised, and, I thought, gratified, at the largeness of its contents. We now thought we should have leave to retire; but, to our dismay, the "Old Gardener" said,

"Now we will praise God by singing the 100th Psalm!"

This was agony to us all. After the psalm, the old man took up the second purse, and while he was examining its contents, Ryder, who was close behind Tom and myself, whispered softly,

"I have unfastened the door, and when you hear me move, make a rush."

The "Old Gardener," then, pouring out the contents of the second purse, exclaimed,

"Why, there is almost enough to build our new house of God. Let me see what the third contains."

He took up the third purse.

"Now," whispered Ryder, "make a rush."

We did so; and at the same moment heard the old fellow hammering away at his flint and steel. We expected to be

instantly blown into fragments. The front door, however, flew open before us; the next step and we found ourselves in the garden. The night was pitchy dark. We rushed blindly through the nursery ground, scrambled through brambles and prickly shrubs, run our heads against trees, then forced ourselves through a thicket hedge. At last, with scratched faces, torn hands, and tattered clothes, we tumbled over a bank into the road.

Our horses were soon found, and we galloped to Ryder's residence. Lights were procured, and we sat down. We were black, ragged and dirty. We looked at each other, and in spite of our miserable adventure, roared with laughter.

"We may laugh," exclaimed Tom, "but if this adventure is blown, and we are found out, Cornwall will be too hot for us for the next seven years. We have made a pretty night of it. We have lost our money; being obliged to pretend to pray for two long hours before a great heap of gunpowder, while the iron-faced, ugly, red-capped brute threatened us with an immediate passage into eternity. And our money forsooth must go to build a meeting-house! Bah! It is truly horrible. The fellow has played the old soldier on us with a vengeance, and we shall be on the laughing-stock of the whole country."

The affair was not yet ended. Reports were spread three men disguised as black demons, with horns and tails, had entered the cottage of the "Old Gardener," who had not only terrified them, but had frightened them out of a good sum of money, which he intended to devote to the building of a new Methodist Meeting-house. It was given out that on the following Sunday "Old Gardener," intended to preach a sermon, and afterwards solicit subscriptions for the meeting-house when he would relate the remarkable manner in which he had been providentially assisted with funds for the building. Our mortification was complete. Tom, whose hatred of Methodism was intense, declared he would blow up the meeting-house as soon as it was built. Our curiosity, however, was excited, and we all three determined to hear our adventure of the night related by "Old Gardener," if we could contrive to be present without being suspected. Sunday evening arrived. The meeting-house was crammed to suffocation; and with the dim lights then burning in the chapel, we had no difficulty in concealing ourselves. The sermon was short, but the statement of our adventures was related most minutely and circumstantially in the old man's quaint, homely and humorous phrasology. This evening he seemed to excel himself, and was exultingly humorous. The old fellow's face glowed with delight and satisfaction. "I never," said he, "saw black faces pray with greater devotion. I have some doubt, however," he slyly observed, "if their prayers were quite heavenward. They sometimes turned their faces towards the door; but a lifting of the steel and flint kept them quiet."

He then added, with a knowing shake of the head and an exulting laugh, "But they had not smelt powder like the old soldier they came to rob. No, no; it was a large heap—ay, large enough to frighten old General Clive himself. The candle was lighted, the flint and steel were ready. You may ask, my friends, if I myself were not afraid. No, no, my dear friends," shouted he, "this large heap of gunpowder was—it was my stock my whole year's stock of leek (onion) seed!"

The whole congregation somewhat irreverently laughed; even the saint almost shouted; many clapped their hands. I was for a moment stupefied by the announcement, but at last could hardly suppress my own laughter.

We subscribed to the fund to avoid suspicion, and left the meeting. After the sermon we joined each other, but could not speak. We could barely chuckle "Leek seed," and then roared with laughter.

It was a good joke, though not exactly to our taste. It has, however, more than once served for subsequent amusement.

The chapel was built with the money collected by the gardener. Time and circumstances now induce me to think that there has been no detriment to morality or religion by the erection of the meeting-house, which the High-Church party named "The Leek-seed Chapel."—*St. James Magazine.*

The people of Peru are so indolent that they open pea-pods with an oyster-knife. In driving horses, they always have two men to each quadruped—one to hold the reins, and the other to cry "whoa!"

## TO MAKE FARMING PROFITABLE.—

Every beginner in farming, by securing the following essentials, will succeed:—

Buy no more land than there is capital enough to pay for with one third more for surplus. A small farm free from debt, with plenty of means to stock it, and carry on its work, will yield more than a larger one encumbered with debt, conducted feebly in every part, with bad fences, poor implements, bony animals, weedy fields, and thin crops.

Lay out the fields in good order, so as to give ready access to every field at all times, passing through other fields.

Provide good fences and necessary gates, and valuable time will not be lost in driving out intruding animals, nor crops lost by their depredations.

Furnish good farm-buildings to secure properly the crops, and to afford shelter to animals.

Select the best animals and the best implements that can be secured for a reasonable price.

Bring the soil into good condition by manuring and draining, and keep it so by a judicious rotation.

Effect a clear and systematic arrangement of all the work, so that there shall be no clashing or confusion.

Employ diligence and energy, and adopt careful management.

## Harvest Hymn.

The busy fields are silent now,  
The reaper's glowing toil is o'er;  
With grateful, joyous hearts we bow  
Before our God, and Him adore.

Almighty Father, thanks to Thee,  
For all the bounties of Thy land;  
Let every soul Thy temple see,  
And sound Thy praise throughout our land.

To satisfy Thy children's need,  
How great Thy skill, how vast Thy power!  
Thy gift is every precious seed,  
Each welcome ray, each timely shower.

The husbandman sees golden sheaves  
Piled on the homeward harvest-wain,  
His heart with gladness gladdens heaves  
To think his toil is not in vain.

Yet sweeter, lovelier songs ascend:  
The offering of the humble poor  
To Him, their rich and heavenly Friend,  
Who feeds them from His liberal store.

O God! Thy mercies all partake,  
Thy goodness unto all is shown;  
Our sins forgive for Jesus' sake;  
Help us to yield to Thee Thine own.

While "peaceful plenty" bless our shores,  
Borne on the sighing ocean-ware,  
The din of hideous war yet roars,  
Still fall the strong, the young, the brave.

O Christ! the storm-tossed sea found rest,  
Lull'd by th' utterance of Thy will;  
Be Thou the Saviour of th' oppressed,  
Say to the nations, "Peace! be still!"

MY HAPPIEST MOMENT.—I know when the happiest moment of my life really comes off. Not when I receive my dividends from those very abrupt gentlemen who have apparently a natural hatred of their customers, across the bank counter; not when I go to my old wholesale grocery stores in lower Thames street, and smell the tea and sugar, and dip my hand into the piled up rice, and learn from my sons of the yearly increase of the business in which I still keep my sleeping partner's share; not when that fair haired, knickerbockered boy who calls me "grandad" makes cock horses on my knees, and rides innumerable steeple chases, clutching at my watch guard for a bribe; not when his sister, a fairy elf, makes a book-muslin glory on my lap, and kisses me as her "dear dada"—these are triumphs, if you like, but there is something too exciting in them; they are not the happiest moments of my life.

That blissful period is to me, so far as I can judge, about 10 A. M. I have had my comfortable breakfast; my wife has gone down to see to the domestic arrangements for the day; if it be summer, I stroll on to the corner of my garden; if it be winter, I shut myself into my little snuggerly; but summer or winter, I find laid ready for me a box of matches, my old meerschaum bowl, ready filled, and—my newspaper. Then follows an hour composed of three thousand six hundred of the happiest moments of my life. I light my pipe, and take up my paper, duly dried and cut, without which enjoyment to me is impossible.

I have seen men on the outside of an omnibus attempt to fold a newspaper in a high wind, reading on the bottom of a column—and then suddenly becoming enveloped, swathed, smothered in a tossing, crackling sheet. Call that reading the newspaper? I like to read a bit, and puff my pipe a bit, and ponder a bit; and my ponderings are not about the machinations of the Emperor Napoleon, nor about the probable result of the American war, nor about the Belfast riots, nor about the state of the money market, but about that much-talked-of march of intellect, that progress of progress, that extension of civilization, which have shown their product in my newspaper lying before me.—*All the Year Round.*

## Columbus.

In the Cathedral Church of the Havana, on the north side of the chancel, and near the high-altar, is an insignificant-looking mural tablet. It marks the last resting-place of one whose life was a perpetual wandering to-and-fro upon the earth, to whose bones there came final rest only after many years of death. The rude likeness carved upon it shows the thoughtful, persistent face of Christopher Columbus. In the wall behind, his remains are built up.

It seems almost incredible that the spot where lie the ashes of one so great should be marked by no more than this poor tablet. It is too meagre to catch the attention of a stranger without direction. Perhaps that is best. For even the most glorious work of men's hands would fail to be fit memorial of him whose monument is half the inhabited world.

It is not too much to say that Columbus owes his grand success to his unselfish unity of purpose. There was no want of breadth in his character to canker the fair fame of his benefaction to the world. We find no fault in him. When smaller men tried to rise upon the ruin of his credit, he took it quietly, and forgave it without scorn. There is not one imperfection to limit our reverence for his memory. The son of a humble Genoese wool-comber, he left his children a distinction prouder than a pedigree of the bluest blood. His education was the best his father could afford. From the earliest, his chief fancy was for the sea—a fact in which his simple piety recognized the original of that Divine guidance which afterwards led him to discover the New World.

After serving in ships of war, under one of his own relations, at the age of five-and-thirty Columbus was attracted to Lisbon by the fame of the Portuguese discoveries, and the scientific patronage of the young and amiable Prince Henry of Portugal. There he married a countrywoman of his own, whose father was one of the prince's seamen, and governor of the Island of Porto Santo. For awhile he made voyages to the Portuguese possession on the coast of Guinea, chiefly with the view of penetrating to India by the East. At the same time, from a theory of the spherical form of the earth, which he had founded on Ptolemy's globe and the chart of Marinus of Tyre, he conceived the idea of reaching India, and perhaps more, by way of the West. From this beginning arose the great work of his life. Once convinced in his own mind, he never afterwards hesitated, or doubted, or lost sight of his design. His deep religious instinct served to elevate and confirm his purpose, with a sense little short of Divine inspiration. He saw himself foretold, in the prophecies of the Old Testament, as destined to bring together all nations and languages under the banner of the Redeemer. The power of his ruling passion showed itself outwardly, in the quiet dignity and authority of his demeanor. He was ready to spend himself and be spent for the success of his plans. And neither arguments, nor entreaties, nor even tears, could shake his convictions or turn him aside from his projects.

The baldest sketch of his life would be too long for the present paper. Its history cannot be condensed without injury. Washington Irving's charming work is within the reach of all readers. Later writers have differed from his well-known conclusions as to the island first seen by the discoverers. In the "Landfall of Columbus," by Captain Beecher, R. N., of the Hydrographic Office, Admiralty, the whole question is carefully examined and set at rest. To this interested may refer with satisfaction, for accounts of the various fortunes through which this great navigator went, and the difficulties that he overcame; till, after long delay, his expedition was fitted out at the little port of Palos, in Andalusia, under the countenance of Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of Castile; and, amid the tears and dismay of relations, he sailed with three vessels and a complement of not more than a hundred men in all, on Friday the 3d of August, 1492, "half an hour before sunrise."

More than two months of westward sailing over the "Sea of Darkness" brought them to the Bahama Banks. Many times the superstitions of the sailors perilled the success of the expedition, and even the life of the admiral. At last, from natural signs, they deemed that they drew near land; mutinous tempers grew calm; all hearts took courage. When day broke, on Friday, 12th October, they found themselves at an island called by the natives Guanahani, which Columbus henceforth named San Salvador, in remembrance of that Almighty Power which had so miraculously showed it to him. It is styled now, by Europeans, "Watling Island," after a certain buccaneer captain. The San Salvador of modern maps is falsely so called.

This was the discovery of the New World. The fabled Cipango, by which some have understood Japan, and the mainland of India had yet to be reached. For these the admiral continued to search, drawn towards west or east at the sight of larger islands opening up in the horizon, till he came to Cuba, "which I believe," said he, "must be Cipango."

Here I leave him. He had succeeded in his great aim. Before his death he made three more voyages across the Atlantic to the newly-discovered Indies. After two years of sickness, he died in Spain, on the 26th of May, 1506, and was buried in the Convent of San Francisco, at Valladolid. Seven years later, his body was removed to the Monastery of Cartujos de las Cuevas, in Seville. From there, according to a wish expressed in his last will, it was taken to the West Indies, and buried by the altar in the Cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795, when that island was given up to France, his remains were transferred from San Domingo to Cuba, and rest finally on the right side of the high-altar in the Cathedral in the city of the Havana.

The personal appearance of Columbus was not a bad index of his character. His general air expressed the authority which he knew so well how to exercise. His light-gray eyes kindled easily at subjects of interest. He was tall and well-formed. His complexion was fair and freckled, and inclined to be ruddy. Trouble soon turned his light hair gray, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. Moderate in food, and simple in dress, temperate in language, bearing himself with courteous and gentle gravity, religious without being a formalist, representing his irritable temper with a lofty piety, he was the model of a Christian gentleman. The devout reference of his successes to the Divine favor, with which he concludes the report of his first voyage to the sovereigns of Castile, is highly characteristic of the man.

"This is certain," he writes, "that the Eternal God our Lord gives all things to those who obey Him, and the victory when it seems impossible, and this evidently is an instance of it, for although people have talked of these lands, all was conjecture, unless proved by seeing them, for the greater part listened and judged more by hearsay than by anything else."

"Since, then, our redeemer has given this victory to our illustrious king and queen, and celebrated their reigns by such a great thing, all Christendom should rejoice and make great festivals, and give thanks to the Blessed Trinity, with solemn praises for the conversion of so much people to our holy faith."

J. C. H.

THE DEVIL'S BEANS.—The Rev. Rowland Hill began his sermon one morning by saying: "My friends, the other day I was going down the street, and I saw a drove of pigs following a man. This excited my curiosity so much that I determined to follow. I did so, and to my great surprise I saw them follow him to the slaughter-house. I was anxious to know how this was brought about, and I said to the man, 'My friend, how did you manage to induce these pigs to follow you here?'"

Oh! did you not see? said the man; "I had a basket of beans under my arm, and I dropped a few as I came along, and so they followed me."

"Yes," said the preacher, "and I thought, so it is, the devil has his basket of beans under his arm, and he drops them as he goes along, and what multitudes he induces to follow him to an everlasting slaughter-house! Yes, friends, and all your broad and crowded thoroughfares are strewn with the beans of the devil."

THE THREE SIEVES.—"O mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could have been so naughty. One day—"

"My dear," interrupted her mother, "before you continue we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" said Blanche.

"I will explain it, dear. In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so, mamma. I heard it from Miss Parry, who said a friend of Miss White's told her the story; and Miss White is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you cannot prove it is true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"Oh, of course not, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then, dear Blanche, pray that your tongue may be governed, and that you may not indulge in evil-speaking, and strive more and more to imitate the meekness of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

newly-discovered Indies. After two years of sickness, he died in Spain, on the 26th of May, 1506, and was buried in the Convent of San Francisco, at Valladolid. Seven years later, his body was removed to the Monastery of Cartujos de las Cuevas, in Seville. From there, according to a wish expressed in his last will, it was taken to the West Indies, and buried by the altar in the Cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795, when that island was given up to France, his remains were transferred from San Domingo to Cuba, and rest finally on the right side of the high-altar in the Cathedral in the city of the Havana.

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A professor of legerdemain exhibiting in Cornwall, England, borrowed a penny from a miner and turned it very speedily into a sovereign. "And is that my penny?" asked the miner, "let me see it." He took the sovereign and putting it in his pocket, said: "I'll keep it in this shape; I don't want it turned back again."



**THE SHOE-BLACKS OF LONDON.**—We have often been interested in the little boys who follow this occupation in our own cities. They have got to be almost as indispensable to public convenience as the poor girl or woman who plies her broom at some dirty crossing of the public thoroughfares. These boot-blacks are a shrewd race; they know when to raise their prices, as they did after the defeat of McClellan, for most of them are of the democratic stripe in politics. They take to chewing tobacco, too, as naturally as a duck goes to the water. On questioning one who spat out a mouthful of the dirty juice on to his brush for the purpose of mixing his blacking, as to the propriety of so using the fluid, he replied, "that he did it to make more spit." In answering our question as to how much money he made on an average per day, he said that since he raised his price from five to ten cents, his gains would average from \$2 to \$2.50 per day. But he desired us to say nothing about it, as he was afraid if the government should hear of his prosperity, he would have to stamp every boot that he might black. He said the government already derived quite a revenue from the tobacco he used, and he thought he could not afford to be taxed any more, when coal and provisions and clothing, were so high.

In London, some of the shoe-blacks, as we learn from an interesting article in the *British Standard*, have a regular organization. In 1862, three hundred and seventy-three boys, known as the "London Shoe-black Brigade," earned in the streets in pennies, £6,228. Seven other societies are now in existence, and their gross earnings amount to a prodigious sum. All these societies are managed on precisely the same plan, though by distinct committees, and they are restricted to certain districts by a sort of "Congress of Shoe-blacks," which gravely mapped out London, painting the frontiers with the red, blue, yellow, brown, and other colors of the various uniforms. Besides these there is a Society for Roman Catholics, differently managed, and there are also the parish shoe-blacks, not in allegiance to any Society, undisciplined, vagrant and troublesome—the "freebooters" as they may be called—who prefer the license of the idler with small gains to the strict rule and larger earnings of the legalized system. The original Shoe-black Brigade has its headquarters near Temple-bar, in a large house paid for by the boys themselves, with every other expense; for this Society has been, for several years, self-supporting. About 1,300 young lads have been sent out and started in life by the agency of this Society, which employs at present seventy-four boys, who earned last year 18,244. These wear a red uniform, and are managed by ten lawyers in the Temple and Lincoln's-inn, who, without a patron or a chairman, have carried on the work for twelve years in perfect harmony. They have regulated the savings and investments of all the earnings of their proteges, amounting to more than 17,000. The boys employed by this Society are selected from twenty ragged schools in the district, and each of them continues his attendance at the particular school every day after his work, as well as on Sundays, affording a good example to his schoolmates, and an object of abiding interest to the teacher of his class. Before eight o'clock in the morning you will find all these happy little fellows, neat and clean, in the Society's great room, where a hymn is sung, and a short prayer is offered. Fortified with hot coffee and other good things for the "inner boy," they march to their stations and ply a busy trade.

The charge for blacking boots is one penny. The boys are under the government of some very benevolent men, who visit every station frequently, and supply blacking to the industrious, or bestow reproof on the idle, until about six o'clock, when the boys return with their earnings, and soon fill up a great bowl with copper money, among which are often found some foreign francs and cents. Part of which each boy brings in is paid to himself, part is laid by for him in his bank, and part retained for the expenses of the society. It is thus that each lad is taught to earn, to spend, and to save money with honesty, care, and providence. Many of them keep adding to their store until 20s. is hoarded, but from time to time they draw on their "bank" to help a mother's poverty or a sister's sickness, or to sport the vanity of a "bran new waistcoat, with blue glass buttons."

It is evident that a shoeblack's occupation is only a temporary means of subsistence, by which he may live while he learns, and may acquire habits of industry and earn a character that fits him for regular work-day life. Hundreds of these boys are thus every year enabled to enter the army and navy, and to become domestic servants or errand-boys, or to emigrate to wider fields of labor in the colonies. Many of them write to the Society from all parts of the world, re-

membering with gratitude the share it has had in saving them from ruin, the kindness of the committee, the pleasant evenings with the magic-lantern, the country excursions, the schooling and discipline, the rewards—nay, the punishments of their shoeblack days—and, more than all, the gentle influence of their Sunday-school. Failures there are, no doubt, both numerous and grave; but in what effort of social reform can we say there are not? Year by year, however, the success of this system of managing the street boys has increased, and the managers, who claim a right to speak from experience, assure us of the fact that the London shoe-blacks are a signal instance of the happy fruits of that practical Christian benevolence which gives work, and food, and learning, and home to the outcast, while it cheers the desolate heart with a love of a friend to the friendless.

**FAMILIAR LETTERS.**—This is the title of a series of letters from Europe, by the late President Felton, of Harvard University, published by Ticknor & Fields, and just issued from the press. We all remember the sorrow which his sudden and unexpected death excited, just as he had entered upon his duties as President, and had created the hope that for many coming years he would devote himself to the advancement of the University as its head. These letters are, as their title intimates, familiar; and they seem to have been written with no view to their publication, in the simple and pleasing style with which we address a most intimate friend, who loves us and will therefore pass an imperfection by, if any are perceived in our letters. Now it is just this fact that makes these letters so valuable and delightful to read. The genial character of the man pervades them; he opens his whole heart and betrays all his tastes and loves. They are not political, philosophical, geographical or historical; but they give us a running commentary on all the places visited, and a vivid description of the wonders of nature and curiosities of art, that came under the writer's notice. He did not set out to write a book and compile materials for it out of other books, or from minute and specific observation to make a book of reference, but let loose from the cares of Professorship in 1853, for a brief season, he sailed in the ship *Daniel Webster*, from Boston for Liverpool, and passing through England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey and Greece, the last of which places occupied the most of his time and employed most copiously his pen, he returned home. So eminent a Greek scholar would naturally pause in the land whose history, and whose men of genius he had most carefully studied, and all students of Greek literature will delight to linger over his descriptions.

We think that this book will be very popular, and among the choicest books as a present for the New Year, that will be brought out. It bears the date of 1863, and is beautifully printed.

**LYCEUM.**—The first lecture of the course was delivered on Tuesday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, President of Harvard University. It opened with a good attendance, but not so many as we expected to see out. The entertainment is within the means of every one, and an hour per week cannot be better, or more profitably spent, than at the Lyceum.

**THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.**—The December number is before us. The contents are: An Army: its organization and movements; Aphorisms; Enone; The Vision; The Undevine Comedy; Self Sacrifice; Shanghai; On Hearing a Trio; The Ideal Man for Universal Imitation—or, the Sinless Perfection of Jesus; Sketches of American Life and Scenery; Tidings of Victory; Editor's Table; &c. It is a very valuable number.

The Atlantic for December has the following list of contents:—The Highland Light; English Authors in Florence; A Tobaccoconian Ode; Halcyon Days; On Translating the Divina Commedia; House and Home Papers; On the Columbia River; Our Last Day in Dixie; The Vanishers; Ice and Esquimaux; The Process of Sculpture; Bryant's Seventieth Birthday; Leaves from an Officer's Journal, II; England and America; We are a Nation; Reviews and Literary Notices, &c. &c.

The Old Farmers' Almanac, for 1865, is already published. Mr. Thomas is as fresh and vigorous as ever. Of course he is bound to live a thousand years.

Desperate, but unsuccessful efforts, have recently been made to burn New York City. Most of the principal hotels were set on fire, but the work of the incendiaries was promptly met and subdued.

**ARRIVED HOME.**—Capt. Cyrus Tay, of Woburn, attached to Co. B, 32d Mass. Regiment, arrived home on Tuesday evening, his term of service having expired.

Artemas Ward says:—"If I am drafted I will resign. Deeply grateful for the unexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of some more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what keeps me under."

General Tom Thumb with his wife and suite are giving private receptions to the leading people in Liverpool.

Monticello, the former residence of Thomas Jefferson, in Albemarle County, Virginia, was sold at auction, a few days ago, under the sequestration act, for \$80,500. Benjamin F. Ficklin, purchaser.

The voting population of Philadelphia has increased over that of 1860, and it is more than probable that a census taken to day, would show an actual increase of population, equal to that in times of profound peace.

Just before starting for somewhere, General Sherman telegraphed to his wife: "Don't expect to hear from me, except through rebel sources, for some time to come. Good bye."

"Rotation!" is the cry among the hungry office seekers. "No Rotation," is the stern response of the "ins," who are determined to serve their country and draw their salaries, or die in the attempt.

What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers? The street door.

The last new sensation in London is preaching in theatres. Every Sunday night five theatres are filled to overflowing with excited audiences. The admission is one shilling. It is said to be a very profitable speculation. We have often thought that there would be a much larger attendance at church, if a fee of 10 or 15 cents were charge for admission, and the fact above stated goes to prove it.

A statement having been put forth that Garibaldi had virtually expressed himself in favor of the South, a private letter from the general is published, in which he asserts that he has been misunderstood, and says, "My opinion of the American question is well known. Not only do I hope for the abolition of slavery, but I consider the question to be one affecting all mankind, and woe to the world if the North does not come out victorious."

The Washington Star says: "There are at this time, according to trustworthy information in the possession of the authorities here, some five thousand deserters from our army, in Canada, whither they have fled to escape the vigilance of the local provost marshals, whose arrests of them are daily increasing in number."

A letter from headquarters of the army of the Potomac says that during the past week the number of deserters from the enemy has largely increased. They corroborate each other's statement that Lee's army is sadly demoralized, and there are but few of the troops who can be trusted on picket duty. Those who have come in are generally from North Carolina and Alabama regiments, though there are also a few Virginians and Georgians. They all agree in declaring that there are a great many watching anxiously for opportunities to follow their example, and that the rebel soldiers generally despair of a successful issue of the war.

At the late Presidential election Lincoln carried eight of the large cities, and McClellan seven. The Lincoln cities were Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore and Indianapolis. For McClellan—New York, Brooklyn, Albany, New Haven, Buffalo, Milwaukee and Louisville.

A Washington telegram says several European powers have communicated to our government their disapproval of our seizure of the Florida, and they have been politely informed that they need not have troubled themselves about it, as this Administration never attempted to justify it.

A true soldier is considered one of the highest types of a man. But the officer merits not the name or title he bears who does not make the comfort and health of his men a subject of unceasing thought, and of the most indefatigable effort.

"Look out for rats," says the Machias Republican. Mrs. Stephen Berry, of that town, cried out in her sleep a few nights since, that some one had cut her throat. She was covered with blood, and on close inspection it was found that a rat had bitten the side of her neck and ear severely. The sharp tooth varmint also attacked a child in an adjoining room.

Correspondence has been had between the Secretary of State and Mr. Joseph Parker, of Manchester, England, in regard to the reception by the President of the address lately signed by three hundred and fifty thousand British subjects, urging a cessation of hostilities between the Northern and the Southern States. The President declines to receive the address, and preparations are making for its introduction at the next Congress.

In the close study of the art of whistling it will be found that while a person has a right to whistle in his own field or barn or shop, he has no right to whistle in the church, the court house, the school room, or in any place where he goes to do business, or where people are engaged in anything like brain work.

"In youth," says Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses; at a riper age, our companions; in old age, our nurses; and in all ages our friends."

In Bavaria the new king is not merely a boy, but a boy who has been reared in such seclusion, that he never, it is said, had money in his pocket until he was eighteen years old.

**BURIAL OF A SOLDIER.**—On Wednesday afternoon funeral services were held over the remains of Irving Foster, at the Congregational Church in North Woburn. Rev. Eli Fay officiated on the occasion, who, after reading portions of the sacred Scriptures, made an appropriate address to the friends of the deceased and the returned soldiers present, closing with prayer.

The deceased was a member of the 39th Mass. Regiment, Co. K, and was killed while in action before Petersburg, June 18, 1864. He was in his 23d year, and was a man of excellent character, and much beloved by all who knew him. His body was deposited in Woburn Cemetery, and a volley was fired over his coffin.

Beside the returned soldiers present, the funeral was attended by the members of Niagara Engine Company, the Selectmen of the town, and numerous private citizens.

**PROMOTIONS.**—Assist. Surgeon Samuel W. Abbott, of Woburn, has been promoted to Surgeon.

2d Lieut. John E. Tidd, of Woburn, attached to the 32d Mass. Regt., to 1st Lieutenant.

The Young Men's Union Club of Woburn, was dissolved last Wednesday evening, Nov. 31st. Their career was brief but brilliant.

The funeral of Hon. Bowen Buckman, was largely attended at the Baptist Church, in Woburn, on Saturday last. His remains were deposited in the Woburn Cemetery.

The lecture on Thursday evening, by Dr. Dio Lewis, was well attended and proved very interesting to the audience. The gymnasts performed some new feats with great success. We are glad to learn that sufficient interest exists in the public to warrant the opening of a gymnastic school in Woburn.

Mr. Paxon, distinguished for his labors in connection with Sabbath schools, will deliver an address in the Congregational Church next Sabbath evening. Service to commence at 7 o'clock.

The edifice now being prepared for the Unitarian Church and Society in Woburn, promises to be one of the handsomest structures in the State. No expense is spared in the workmanship, and as the exterior of the building assumes a finished form, one cannot but gaze upon its fair proportions with admiration and delight.

The weather for the past few days has been all that could be desired.

**WANTED.**—The cold weather approaches, and our men in the field will need mittens. Let the long winter evenings at home be occupied in knitting soldiers' mittens. [Sanitary Commission Bulletin.]

Our ladies have done a good work in knitting stockings, for the Woburn soldiers; but we are informed that there is a great scarcity of mittens for our men. The ladies now propose to remedy this deficiency, and those who feel disposed to co-operate in the good work, are informed that yarn will be furnished them, by the same individuals who furnished it for the stockings. We trust all our female friends will see the necessity of at once turning their attention in this direction. Let it never be said by a returned soldier, that he was unable to perform his duty, or suffered even, for so cheap, but so necessary an article, as a pair of mittens. Hundreds of pairs should be sent forward without delay.

The notice of "A Surprise," by "X. Y. Z.," is received, but it being too lengthy for this issue, will appear next week.

We are glad to see that the town has been improving the walk on Pleasant street, crossing Winn street, by widening and leveling it, making it better for pedestrians and much easier for vehicles passing there. This was a much needed improvement. Other crossings are sadly in want of attention, and that in front of our office is no earthly use in wet weather, as it is covered from one to two inches deep with mud.

Since the above was in type, we learn that stones are being prepared for the crossing in question, and that we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing them put down.

On Tuesday, 15th ult., the members of Co. K, 39th Reg. Mass. Vols., in Woburn, were invited by Dr. Edward Gage, of Paris, to meet him at the Central House and partake of a dinner. It was a pleasant reunion of some of the discharged members and their friends who were at home on furloughs.

The dinner consisted of an abundant supply of well cooked beef, turkeys, ducks, puddings, &c. (the Gages' never do things by halves), served by attentive and good looking waiters. The occasion was enlivened by remarks from several of the "Boys," all of whom seemed to concur in the sentiment of one of the brethren, that the next time they met, Dr. Gage might be Commissary and Norris, Co. Cook.

The party broke up with three cheers for their generous entertainer.

We hear that Dr. Gage has left for Paris.

Great frauds have been perpetrated in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. The workmen have been in the habit of stealing copper, brass, and composition metal by the ton, and such have been the enormous gains in this way that several of the workmen have erected splendid dwelling houses out of their ill-gotten gains. One million of dollars will not cover the loss to government.

Give freely; but never boast of thy givings, as paramount to another's.

The Confederate privateer Florida has been sunk in nine fathoms of water.

The despatch steamer Greyhound, conveying Generals Butler and Schenck and Admiral Porter down the James River, on Sunday, was discovered to be on fire, and so rapid was the progress of the flames that she was burned to the water's edge. Ten horses belonging to General Butler and staff were roasted to death, and it is feared that the army mail was destroyed. The passengers and crew barely escaped with their lives.

The Augusta Daily News, has news confirming the capture of Milledgeville and Gordon by General Sherman's army. The Governor of South Carolina has ordered the reserve militia of that State to assemble at Hamburg. The Governor of Georgia has issued a proclamation making a levy of all citizens between the ages of sixteen and forty-five to serve for forty days.

The prisoners captured on the Florida have been sent to Fort Warren.

A newspaper is to be published in Paris devoted exclusively to matrimonial interests. Its only advertisements will be "wants" and "replies" from persons who wish husbands and wives; its literature is to be love correspondence; its essays are to treat of the affections, of marital duties and rights; and its editorials will give advice to the ill-treated, the deserted and the lonely, gratis. This is a progressive age.

George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, has procured a pass for Richmond from President Lincoln. The object of his visit is to intercede with Jeff. Davis for pardon of his son, who is in Hood's army and under sentence of death for murder. Young Prentice alleges that he acted in self defence, and was shot at twice before he defended himself by killing his assailant.

A little boy and girl had been cautioned never to take the nest-egg when they gathered the eggs; but one evening the little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg, and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother, mother! Susy, she's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!" "There is no place like home," said a brainless fool the other evening, to a pretty young lady. "Do you really think so?" said the young lady. "Oh yes," was the reply. "Then," said she, "why don't you stay there?"

People who are obliged to eat sausages three times a day during the dog days, are justified in growling at their fate.

Says Artemas Ward:—"Yuma differ as much as you please about the stile of a young lady's figner, but I tell you confidentially, if she has forty thousand pounds, the figner is about as near rite as you will get it."

**WOULD LOSE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.**—A Maine officer recently applied for a furlough, stating that if it was not granted he should lose fifty thousand dollars. This attracted attention at headquarters, and the officer was desired to forward a statement of how he would lose it. He did so to the effect that he had been in the army without leave of absence for two years; that he was engaged to a young lady worth fifty thousand dollars; that there was another fellow after her, and that she had written to him that if he did not come home and marry her right away she would have the other man. He got his furlough.

An exchange paper says that there are 50,000 heathens (Chinese) in the United States; that idols are worshipped in two temples in San Francisco; and suggests that the work of evangelizing these poor creatures is an inviting one for Christians of every sect.

#### WINCHESTER.

**THANKSGIVING.**—The sermon of Rev. Mr. Hinckley, on Thanksgiving day, was an able one, showing in no unmistakable terms that the speaker was thoroughly for the Union and for putting down the rebellion, at all hazards. He took for his text, "Watchman! What of the night?" The duty of a watchman is to look after the safety of cities in dark and perilous nights. They are not only stationed in the city and in the church, but they are also placed on the outer walls to look for the signs of danger even from afar. Our country has been and still is in the dark and perilous night of war and bloodshed. The people are anxiously inquiring, "Watchman! What of the night?" We are now waiting for answers from those messengers, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut and Porter.

It was midnight when the rebels fired upon Fort Sumpter, and since then from the dial of time has rung out one—two—three,—and now it is about to strike four o'clock, and before another year has rolled on its course the glorious sun of liberty will arise, and the dark and terrible night of slavery, injustice and wrong, pass away. Peace, with its benign influences, will spread her glad wings, and heaven's blessing rest upon a united, peaceful, liberty-loving, purified, and God-fearing people.

**ACCIDENTAL DROWNING.**—Last Sunday afternoon a boy, named Langford, about eight years of age, was found drowned in a well recently opened on the premises of C. J. Bishop. There were only four feet of water in the well and it was twelve feet in width. It seems

that Mr. Bishop, in walking out that afternoon, happened to look into the well, discovered the boy lying on the bottom with his face upwards. The boy had been missing since 10 o'clock in the morning, and why, under the circumstances, he should have drowned is somewhat mysterious, unless in falling in he was stunned and with his head downwards was drowned while in an unconscious state.

**IN MEMORIAM.**—The funeral services over the remains of Miss Emily A. Bond, took place at the Cong. Church last Monday afternoon and were conducted according to the Episcopal form. Mr. Zumatch presided at the organ, and a Quartette Choir, under his direction, furnished the singing—both of which were very appropriate to the occasion. The services were largely attended and very impressive, indicating the deep sorrow felt at the decease of this young lady.

No more on earth will her voice be heard in the sanctuary, singing the sweet songs of Zion, but in that spiritual temple it will be attuned to higher strains and more melodious accents, with the great company of the redeemed around the throne of God.

#### EXCELSIOR.

##### SOUTH READING.

**THANKSGIVING.**—On Thursday, 24th ult., a Union service was held at the Baptist Church, on which occasion Rev. Mr. Bullen delivered a very able discourse on the causes for a national Thanksgiving. The audience was larger than usual on such occasions. After the service it was pleasant to see many of the people wending their way to the residences of parents or friends, to share with them the bountiful provision of the festal day.

We were particularly interested in one Thanksgiving party, where there was an attempt to call together the brothers and sisters, with their children, of a family, the heads of which were sleeping in their graves. The gathering was at the house of the eldest living brother, where, with the second generation, thirty-five persons were present to partake of a sumptuous dinner, and enjoy the pleasure of social conversation. These were from seven cities and towns, and included all of those invited that dwell in New England, with the exception of six, who were detained by the sickness of some member of the family. Two-thirds as many as were present reside in the State of Ohio, who found the distance quite an obstacle in the way of accepting the extended invitation. Some in the army had hopes to be present, but were denied the privilege. Twenty-five years had wrought many changes, but not so many in this circle of friends, as in many other families. There was gratitude of heart in that gathering, and thanksgiving to God for his abounding mercies. There was sorrow too, in the thought of those who had fallen by the way, and particularly of one who had yielded his life in the service of his country. It is good to assemble thus together, and think and talk of the past, the present and the future.

**TEMPERANCE.**—The Middlesex District Temperance Association met in Convention in the Town Hall, in South Reading, on Wednesday of this week. The addresses and discussions were good, but the audience to listen to them was small. A collation was furnished in the rooms below, by the friends of temperance in town, enough to feed two or three hundred people, while the number from other towns, for whom the collation was intended, could be very easily counted. This does not speak well of the temperance feeling in the eleven towns belonging to this Association.

**SOLDIERS' AID.**—The South Reading Soldiers' Union Relief Association met on Monday evening, for the choice of officers and other business. Some of the officers of last year declined serving longer, and the following persons were elected:—President, Hon. Lilley Eaton; Vice President, Rev. George Bullen; Treasurer, E. Mansfield; Secretary, J. C. Harshorn; Standing Committee, Messrs. S. Lufkin, L. Fairbanks, E. St. Upham, Mrs. J. Winslow, Mrs. Hiram Eaton, Mrs. E. C. Poland, Mrs. S. Lufkin, Mrs. L. Crocker and Miss M. B. Hart.

The Constitution was altered so as to require the officers to be chosen annually instead of semi-annually.

**REMOVAL.**—J. C. Harshorn, Esq., Town Clerk, has taken room at C. U. Eaton, Esq., one door north of his former office.

**ACCIDENT.**—Thomas B. Skinner, while on his way to Hyde Park to spend a portion of Thanksgiving week with a daughter, slipped down stairs in a store on Blackstone street, Boston, at which he stopped on business, and sprained his ankle so seriously that he was unable to return for several days, and is yet unable to bear weight upon his foot.

**PERSONAL.**—A. A. Foster, Esq., who while one of the board of School Committee in this town, enlisted in the service of his country, after an absence of about 15 months, last week arrived from Newburn, N. C., on a furlough of 30 days.

M.

##### Young Housekeepers.

"Dearest in all the world are you;  
But oh, how dear love, meat is too!  
Our butcher's bill runs up so high!  
Come tell me, Frederick, tell me why?"

"Why? Because rogues can only cheat  
By weight, or price, in selling meat;  
Can't, as in other things they can,  
Mix rubbish with the food of man."

"Bread, milk and groceries, beer and wine,  
Tis seldom we get genuine;  
But mutton must be sheep; a thief  
Cannot adulterate his beef."

"Yes, love, indeed there's truth in that,  
But then how large a lump of fat  
They always skewer the beef around,  
And charge it all the same a pound!"

It is said that Madame Vestris, the famous English actress, used to have her white satin boots sewed on her feet every



morning, in order that they should fit perfectly the exquisite shape of her exquisite foot. Of course they had to be ripped off every night, and the same pair could never be worn but once. She is said to have made more conquests with her feet than with her face, beautiful as it was.

#### My Guardian Angel.

Thou art my guardian angel, Mary,  
My hope and guiding star,  
No matter where'er I chance to be,  
At home, or wandering far,  
I feel so happy when thou art near,  
When thou art by my side,  
For thou art all the world to me—  
My life, my joy, and pride.

I often meet thee in my dreams,  
'Mid groves and shady bowers,  
And wander through that lovely land  
Of sunshine and of flowers.  
Methinks no earthly cloud or care  
Could linger round my heart—  
Thy sweet, angelic, happy smile  
Would bid them all depart.

The Portsmouth Chronicle advises people to go to Concord, N. H., and purchase country produce. It says the current rates there for butter are from 35 to 38 cts. per pound, and cheese 16 to 18 cts. per pound; potatoes 50 cts. per bushel.

All summer long the lolling clover,  
Through pastures parched in ceaseless sun—  
No mosses 'mid the desert rocks  
To smite and bid the waters run—  
Then bleating up the farmyard lane,  
Asked their sad masters for the rain.

All summer long the thirsty corn,  
Despairing of the day of sheaves,  
By dewless night and cloudless morn  
Hold up its supplicating leaves;  
And branchy wood and awaried plain  
Besought of God the boon of rain.

At length the prayer was heard. Imprest  
To the Almighty's bounteous hand,  
The winds, the angels of His power,  
And mustering from the misty main,  
Came with them all the clouds of rain.

A lull. Then like a calm high priest,  
The bells upon his flowing sleeves,  
And trailing robe and rustling vest,  
Making sweet music through the leaves,  
I heard at solemn midnight plain  
Walk forth the great autumnal rain.

And soon from glen and forest arch  
The gales recovered, darkly fenn,  
And swelling swift, the torrent march  
Drives up the hills the thundering storm.  
Charge! Charge! On famine's haggard train  
Triumphantly sweep the heavenly rain.

'Tis morn; and trembling in the sun,  
Alive with thanks each steaming sod,  
The earth, her summer mourning done,  
Looks with wet eyelids up to God,  
Who giveth, when His poor complain,  
The early and the latter rain.

I WONDER.—When a young man is a clerk in a store, and dresses like a prince, smoking "foin cigars," drinking "noice French brandy," attending theatres, balls and the like; I wonder if he does all up on the avails of his clerkship?

When a young lady sits in the parlor with lily-white fingers covered with rings; I wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes and do the work of the kitchen?

When a deacon of the church sells strong butter recommending it as excellent and sweet; I wonder if he don't rely upon the merits of Christ for salvation?

When a man goes three times per day to get a drink; I wonder if he will not by and by go four?

When a young lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it; I wonder if her "pretty figure," will not shorten her life some dozen years or more, beside making herself miserable while she does live?

When a young man is dependent upon his daily toil for his income, and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread, or mend a garment; I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say towards the top, for instance?

When a man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading, but neglects to pay the printer; I wonder if he has a soul.

Luther used to say that he was once whipped fourteen times in one afternoon. The old German schools were frightful dens of barbarism. An obituary in one of their school journals, as late as 1862, contains the following singular statement of educational exertions: "Hauherie, assistant teacher in a village in Suabia. During the 51 years 7 months in his official life he had, by a moderate computation, inflicted 911,527 blows with a cane, 124,010 blows with a rod, 20,989 blows and raps with a ruler, 136,715 blows with the hand, 10,535 blows over the mouth, 5905 boxes on the ear, 1,115,800 raps on the head, and 22,783 knocks with the Bible, catechism, singing book and grammar. He had 777 times made boys kneel on pease, and 613 times on a three cornered piece of wood; had made 5001 'wear the jackass,' and 1707 hold the rod up; not to enumerate various more unusual punishments which he contrived on the spur of the moment. He had about three hundred expressions to scold with, of which he had found two-thirds ready made in his native language, and the rest he had invented.

NON-CHURCHGOERS EXCUSES.—Overslept myself, could not dress in time; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write to friends; mean to take a ride; tied to business six days in a week; no fresh air but on Sunday; can't breathe in church; always so full; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel very lazy; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; tore my muslin dress down stairs; got a new novel must be returned on Monday morning; wasn't shaved in time; don't like the liturgy, always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayers; don't like an organ, 'tis too noisy; don't like singing without music, makes me nervous; the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear a written sermon, too prosy; nobody to-day but our own minis-

ter; can't always listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake when I'm at church, fell asleep last time I was there, don't mean to risk it again; mean to inquire of sensible persons about the propriety of going to such a place as church, and publish the result.

#### DR. POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY FOR COLDS, COUGHS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, CROUP, AND WHOOPING COUGH.

CURES GRAVEL AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by druggists.

Among all the popular medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made as late as the spring of 1845, and then merely for one individual, who was affected with an inflammation of the throat, and was cured by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a great benefit. It was then sold under a name till November following, when it was called White Pine Compound. During that month it was advertised in the Boston Herald.

Some time in 1849, an individual who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of his cough, but he also cured his complaint of ten years' duration. This being truly a discovery, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its stringency could be counteracted. If the other articles curing in the Compound would effect this, a fortune was in the medicine! The fortune has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cured cases, and the fact that the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, in all climates, prove it to be a wonderful medicine, and that it is a safe and reliable remedy, and physicians now employ it, or recommend it for such use.

While the White Pine Compound is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It is so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation, that hoarseness and soreness are removed almost by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator, where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a cure effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the inner bark of White Pine, contain eminent medical qualities. The Indians employed the bark of the white pine in treating diseases long before the discovery of America by Europeans. One instance confirming this may here be given:

A French soldier, named French, as early as 1524, sailed along the northern coast of North America, and was first among discoverers to enter the River St. Lawrence. On his return, he found his men sadly afflicted and disabled by what sailors call the scurvy. His ravages were fatal, and the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. Some of the Indians along the shore were likewise attacked by the same disease, but Cartier observed that they soon recovered. He therefore carefully inquired about the cure, and they pointed out to him a tree, the bark and leaves of which they used in decoction, with signal success. Cartier tried the remedy, and had the gratification of seeing all of his crew who were afflicted, rapidly improving. This Tree was the white pine.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation, and clearing the system. An advertisement in the Boston Herald, dated Nov. 18th, 1864, states that the bark of White Pine is known everywhere, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the White Pine Compound has been so successful in curing so many cases of Kidney diseases, with all its various and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the medicine, that the people living where it is prepared, are high in its praise.

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U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from Aug. 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date, must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Special Advantages of this Loan.

It is a NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the BEST SECURITY. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it cannot pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in government securities or in notes and bonds payable in government paper.

Convertible into a Six per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond.

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than NINE PER CENT. PREMIUM, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.

Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress EXEMPTS ALL BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES FROM LOCAL TAXATION. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositories, and by the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOWELL, FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CAMBRIDGE, FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON, And by all National Banks which are depositories of public money, and

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country will give further information and AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS oct8-2m

FOR THE HAIR.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA, KENDALL'S AMBROSIA, BURNETT'S COCOAINE, And all the popular Hair preparations of the day. For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary, sept 10

4711 Farina Cologne 4711 Celebrated for its excellence all over the world. For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS. Who promise to restore gray hair to its natural color, with poisonous and imperfect dyes of sulphur and lead.

Christodoro's is the Only Dye that is perfectly clean, perfectly simple, perfectly pure, perfectly harmless, perfectly safe, perfectly reliable, perfectly effective, perfectly lasting, and combines in itself all the perfections of a perfect dye.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, \$1, \$1.50, and \$3 per box, according to size. nov2-3t

Whose Dye is taking the place of others? CRISTADORO'S! Whose Dye is the most perfect of Nature? CRISTADORO'S! Whose Dye has been analyzed by the best Chemist and pronounced harmless? CRISTADORO'S! Whose Hair Dye succeeds when all others fail? CRISTADORO'S! Whose Hair Dye has the largest sale in the world? CRISTADORO'S! Whose Dye is shipped in the greatest quantities to the fair-haired maidens of Cuba, Mexico, and South America? CRISTADORO'S!

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, \$1, \$1.50, and \$3 per box, according to size. nov2-3t

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE, and feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of CRISTADORO'S CELEBRATED STOMACH PURIFIER, an elixir that will invigilate their system, restore, in a measure, the ardor and energy of more youthful days, build up their shattered forms, and give health and vigor to their remaining years. Those who are in the least afflicted with DYSPEPSIA, ACIDITY, LAXATIVE, NAUSEA, or any other troublesome and dangerous disease, arising from a disordered system, should not hesitate to avail themselves of the benefit derived from this great remedy. For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally, everywhere. nov2-3m

There is no more unpleasant and unsafe Medicine. For unpleasant and dangerous diseases, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU, which has received the endorsement of the most prominent physicians in the U. S. It is now offered to afflicted humanity as a certain cure for the following diseases and symptoms originating from disease and abuse of the urinary or sexual organs, General Debility, Mental and Physical Depression, Impotence, Determination of Blood to the Head, Constipation, Hysteria, General Irritability, Heat, Nervousness, Sleeplessness at Night, Absence of Mental Efficiency, Loss of Appetite, Emaciation, Low Spirits, Disorganization or Paralysis of the Organs of Generation, Impairment of the Heart, and, in fact, all the concomitants of a Nervous and Debilitated state of the system. To insure the genuine, ask for HELMBOLD'S. Take no other. Cures guaranteed. See advertisement in another column. nov2-3m

The White Pine Compound, GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Will be manufactured in future at NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT 106 HANOVER ST., BOSTON, Under the supervision of REV. J. W. POLAND, M. D.

DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed. For sale in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM.

Letters Remaining Unclaimed, IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN, State of Massachusetts, 3d day of Dec. 1864. Sent to obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "unclaimed letters," give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Bailey Ebenezer Keany Owen  
Ham Eliza A. Krom Martin  
Thompson Cutler & Co  
NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

Piano Forte Instruction. Mrs. JULIA A. SULLIVAN respectfully announces to parents, guardians, and others who desire instruction upon the Piano Forte for their children or wards, that she is prepared to teach the instrument. She refers to Mrs. Dr. Ephraim Cutter, to whom application should be made. Terms, \$10.00 or \$12.00 for 24 lessons, according to the place where the lessons are given. Woburn, Nov. 26th, 1864—3m

SPECIAL NOTICE. LADIES' CORSETS, CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTERS, and HOOP SKIRTS.

CUSHMAN & BROOKS, JOBBERS AND RETAILERS. Having made satisfactory arrangements with the Manufacturers, are now prepared to furnish these goods, in small or large quantities, the very best in the market, at lowest prices.

PLEASE EXAMINE. 90 and 92 Tremont Street, nov25-2t BOSTON.

BLUE MIXED YARN, TEN CTS. A SKEIN. At MRS. HALE'S, LYCEUM HALL BUILDING, WOBURN.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF CLOUDS, SONTAGS, HOODS. At MRS. HALE'S, LYCEUM HALL BUILDING, WOBURN.

CLOAKINGS AND GOODS. BOYS' WEAR. At MRS. HALE'S, LYCEUM HALL BUILDING, WOBURN.

NEW STYLE BELTS, BUCKLES TO MATCH. At MRS. HALE'S, LYCEUM HALL BUILDING, WOBURN.

HOSIERY! A NICE ASSORTMENT. At MRS. HALE'S, LYCEUM HALL BUILDING, WOBURN.

TREASURER'S NOTICE TO SOLDIERS' FAMILIES. Persons who are entitled to draw State aid to families, are hereby informed that in all cases it will be payable on the first day of each month; and it is earnestly desired that parties interested, will be punctual in drawing it at that time. GAWIN R. GAGE, Treasurer. Woburn, Sept. 24th, 1864.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, PROBATE COURT, MIDDLESEX, ss. WHEREAS, JAMES M. EVANS, of South Reading, has petitioned said Court to grant him a letter of administration, on the estate of DANIEL F. HASKELL, late of South Reading, in said County of Middlesex, deceased; all persons interested are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, against the same. And said petitioner is ordered to publish this citation three weeks successively in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the first publication to be four days at least before said Court, and send a copy hereof, by mail, postage prepaid, to each known heir of said deceased, or his legal representatives, within two days after said first publication.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four. J. H. TYLER, Register.

To Consumptives. Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and Lung affections, (free of charge), by sending their address to Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings Co., New York. sept24-3m

For Boys' Clothing call at BENNETT & Co's One Price House, 14 and 15 Dock Square, Boston.

Ready-made Pants, \$17, \$16, \$15,



THE PACIFIC STATES.—On this slope of the continent, State after State, emerging from the physical of inactivity, begins to spread its wings and wings, and to the line of independent sovereignty. We shall in a very brief period of time add seven or eight new States to the galaxy, and when they are organized and admitted, we shall form a very important and considerable portion of the American Union.

The new State of Nevada will doubtless be admitted into the Union at the approaching session of Congress. The group of Pacific States will, at no distant day comprise California, Oregon, Nevada, Deseret or Utah, Idaho, Washington, Arizona and (on our eastern boundary) the States of Colorado, Dakota and New Mexico. These ten will be entitled to choose an aggregate of twenty United States Senators, and their respective Representatives in Congress will be appointed according to their respective populations. The State of California contains a geographical area of 188,992 square miles; Oregon, 95,274 square miles; Washington, 89,002 square miles; Utah, 106,854 square miles; Nevada, 85,454 square miles; New Mexico, 120,326 square miles; Arizona, 122,737 square miles; Colorado, 105,818 square miles; Idaho, 82,659 square miles, and Dakota 143,687 square miles—an aggregate geographical area of one million three hundred and sixty-three thousand seven hundred and ninety-three square miles—a country large enough to sustain a population greater than that of all the Atlantic States combined. These States embrace every variety of climate and soil, and an exhaustless mine of wealth. Idaho, which was last year erected into a territory of the United States, already promises to rival California in its rich mineral deposits.

The condition of Utah territory is anomalous. With a population of more than 40,000, she, in 1862, adopted a State Constitution, and applied to the Congress of the United States for admission into the American Union. But for the first time in the history of the government the petition was disregarded and denied.

The organization of these States, and advance of the tide of population, makes us more sensible every succeeding year of the want of a continental railway—the only means of communication between the East and West which can satisfy the demands of the people. We begin to think that the act of Congress, providing for the construction of this road, which was passed only after many years of effort and labor, is a dead letter upon the statute. What the country demands is active, efficient, and practical men to be engaged; we have no time to wait for the sale of the charter to foreign capitalists, but we want the road. In six months one hundred thousand laborers might be profitably employed upon it, and in three or four years from the date of the passage of the act of Congress the first locomotive might have made the pioneer trip from St. Louis to San Francisco.—*San Francisco Argus.*

#### TOILET EXTRACTS.

In endless variety, many of which will be sold at a low figure. By W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

#### HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, A Positive and Specific Remedy for Gonorrhea, Bladder, Kidney, Gravel, and Dropsical Swellings.

This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Appetite into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

Helmhold's Extract Buchu.

For Genuineness arising from the power of Digestion, and excites the Appetite into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine invariably cures, soon follow: Impotency, Fatigue, Epileptic Fits, In one of which the Patient may expire.

Who can say that they are frequently followed by those "Direful Diseases."

"INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION."

Many are aware of the danger of suffering, but none will confess. The records of the insane asylums.

And Melancholy Deaths from Consumption bear ample witness to the Truth of the assertion.

The Constitution once affected with Organic Weakness requires the aid of Medicine to Strengthen and Invigorate the System.

Which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does.

A Trial will convince the most skeptical.

Females—Females—Females.

In many Affections peculiar to Females the EXTRACT BUCHU is unequalled by any other medicine, as in Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Scirrhous state of the Uterus, Leucorrhoea or Whites, Sterility, and for all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from indigestion, Habitual Indigestion, or the DECLINE OR CHANGE OF LIFE.

Take no more Balaam, Mercury, or unpleasant Medicines for these and dangerous diseases.

Helmhold's Extract Buchu and Improved Rose Wash Cures.

Secret Diseases.

In all their Stages. At little Expense, Little or no change in Diet. No inconvenience, and No Exposure.

It causes a frequent desire and gives strength to Urinate, thereby removing Obstructions, preventing and curing Stricture of the Urethra, allying Pain and Inflammation, so frequent in the case of disease, and expelling all Poisonous, Diseased and worn-out Matter.

Thousands upon thousands who have been "the Victims of Quacks, and who have paid heavy fees to be cured in a short time, have found they were deceived, and that the "POISON" was by the use of "Powerful Astringents, been dried up in the system, to break out in an aggravated form, and perhaps after Marriage.

Use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU for all Affections and diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether existing in MALE or FEMALE, from whatever cause originating and no matter of HOW LONG STANDING.

Diseases of these Organs require the aid of a DIURETIC. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU IS THE GREAT DIURETIC, and is certain to have the desired effect in all Diseases for which it is recommended.

Evidence of the most reliable and respectable character will accompany the medicine.

Price, \$1.00 per bottle, or six for \$5.00. Delivered to any Address, securely packed from observation.

Describe Symptoms in all Communications. Cures Guaranteed! Advice Gratified!

Address letters for information to H. B. HELMBOLD, Chemist, 104 South Street, New York, N. Y.

HELMBOLD'S Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 894 Broadway, New York.

Beware of counterfeits and unprincipled dealers who endeavor to dispose "of their own" and "other" articles on the reputation attained by Helmhold's Genuine Preparations. Ext. Buchu—Ext. Sarsaparilla—Improved Rose Wash.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Ask for Helmhold's. Take no other. Cut out the Advertisement and send for it. And avoid imposition and exposure.

For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—It is a well established fact that no preparation has ever been placed before the public, that, as a remedial agent for the safe and speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Influenza, Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, Soreness of the Chest and Lungs, and the relief of Consumptive Cough, is equal to Coe's Cough Balsam.

Although not known in the Western States until the fall of 1863, over 300,000 bottles of it were sold and used by the people; its immense popularity being the result of its undoubted merit. The proprietors, Messrs. C. G. CLARK & Co., of New Haven, Ct., who are among the most reliable of the Eastern Drug Houses have offered to any man who would produce an article that would cure any Lung and Throat affections as quick as Coe's Cough Balsam, a reward of \$100, and are without any taker, although the offer has been made public over two years. The bottle compares favorably in size with any of the 65 cent preparations, and its strength is second to none, making it not only the best, but the cheapest remedy in the world. We have the united testimony of such houses as Lord & Smith; Fuller, Finch & Fuller; Burnham & Van Schaack; S. H. Reed & Co., and H. Scovill, all heavy druggists in the city of Chicago, together with the assurance of wholesale and retail druggists in all points of the Northwest, that they are selling more of this preparation, and that it gives greater satisfaction than any other Cough Balsam now extant. No family should be without it; it is within the reach of all, the price being only 40 cents. In time of health, provide for diseases.—*Chicago Tribune.* nov19-1m

#### BOSTON AND LOWELL

And Nashua & Lowell, Wilton, Stony Brook, Lowell & Lawrence, and Salem & Lowell.

TER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 14th, 1864, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Upper Railroad, 7:00, 7:30 a.m., 12:00, 5:00 p.m.

Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack 7:30 a.m., 12:00, 5:00 p.m.

Nashua, 7:00, 7:30 a.m., 12:00, 5:00 p.m.

Tyngsboro', No. Chelmsford, 7:30 a.m., 12:00, 5:00 p.m.

Groton Junction, 10:00 a.m., 2:30 p.m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Wilmington, 7:30, 10 a.m., 2:30, 5:00, 6:00 p.m.

S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a.m., 2:30, 5:00, 6:30 p.m.

Woburn W. S., 7:30, 10:00, a.m., 2:30, 5:00, 6:00 p.m.

E. Woburn, 7:30, 10:00, 11:30, a.m., 2:30, 5:00, 6:00 p.m.

Winchester and West Medford, 6:45, 7:30, 10:00, 11:30 a.m., 2:30, 5:00, 6:00 p.m.

West Medford at 6:15, 7:15, 7:52, 9:15, 10:22 a.m., 2:30, 5:15, 6:45, 8:25 p.m.

College Hill at 6:15, 7:15, 7:52, 9:15, 10:22 a.m., 2:30, 5:15, 6:45, 8:25 p.m.

College Hill at 6:15, 7:15, 7:52, 9:15, 10:22 a.m., 2:30, 5:15, 6:45, 8:25 p.m.

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#### GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE,

A SURE RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERER.

This Salve is a vegetable preparation, invented in the 17th century, by Dr. Wm. GRACE, surgeon in King James's army. Through its agency he cured thousands of most serious sores and wounds that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded by all who knew him as a public benefactor.

Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Burns, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Scalds, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Flesh Wounds, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Sores, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Pains, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Frozen Limbs, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Wens, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Callouses, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Salt Rheum, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Chilblains, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Sore Breast, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Sore Lips, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Erysipelas Sores, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Abscesses, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ulcers, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Chapped Hands, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ringworms.

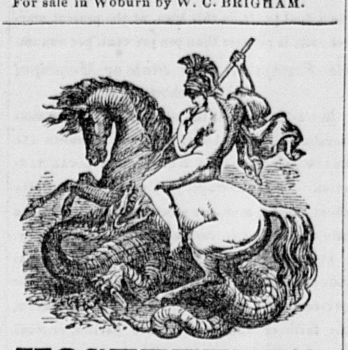
And from Sores and Wounds of the most serious nature down to a common Pimple. It eradicates Pimples from the face, and beautifies the skin. There is no preparation before the public that can equal this Salve in prompt and energetic action for the speedy cure of external diseases, as those who have tried its virtues testify. Soldiers, Sailors, and Fishermen, will find this Salve their best friend.

It has none of the irritating, heating properties of other remedies, but cools, cleanses, and heals the most serious Sores and Wounds. Every family, and especially those containing children, should keep a box on hand in case of accident, for it will save them much trouble, suffering, and money. All it wants is a fair trial to cure old and inveterate Sores.

MANUFACTURED BY WILLIAM GRACE, AMESBURY, MASS.

Price 25 cents and \$1 per Box. A great saving is made by taking the large size. Each Box has the above cut and the facsimile of the proprietor's signature attached to it, which is duly copyrighted.

Grace's Salve can be obtained at all respectable Druggists and Country Stores, and by mail. For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM.



#### HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the

Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and Spasms, and all complaints of either Sex, arising from a disordered state of the system or inherent in the system or produced by special

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#### The Middlesex Journal,

E. MARCHANT, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.50 Each subsequent insertion, .75 Half a square (6 lines) one insertion, .75 Each subsequent insertion, .37

One square one year, 15.00 One square six months, 8.00 One square three months, 5.00 Half a square one year, 8.00 Half a square six months, 5.00 Half a square three months, 3.00

Less than half a square charged as a half square; more than half a square charged as a full square. Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL. South Reading—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD. Stoneham—E. T. WHITTIER. Fitchester—J. M. HOVY. Reading—L. E. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), 100 N. Broadway, New York. Also by all the principal Dealers in Books and Stationery.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The Journal is circulated largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

## A Victory.

The joy-bells peal a merry tone  
Along the evening air;  
The crackling bonfires turn the sky  
All crimson with their light;  
Bold music fills the startled streets  
With mirth-inspiring sound;  
The gaping cannon's reddening breath  
Wakes thunder-shouts around;  
And thousand joyful voices cry,  
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,  
And with her kitten played,  
Less frolicsome than she,  
That rosy, prattling maid.  
Sudden her cheek turns ghastly white;  
Her eye with fear is filled,  
And rushing in-of-doors, she screams—  
"My brother! my brother!"  
And thousand joyful voices cry,  
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

A mother sat in silent ease,  
A knitting by the fire,  
Plying the needle's thrifty task  
With hands that never tire.  
She tore her few grey hairs and shrieked,  
"My joy on earth is done!  
O, who will be in the grave!  
O, God! my son! my son!"  
And thousand joyful voices cry,  
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed  
With matron's treasure blessed;  
A smiling infant nestling lay  
In slumber at her breast.  
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,  
The widow's tale to tell:  
But like a corpse, all white and stiff,  
Upon the earth-floor fell.  
A thousand joyful voices cry,  
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

An old, weak man, with head of snow,  
And years three score and ten,  
Looked in upon his cabin home,  
And anguish seized him then.  
He heeds not wife nor helpless babe,  
Matron, nor little maid,  
One seething tear, one choking sob—  
He knelt him down and prayed.  
A thousand joyful voices cry,  
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"  
[Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.]

## The Widow Graff, or What Saved the Train.

The widow Graff lived in a hollow of the Blue Ridge. It was a wild, lonely spot, yet a railroad had found it out, and wound its way among the mountains and gorges with its great passenger and freight trains.

The widow Graff had a small cabin and a few acres of land, and she had three little girls. They feared God, and loved their mother, and tried to help her. In the summer they picked berries, and walked three miles to the nearest station to sell them. Here one of the conductors on the road often met these little girls. How did he treat them? He spoke kindly to them. When they were very tired carrying their heavy baskets over the rough way in the hot sun, remembering his little girls at home, he would sometimes take them on the cars, and set them down near their own cabin door. How happy this little ride made them, and how heartily they thanked the good conductor for his kindness. And do you not suppose it pleased the poor mother? Oh, yes; it went to her heart. And to show their gratitude, sometimes the children picked a basketful on purpose for him, and sometimes their mother sent him a present of fruit from her own garden. He took their gifts, but always paid for them.

Now I will let the conductor tell you what happened. "The winter of '54 was very cold in that part of Virginia," he says, "and the snow was nearly three feet deep upon the mountain. On the night of the 26th of December it turned round warm, and she rain fell in torrents. A terrible rain swept over the mountain tops, and almost filled the valleys with water. The night was pitchy dark, but as my train wound its way among the hills, I had no fears, because I knew the road bed was all solid rock.

"It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet. I knew there was danger in that whistle, and I sprang to the brakes at once; but the brakemen were at their posts, and soon stopped the train. I seized my lantern and made my way forward as soon as possible. And what a sight met my eyes! A bright fire of pine logs shone on the track far and near, showing a terrible gulf open to receive us. The snow and rain had torn out the base of the mountain, and eternity seemed spread out before us. But widow Graff and her children had found it out, and had brought light brush from their home below and built large fires to warn us of our danger. And there had they been for more than two hours watching beside this beacon of safety. As I went up where the old lady and her children stood, wet through and through, she grasped me by the hand, and said—

"Thank God, Mr. Sherborn, we stopped you in time. I would have lost my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh, I prayed that we might stop the train, and, my God, I thank thee!"

"The children were crying for joy, I felt on my knees and offered up thanks to an all-wise Being for our safe deliverance from a terrible death, and called down blessings upon the good old woman and her children. Near by stood the engineer, fireman, and brakeman, the tears streaming down their weather-beaten cheeks.

"I made Mrs. Graff and her children go back to the cars out of the storm and cold, and telling the passengers the story of our wonderful escape, the ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in their thanks and heartfelt gratitude to the courageous woman and her brave little girls. More than that a purse of four hundred and sixty dollars was made up for her on the spot, the willing offering of a train of grateful passengers.

"The railroad company built her a new

house, gave her and her children a life pass over the road and ordered all trains to stop and let her off whenever she wished. So you see a little kindness, which cost me nothing, saved my life and my train from destruction."

Oh the power of kindness!

**THE HORRORS OF WAR.**—A man, unless he happens to be a devil incarnate, very soon gets tired of killing those he can see. Even the surgeon who is dissecting a corpse covers up the face of his subject. Those orbs have sunk their fire into the abyss of death, but they are still human eyes. To mark the death-gaze of the slaughtered, the poor fellow who never did us any harm—to feel our feet slippery in his blood—to have his blood spurt on to our hands, and his hot brains brash into our face—this kind of business very soon sickens and revolts the bravest soldier. When you have seen a few men slashed or shot to death, my Christian friend—my melodious poet, with your sing-song about the "fatted field" and the "embattled strife"—my mellifluous pastor, with your high-sounding eloquence about the "God of battles"—you will think as I do, and mayhap you may come to acknowledge how comparatively tender and merciful are the men in shoulder-straps whose trade it is to kill and how often the gorge of their souls rises at their dreadful calling. Turn to the book of Macabees, and read that one tremendous pregnant passage—that one line: "And Nicamor lay dead in his harness." When you have seen thus, lying stark, and stiff, his brave clothes all dabbled in gore, his mouth wide open, grinning, awful, the bloody foam on his lips dried into a purple crust, and the camp follower—the Thinar of the army—creeping up to rifle his pockets, and draw of his boots, and cut off his ring-finger, and smash his jaw for the sake of the gold setting to his false teeth, you may form some ideas about the "Romance of War," very different from those you have previously entertained.—*Sala in the Telegraph.*

**MANLY SIMPLICITY.**—The charm of full grown simplicity always gains by, and we believe even requires, contrast. We must be a little surprised at a man's being simple before we can value the quality in him. Thus the style and manner of royal personages are generally simple, and there are doubtless plenty of reasons to make this probable and a thing to expect; but persons dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of greatness are delighted with this simplicity, which they are confounded with humility, because it seems to them a striking contrast with state and splendor. So with the aristocracy of intellect and genius. It appears a fine thing for a great author or thinker to be artless and unaffected; and we like it because, if he chose to be pretentious, we could only say he had more right to be so than his neighbors; but the truth is, these people have not really the temptations to pretense that others, their inferiors, have. The world allows them so distinguished a place that there is no need for them to struggle and use effort in order to seem something higher and more important than they are. It needs a reliance on self to be perfectly simple in treating of self; and this reliance, as a conscious quality, it is scarcely modest to bring forward unless the world has given its sanction to the self-estimate. [Saturday Review.]

**THE LADY'S REPENTANCE.**—A young lady was addressed by a young man, who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he could not consent to the union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few minutes she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke silence by saying, "Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband." He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She made no reply, but, after a silence of some minutes she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! what shall I do? I have left my money behind me in my room." "Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, "Are you coming?" when she looked out of the window and said, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;" and then shut down the window, and left him to return upon the double horse alone. Was not that a happy thought on the lady's part—a famous joke? [Life of Dr. Raffles.]

## Kitty's Rebellion.

BY JENNIE BRADFORD.

One sultry summer's afternoon, some seventeen years ago, little Kitty ran in from her play for a drink of the cool lemonade which stood on the table.

"Please, mamma," said her mother, as she turned the glass.

"Kitty can't say please," replied the little maid.

Now Kitty had said "please," a hundred times, and usually delighted in saying everything she was told. She quite reveled in conversational powers for a year-and-a-half-old. For the first time in her short life she had taken a notion that she would not do as she was bid. So her mother set the glass down again untasted, and the child ran back to her doorstep as thirsty as before. But it was very warm, and presently the little feet came pattering back, and the thirsty red lips were put up again for a drink.

"Kitty say please," said her mother.

"Tan't say please." So baby went away thirsty again.

This experiment was repeated perhaps a dozen times in the course of the afternoon, at first playfully as it seemed, but as the we rebel began actually to suffer from heat and thirst rather than say "please," it became a rather serious question how long she would hold out.

Supper time came, and Pet ran to her high chair.

"Mamma lift Kitty up!"

"Please, mamma, lift Kitty," said mother, gently.

Instantly the eager little face fell. Baby shook her head—muttered "tan't say please," and turned away. Her father and mother and the rest of the children sat down to the table, but who could eat supper while that poor little outlaw stood back by the wall moaning with hunger and thirst? The mother yearned to take her in her arms and give her food and drink; but how could she? The little one knew that one dutiful word would bring her all she wanted, yet she refused to speak it. The question was fairly at issue—should the child obey the parents, or the parents submit to the child? It is an old and common dilemma, and in thousands of households the child carries the day, but Mrs. Hart did not believe God meant that to be the order of the world. So she took her baby to her own room, and set before her very tenderly and seriously her naughty behaviour. She knelt down and prayed the Saviour to make her good and obedient; but after it all, Kitty could not "say please," any better than before. At length, distressed and tired out and fairly alarmed about the little creature, who had not tasted drink since noon, she carried her to her father and begged him to take the case in hand. Mr. Hart began to talk with the young culprit, playfully, nothing doubting he should soon bring her round. He gave her a great many words to speak, which she did all very readily till the fatal phrase came along; that she couldn't do. Year-and-a-half understood very well that to say that was to submit. So he grew serious, and told her that he should have to whip her if she did not mind. Now Kitty and whipping were two things never thought of in the same breath before. She had always been an uncommonly sweet and gentle child, and nobody had ever guessed how much grit was latent in that soft little bosom. Nothing else would avail, however, and the whipping had to come. Still the baby remained stout-hearted, and far from righteousness.

Feverish and exhausted, with parched lips crying for drink, yet inflexibly refusing to speak the little word which would bring it, she was put to bed in her crib. All through the warm night she tossed and moaned in her unquiet sleep, or woke crying from thirst; but even then, sleepy and miserable as she was, she would only sob, "Tan't say please," when the water came near. For the father and mother, that was a night of sleepless wretchedness, relieved only by prayer. They really began to fear that the child would sooner die than give up.

So the night wore away, and the morning broke; but it brought no peace to the household, weighed down by the perverseness of its young rebel. She woke worn and almost sick, but stubborn as ever.

Free will indeed! What a grand, awful mystery it is! How, shrouded in a dainty, delicate morsel of flesh, it can look out and defy the world. Terrible agent of evil! Glorious worker of good! Kingliest power in creation!—a sovereign human will! What wonder heaven and hell contended for little Kitty's will. So

they do for every one. Happy the child whose parents steadfastly keep the right side in the conflict.

Kitty found an ally in the morning. A woman who occupied the adjoining tenement, having learned the state of things from the children, came in to plead for her. She assured Mrs. Hart that she was killing the child; that it was downright cruel to treat her so; that if she had a little girl, she would never see her suffer when she could help it. All this fell on a sore and aching heart. The mother had already been tormented with fears that the heat, and thirst and excitement would really be the death of her own dear naughty little darling. She tried to think up some compromise by which Kitty could be relieved without a sacrifice of parental government. At last she quietly placed a mug of milk in a low chair, and left the little girl alone in the room, while her father and mother watched her unseen.

They saw her come up to the mug and press her hot little hands against its cool sides and begin to raise it to her thirsty lips; then suddenly she set it down with a pitious look, and went away moaning. It was a cruel battle between Desire and Honor, for such a little heart. Again and again, the little creature would come up and look wistfully into the mug full of white milk—shake her head mournfully, and turn away. Kitty would not sink out of the difficulty, though her parents would let her; she or they must openly surrender. This little display of character made them clearer than ever that they should do the child a cruel wrong in helping her to break down the demands of her own conscience.

In the course of the morning Mrs. Hart was relieved to see the family physician drive up to the door. She hastened to tell him the whole story, and ask whether he was risking too much. He advised her to "put it through; the little thing couldn't stand out much longer." Moreover, the good doctor straightway conceived a little stratagem for bringing her to terms. It was a great treat for any of the children to ride with him, and one to which Kitty had never yet arrived; so that when he proposed to take her this morning, she flushed up with delight, and began to caper about the room in high glee.

"Run ask your mother to please put on your hat then," said the Doctor.

Instantly the bright little face faded; she had lost all desire to go if there was a "please" to it. So that expedient failed.

It was getting toward noon; nearly twenty-four hours during which Kitty had tasted neither food nor drink. Persuasion and authority had been exhausted upon her, and still she wandered about the house, a wan, disconsolate little object, often crying, but obstinate as ever. Almost heart-broken to see her so, the mother took her in her arms once more and carried her to her chamber. Once again she showed the little girl how wretched her wilfulness was making herself and all the rest, and how it was grieving the dear Saviour. Then she knelt, and with strong crying and tears implored that blessed Spirit who can melt every heart, to subdue the stubborn will. Suddenly baby threw her arms around her neck and burst out:

"Pease, pease, pease, pease, pease, pease!"

The grateful mother covered her with tears and kisses, and carried her down to the sitting-room where she sprang into her father's arms crying, "Pease, pease, pease!" as if she never would be done. Now she was all radiant with love and peace. The other children came running in to hear how Kitty could say please. She was ready to hug and kiss everybody. The whole family stood around laughing and crying, to see her drink her cup of milk, and hardly able to let her alone long enough to do it. The house was full of joy. The battle was ended. Right had triumphed. It had been a terrible struggle, but it was once for all; from that day to this, Kitty Hart has shown no disposition to resist rightful authority. Her will was not "broken"—that is an ugly phrase—it is a good strong will yet; but it was brought under her conscience. It was rescued from being mere wilfulness.

These parents had tried all along to make their child understand that to resist them, was to disobey her Father in heaven, and that this was the head and front of her offending. As time went on, they found, to their thankful surprise, reason to believe that she had understood it so well that in yielding to them at last she had also submitted herself to Him.

Maturer years and new experience deepened and developed her Christian life, but it never seemed necessary for Kitty to be converted after she was a year and a half old. It appeared that the Redeemer had crowned their prayers and fidelity, and ended that long contest by changing the heart of stone to a heart of flesh, and sending his Spirit into it crying, Abba, Father!

Ah, these crises in child-hearts mean more than we think! Eternal issues are pending when we little dream of it!—*Congregationalist.*

## Nearer to Life's Winter.

Nearer to life's winter, wife,  
We are drawing nearer—  
Memories of the blessed Spring  
Growing dearer, dearer.

Through the Summer heats we've toiled,  
Through the Autumn weather  
We have passed, sweet wife,  
Hand in hand together.

Time was hearts were, well as feet,  
Lighter, I remember;  
April's locks of gold are turned  
To silver this November.

Flowers are fewer than at first,  
And the way grows drearer;  
For unto life's winter, wife,  
We are drawing nearer.

Nearer to life's end, sweet wife,  
We are drawing nearer;  
The last mile-stone on the way,  
To our sight grows clearer.

Some whose hands we held quite faint,  
And lay down to their slumber;  
Looking backward, we to-day  
All their graves may number.

Heights we've sought we failed to climb,  
Fruits we've failed to gather;  
But what matter since we've still  
Jesus and each other.

## READING.

READING, Nov. 30th, 1864.

It came to pass in the month of November, 28th day, in the year of our Lord, 1864, that a worthy dame whose christian name was Harriet, residing within the precincts of Weston Square, in the town of Reading, was set upon by her neighbors and friends as a fit subject for a surprise.

The days of this worthy couple I have yet to learn. But it came to pass in her younger days, that she, (like other foolish ladies now, as well as then,) was wooed and won by a young man, whose christian name was George, of the tribe of Jason, whose surname was Richardson, and who tried in what was called "Button End;" and they, George and Harriet, lived happily together for many years, and gathered quite a family about them to be the joy and solace of their declining years.

Now the evening set upon by these friendly raiders, was the anniversary of their marriage twenty-five years, called the "Silver Wedding." Now this good dame was a merry joker, and no one loved better than did she, to play or crack a joke, and he it was who would be considered smart, who ahead of her could get.

Not far from the domicile of this to be victimized dame there lived another lover of fun and frolic, familiarly known as Cliff, whose wife was called Emma, a jolly soul, who opened their house as a rendezvous to the disturbers of the peace and quiet of the worthy couple, aforesaid.

It came to pass that at a certain hour a numerous company sallied forth cautiously, feeling their way through the dense darkness towards the abode of George and Harriet.

And it came to pass also, that as they neared the house the leader of this band about to invade the sacred precincts of the domestic fireside of George and Harriet, issued an order—"Hush!" Voices were toned down, and they lay a-toed with the under task they were forced to perform to prevent any premature alarm reaching the ears of the innocent couple so unsuspectingly awaiting their doom;

And it came to pass as they filed majestically into the dwelling, consternation fell upon all and they cried as with one voice, "O, what! O, what!" are George and Harriet.

Now it came to pass that in some way they had got an inkling of what was going on and took advantage of the darkness unknown to them all, so wait upon them, and when the company entered, they entered, thus the surprisers were the surprised.

But not to be baffled thus, a spokesman was procured, and after vigorous efforts to get the good lady to be quiet, which, as her "nerves" were so easily managed, was accomplished, she being hither and thither and nowhere in particular, she was at last cornered, and after a neat and appropriate speech from Mr. L. B. Pillsbury, formerly High School teacher in this place, in which he reminded her of the fact that she had reached her Silver Wedding, and her friends in the serenity of the symbols of such an occasion, viz.: silver, had placed in his hands funds sufficient to purchase a suitable muff to shield her hands from the keen wintry blasts of the coming winter, which, though not silver or gold, would, he hoped be equally as serviceable. It was a happy speech, and responded to at the end of each sentence by the worthy dame, who "did not see the point" until the present was reached, when she sat agape until the speech was concluded, when she suddenly recollected that her spouse had got her speech in his pocket and she left in hot pursuit.

The tables were turned, and she was the surprised. After a short chat, accompanied by a good show of refreshments, the company withdrew, leaving the worthy couple alone to meditate upon the profit and loss of their culinary department.

X. Y. Z.

## The War and New England Farming.

The cost and trouble of finding efficient labor have led to the introduction of machinery on the farm to a greater extent than ever before. It has become a sort of necessity. The mowing machine was running everywhere at the last haying, even far up among the mountain and hill farms. As a natural result, greater effort has been made to clear up rough mowing lands, and put them in order for the mower. The hay-tedder was sold in large numbers last year, and those who had it, found it wholly indispensable. It does the work of six or eight men in the same time, and does it better. By it the grass can be kept flying in the air and cured

much faster than by the old processes. The horse-rake, of course, everybody expects to have. In short, wherever there is a reasonable prospect of economizing labor, the farmer is willing to buy machinery.

In Massachusetts and Connecticut the cultivation of tobacco has been found so profitable, that many a farmer has given up corn, preferring to buy grain and hay to feed out to store cattle in winter, for the sake of the manure. A net income of from two to five or six thousand dollars a year from this crop is no unusual thing. One farmer in this state sold his tobacco crop of 1863 for eighteen thousand dollars, nearly fourteen thousand dollars of which was net profit; and the farmers who got ten thousand dollars for their crop of the same year are numbered by scores. Many a farm has been bought, and more or less buildings erected, and all paid for by the crop of a single year.

Broom corn has, of course, in a great measure disappeared from the Connecticut river valley farms, in consequence of the greater profits of tobacco; but an immense amount of broom brush, which before the war was grown by us, is now brought from Ohio and other Western States.

To grow tobacco the farmer must have manure. He buys as large a number of cattle or sheep in the fall as he has room to keep, and buys hay or grain or both to feed out. In the spring, with good luck, he will make a good thing on the sale of his stock, but the main object has been the manure. In this way, by heavy manuring, the farm is rapidly improving in fertility. By the Virginia system of farming, tobacco was regarded as an exhausting crop. But little grass was cut there for winter feeding. Cattle instead of being stall-fed, the only method of economizing manure and making a large quantity of it, were allowed to browse in winter, by which the manure was lost. To grow tobacco under that system, a new piece had to be taken up and run with artificial manure as long as it would go, and then abandoned to neglect, till the days of guano, when that came in as a God-send to the owners of old, worn-out tobacco lands. Any crop would prove to be exhausting under that system, and hence tobacco got the name of being an exhausting crop.

Not so here. We must manure, and constant and heavy manuring will bring the land as well as the crops up. And so it is found that there is no crop that Indian corn and grass will follow better than tobacco. There never was a time when the farms of Massachusetts were, as a whole, in better condition, or so free from mortgages, as the present. Notwithstanding the cost of labor, we have managed to get along, and are likely to hereafter, making some permanent improvements, paying off old debts, and laying up something for a rainy day.

**SHEEP HUSBANDRY.**—Among the many inducements to the keeping of sheep in New England may be mentioned the improvement of our pastures and what are called "worn out lands." There can be no doubt of this result. You have pastures overrun with hard-backs, huckleberry bushes, and sweet fern. Put on sheep. Mow the bushes. Stock rather hard at first, and thousands of the young shoots will be eaten off again and again. They will grow less and less till the better grasses take their place, and you find the pasture gradually improving. This has been the case on many a farm that I could name, and there is no reason why it should not be on yours.

It matters little, of course, what kind of sheep you get to effect this object, though if near a market some of the prolific mutton breeds may be preferred. The Southdowns, for instance, or some of the coarser wools, are more easily managed than the merino, especially for beginners. Well begun is half well done, you know, and many a man who has begun with any sheep that he could pick up, has ended in having some of the well-established breeds, and making a business of it.

And that is the way to make money at any branch of farming. Make a specialty of it, and you will carry it to a higher degree of perfection than if it comes in only incidentally.

For the mountains of Vermont, and the hill farms of Western Massachusetts and New Hampshire, nothing probably can surpass the merino for profit. As a fine wool sheep this surpasses all others. But wool can be brought from Minnesota, Texas, and South America, at about a cent a pound.

The features of the new law of Massachusetts, passed in 1864, for the protection of sheep, ought to be satisfactory in the main to any grower of sheep. It requires the officers of towns, under a penalty of one hundred dollars for neglect, to enforce the law, and fine all male dogs two dollars, and all female dogs five dollars; to put the money into the county treasury for the payment of all losses of sheep by dogs within the county, the damage to be assessed by a jury taken from the neighborhood where the loss occurs. Constables are allowed one dollar each for every dog they kill or cause to be killed.

This law, it will be perceived, offers a very complete protection to the sheep farmer, and it ought to be the means of multiplying the sheep upon our hills.—[S. L. Goodale.]



The Middlesex Journal,  
—AND—  
WOBBURN TOWNSMAN.  
  
WOBBURN:  
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

A NEW ATMOSPHERE.—The popular authoress, Gail Hamilton, is out with a new book of the above title. The book is racy and has some smart slaps on the lords of creation for their treatment of the gentler sex—we hope Gail will not punish us for the epithet gentler. Because men complain of the extravagance of their wives, she tartly retorts: "They will waste money in cigars, in oyster suppers, in riding when walking would be better for them, in keeping a horse which eats his head off," in paying luxuries, which they would be better off without, in sending packages and luggage by express, rather than have the trouble of taking them themselves, in numberless small items of which they make no account, but of which the bills make great account."

The whole book is a defence of woman and an exposure of the faults of men, but the defence of the one and the attack on the other have so much of truth about them, and the lady writes with so much ease and with such a will, that the ruder sex must smile while they are whipped, and the ladies will laugh to see the masculine creatures exposed in their claims and fault finding.

We do not absolutely believe that Gail is the most perfect pattern of a woman that could be set up, or that she depicts her sex in all points, according to our notion of the graces and perfectibility of the sex, but she says a great deal that is true and timely, and we are glad that her piquancy and originality secure her a large circle of readers who will be benefited by her writings. The book is published by Ticknor & Fields, and in their best manner as to type, paper and binding. Buy and read it, and you cannot fail to be benefited.

NEW JUVENILE MAGAZINE.—A new illustrated magazine for Young Folks is to be shortly issued by Ticknor & Fields, 135 Washington street, Boston. It is to be edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom. The staff of contributors will include many of the most popular writers of Juvenile Works in America and England, the list of which gives us assurance that Boys and Girls are to have a first class publication. Every number will contain capital pictures drawn and engraved by our best artists. It will be published monthly and be of the size of the Continental Magazine, or a little over two thirds the size of the Atlantic Monthly. Single subscriptions, \$2.00 per annum. Single numbers 20 cents. To Clubs, three copies for \$5; five copies for \$8; ten copies for \$15; twenty copies for \$30, and an extra copy to the person forming the club of 20.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—Great good has been done to our cause, since our war commenced, in informing and correcting public opinion, by prominent and intelligent civilians, from our midst, who have visited England and the continent of Europe. No one will forget the sensation produced by the brilliant and convincing addresses made to overcrowded audiences, in London, Liverpool, and other cities of England, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Time will never reveal the full amount of benefit that we have derived from such influences.

We in turn are now visited by a distinguished literary civilian from Great Britain, whose influence for good must be very great. Prof. Goldwin Smith has for some time been among us, observing our people and our ways, but in no captious spirit, telling us some plain truths about ourselves and some facts about his own country, which it will do us both good to know and to heed. His opinions, which have hitherto been friendly, seem to be improving, and he will, without doubt, exert a conciliating influence on his return home. The last number of the Atlantic Monthly has a long article from his pen, on the relations of England and America, worthy the perusal of every intelligent person. It is written with great talent—is calm, dispassionate, candid, comprehensive, impartial and friendly—and will do much to enlighten opinion and allay the growing animosity between ourselves and our mother country. No one can read it without being permeated by a better and more satisfied feeling on many points, now greatly irritating and alienating the public mind. A two fold blessing is due to that peacemaker, who, at such a time as this, shall do ought to diminish the existing rancor and animosity and prevent that end towards which there is so dangerous a tendency. \*\*

LYCEUM.—The second lecture of the course was given by the Rev. Dr. Neale, of Boston, on Tuesday evening last. Although the evening was stormy, the attendance was large. The discourse was very interesting and was listened to with due attention.

The next Lyceum lecture has been postponed from Tuesday evening next, until the Thursday evening following.

The great man is the man who does a great thing for the first time.

FAMILIAR LETTERS.—A correspondent, who has read Prof. Felton's letters, sends us the following respecting familiar letters in general:—

1. We would have everybody write letters to their friends, whether traveling or not, and thus become familiar and expert in this kind of writing. It is often the case that persons thus discover in themselves the ability for composition, which is subsequently developed and brought to the light of public observation through published works. But where the individual does not thus come forth he furnishes pleasant reading to his friends and exercises himself in an art which teaches him the habit of observation and reflection, and imparts an ability of expression highly desirable. How much happiness is afforded by the reception of letters from friends; and how many friendships are fostered, if not created, by epistolary correspondence. The members of a family are often scattered to the four winds of heaven by business, new relationships, voyages and travels, and how needful, then, is written correspondence to rejoice, soothe, inform and animate our kindred. Friends separate, and in some cases for life, and a vast ocean or a great territory intervenes, and what remains to bridge the chasm and unite, but letter communication.

2. Write well and write often. Frequency of writing and pains to write well, give that ease and beauty which characterize good letter writers. Write naturally; that is, give expression to your thoughts just as they lie in your mind without any attempt at ornament which often leads to affectation. Aim to write good English, that your correspondence may be intelligible, and that you may not offend good taste. We know a man who is filling one of the most important offices in one of the largest States in the Union, who evinces when a boy a great talent for letter writing, and would write home to his mother page after page, in seemingly exhaustless fertility of language and invention, and we have no doubt that this habit was of great use in preparing him to become a most prolific writer of high estimation with the public.

3. Let every one who has a letter unanswered, immediately set about a reply. It is a shame that so many people neglect to write to those who have taken pains to send them an epistle.

4. Every one should consider writing a talent which they are bound to make use of, and use it worthily. Our war has caused a great many letters to be written, and they have proved a great blessing to those in the army and navy, and to those at home.

5. As the mails run all over the country and the postage is so small, no excuse can be given for not writing on account of distance or expense.

SPECIAL INCOME TAX FOR 1863.—We give below the names of all persons in Woburn and Winchester who pay \$100, or over, special income tax:—

WOBURN.

Jacob Brown,	\$ 200 00
Timothy D. Bond,	200 00
E. N. Blake,	220 00
D. O. Blanchard,	145 00
Horace Conn,	260 00
Charles Choate,	687 00
Benjamin Cutter's Estate,	123 00
George M. Champney,	213 00
E. W. Champney,	214 00
John Cummings, Jr.,	775 00
Stephen Dow,	746 00
James S. Ellis,	165 00
Alfred Eaton,	206 00
J. M. Harlow,	121 00
George Holden,	189 00
E. W. Hudson,	118 00
Albert B. Johnson,	150 00
John R. Kimball,	409 00
Joseph Kelley,	247 00
Charles G. Lund,	300 00
Joseph B. McDonald,	125 00
Harris Monroe,	180 00
Stephen Nichols,	174 00
Charles Nichols,	357 00
S. B. Pratt,	250 00
F. C. Parker,	125 00
William R. Putnam,	130 00
Joseph G. Pollard,	125 00
A. P. Pollard,	290 00
S. O. Curtis,	290 00
Lewis Shaw,	213 00
Henry Taylor,	243 00
Estate Charles Tidd,	222 00
Abijah Thompson,	815 00
J. B. Winn,	678 00
Timothy Winn,	144 00
Moses F. Winn,	

WINCHESTER.

Thomas P. Ayer,	\$ 112 00
C. J. Bishop,	1000 00
C. P. Curtis, Jr.,	570 00
J. H. Cunningham, Trustee,	200 00
Henry Cutter,	149 00
Oliver R. Clark,	150 00
George H. Chapman, Jr.,	383 00
Stephen H. Cutter,	154 00
Edmund Dwight,	144 00
Emmons Hamlin,	490 00
J. B. Judkins,	225 00
John T. Manny,	460 00
Samuel Smith,	222 00
D. N. Skillings,	2500 00
Horace L. Sleeper,	157 00
S. T. Sanborn,	406 00
Abijah Thompson, 3d,	216 00
Stephen Thompson,	239 00
John B. Winslow,	125 00

MASONIC.—At the Annual Communication of Mount Horeb Lodge, held on Wednesday evening last, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Horace Collamore, W. M. Thomas G. Davis, S. W. John P. Stevens, J. W. E. N. Blake, Treas. A. S. Wood, Secy. Geo. H. Conn, S. D. Joseph R. Kendall, J. D. John C. Plumer, S. S. Frank B. Dodge, J. S. D. H. Tillson, Organist. C. T. Lang, Marshal. Joseph B. Stowers, Tyler.

President's Message.

We give a brief abstract of the more important points. Our foreign relations are reasonably satisfactory.

The President has no doubt of the power and duty of the Executive, under the law of nations, to exclude enemies of the human race from an asylum in the United States. If Congress should think that proceedings in such cases lack the authority of law or ought to be further regulated by it, he recommends that provision be made for effectually preventing foreign slave traders from acquiring domicile and facilities for their criminal occupation in our country.

In view of the insecurity of life and property in the region adjacent to the Canadian border by reason of assaults of desperadoes, committed by inimical and desperate persons who are harbored there, it has been thought proper to give notice that after the expiration of six months, the period constitutionally stipulated in existing arrangements with Great Britain, the United States must hold themselves at liberty to increase their naval armament on the Lakes, if they shall find that proceeding necessary.

The receipts during the year from all sources upon the basis of warrants, signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, on the first day of July, 1863, were \$1,394,796,007.02, and the aggregate disbursements, upon the same basis, were \$1,208,056,101.89, leaving a balance in the Treasury, as shown by the warrants of \$96,739,905.73. Deduct from these amounts the principal of the public debt redeemed and the amount of issues in substitution thereof, and the actual cash operations of the Treasury were: Receipts \$884,076,646.77. Disbursements, \$865,236,087.86, which leaves a cash balance in the Treasury of \$19,410,558.71. Of the receipts there were derived from customs, \$102,316,152.99; from lands, \$588,533.29; from direct taxes, \$475,648.96; from internal revenue, \$109,741,154.10; from miscellaneous sources, \$47,511,448.10; and from loans applied to actual expenditures, including the former balance, \$623,443,920.13. There were disbursed for the civil service, \$27,505,599.46, for pensions and Indians, \$7,517,930.97, for the War Department, \$60,791,841.97, for the Navy Department, \$85,733,292.77, for the interest of the public debt, \$53,085,421.69, making an aggregate of \$865,236,087.86, and leaving a balance in the Treasury of \$19,410,558.71, as before stated.

The public debt on the first day of July last, as appears by the books of the Treasury, amounted to \$1,740,690,489.49. Probably should the war continue for another year that amount may be increased by not far from five hundred millions.

He suggests whether it might not be both competent and expedient for Congress to provide that a limited amount of some future issue of public securities might be held by a bona fide purchaser exempt from taxation and from seizure for debt under such restrictions and limitations as might be necessary to guard against abuse of so important a privilege. This would enable every prudent person to set aside a small annuity against a possible day of want.

The National Banking system is promising to be acceptable to capitalists and to the people. On the 5th day of November 584 National Banks had been organized, a considerable number of which were conversions from State Banks. In this connection the President says, "It seems quite clear that the Treasury cannot be satisfactorily conducted unless the Government can exercise a restraining power over the bank note circulation of the country."

The general exhibit of the navy, including the vessels under construction on the 1st of December, 1864, shows a total of 671 vessels, carrying 4610 guns and 510,396 tons, being an actual increase during the year, over and above all losses by shipwreck or in battle, of 83 vessels, 167 guns and 42,427 tons.

The total number of men at this time in the naval service, including officers, is about 51,000. There have been captured by the navy during the year 324 vessels, and the whole number of naval captures since hostilities commenced, 1374, of which 267 were steamers. The gross proceeds arising from the sale of condemned prize property thus far reported amount to 14,396,250 dollars and 51 cts.

The total expenditures of the Navy Department, of every description, including the cost of the immense squadrons that have been called into existence from the 4th of March, 1861, to the 1st of Nov. 1864, are \$238,647,262.35.

The postal revenues for the year ending June 30th, 1864, amounted to \$12,438,253.78. The expenditures to \$12,644,786.20. The excess of expenditures over receipts being \$206,532.42.

It is of noteworthy interest that the steady expansion of population, improvement and governmental institutions over the new and unoccupied portions of our country, have scarcely been checked, much less impeded or destroyed by our great civil war, which at the first glance would seem to have absorbed almost the entire energies of the nation.

The quantity of public lands disposed of during the five quarters ending the 30th of September last was 4,222,342 acres, of which 1,538,614 acres were entered under the Homestead law. The cash re-

ceived from sales and location fees was \$1,019,446.

Since the last annual message all the important lines and positions then occupied by our forces have been maintained and our arms have steadily advanced.

He recommends the passage of an amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery throughout the United States. The next Congress will pass it if the President does not.

The important fact remains demonstrated that we have more men now than we had when the war began, that we are not exhausted; that we are gaining strength and may, if need be, maintain the contest indefinitely.

This as to men: Material resources are now more complete and abundant than ever. The national resources, then, are unexhausted and, as we believe, inexhaustible. The public purpose to re-establish and maintain the national authority is unchanged, and is, we believe, unchangeable.

In regard to the termination of the war, the President says: On careful consideration of all the evidence accessible, it seems to me that no attempt at negotiation with the insurgent leaders could result in any good. He would accept nothing short of the severance of the Union—precisely what we cannot and will not give.

His declarations to this effect are explicit and oft repeated. He does not attempt to deceive us. He affords us no excuse to deceive ourselves. He cannot voluntarily re-accept the Union; we cannot voluntarily yield it.

Between him and us the issue is distinct, simple and inflexible. It is an issue which can only be tried by war, and decided by victory. If we yield we are beaten; if the Southern people fail him, he is beaten.

Either way, it would be the victory and defeat following war. What is true, however, of him who heads the insurgent cause, is not necessarily true to those who follow. Although he cannot re-accept the Union, they can.

Some of them we know already desire peace and re-union. The number of such may increase. They can at any moment have peace, simply by laying down their arms and submitting to the national authority under the constitution.

After so much, the Government cannot, if it would, maintain war against them. The loyal people would not sustain or allow it. If questions should remain, we would adjust them by the peaceful means of legislation, conference, courts, and votes operating only in constitutional and lawful channels. Some certain, and other possible questions are, and would be beyond the Executive power to adjust—as, for instance, the admission of members into Congress, and whatever might require the appropriation of money. The Executive power itself would be greatly diminished by the cessation of actual war. Pardons and remissions of forfeiture, however, would still be within Executive control. In what spirit and temper this control would be exercised, can be fairly judged of by the past.

PROMOTION.—Private Robert M. Dennett, of Woburn, attached to Co. K, 39th Mass. Reg. has been promoted to Corporal. Mr. Dennett volunteered in Co. F, 22d Reg. M. V. M., during the infancy of the rebellion, for three years; but received wounds at the battle of Gettysburg disabling him for the service, whereupon he was honorably discharged. Rebel led in no way daunted his courage or subdued his patriotism, and he again faced the foe with Co. K, 39th Reg., for another term of three years. Although an officer of higher rank during his first term, this promotion not only depicts an ascending and energetic spirit, whose watchword is "onward and upward," but shows us he is duly appreciated.

Lieutenants Chapin and Parker, of Co. B, 11th Mass. Reg., are now commanding companies C and A, of the same regiment.

ARRIVED HOME.—Privates Warren F. Taylor and William H. Hunting, formerly of Co. B, 32d Mass. Reg., arrived home on the 20th ult., their term of service having expired. Private Taylor went out in the 5th Mass. Regt., at the first call of troops, and participated in the first battle of Bull Run.

We learn through private letters that William M. Cobbett, of Woburn, attached to Co. M, 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery, who was taken prisoner at the battle before Petersburg, June 22d, 1864, died in Milan, Georgia, September 2nd, 1864. Mr. Cobbett had been in the employ of the government for three years and had seen hard service. He went forward at the first call of the country and served and died as none but a true patriot could, giving his young life as a sacrifice for his country.

GYMNASIUM.—We are glad to learn that a School is about to be formed in town for the purpose of teaching the important art of gymnastics. Those interested in this matter, and all ought to be, are invited to leave their names with Sparrow Horton, Esq., at the Post Office, as soon as may be. A meeting of those interested will be held at Lyceum Hall on Thursday evening, after the lecture. See notice.

Weather, cold but pleasant, yesterday.

Dr. Dio Lewis's "Normal Institute for Physical Education," located in Boston, Mass., incorporated in 1861, and employing several eminent Professors, will open its Winter Term for 1865 on the 2nd of January next. Already nearly two hundred graduates of this institution are at work in the cities and towns of the northern States. Of these, about two-thirds are ladies.

Ladies and gentlemen who would enter the *New Profession*, and become teachers of the popular system of Gymnastics, can send to Dr. Dio Lewis for a circular.

The old KNICKERBOCKER says: "Success to Dr. Lewis. Gentlemen or ladies who would do real good in this world, and would learn a calling whose practitioners are every day in more request, should qualify themselves to become teachers at the Normal Institute."

The December number of the *Home Monthly* is full of very interesting matter. We know of no better magazine for the young.

Godey's Lady's Book, for January, is a splendid number. This magazine improves with age.

WOBBURN ACADEMY.—This institution, which is under the charge of D. W. SANBORN, a very successful and popular teacher, now numbers about 50 scholars, who are making very decided progress in their studies.

ROBBERY.—Last Friday night the clothing store of P. Crehan was entered by unknown persons, who removed two panes of glass from the window in front. The thieves secured about two hundred dollars worth of mittens, gloves, shirts &c., but in their hasty retreat the larger part of the articles were strewn along Main street, as far as Nathan Wyman's residence, near Johnson street. No clue to the perpetrators has yet been obtained.

CHRISTMAS.—A meeting was held by the Orthodox Society, of Woburn, on Wednesday evening last, to make preliminary arrangements for a Christmas Festival. A committee was chosen and everything is making ready for a pleasant, agreeable and social time.

VISIT TO READVILLE.—We are informed that quite a number of ladies from Woburn visited the hospital at Readville last week. They were cordially received by the Surgeon in charge, and also by the soldiers, for each of whom the ladies had a small present. The librarian of the institution addressed them in a long speech, in which he took occasion to speak of the good the books received from Woburn had done the soldiers. The visitors, previous to their departure, had a taste of the soldiers' dinner, which they found very good. The affair was productive of much pleasure to all concerned.

AN ASSAULT.—Mr. Thomas Shean was brought before justice P. L. Converse, for assaulting Charles Lyman on Sunday last, and fined \$5 and costs of Court, and held in the sum of \$100, to keep the peace for six months.

JUSTICE'S COURT.

BEFORE P. L. CONVERSE, ESQ., TRIAL JUSTICE.

Nov. 28th.—Patrick Murphy and John Rowan, assault and battery, on Terence Gowán. Fined \$5 and one-half cost of court each.

Nov. 30th.—Ellen Downegan, assault on Ellen Shehan. Fined \$2 and cost.

Dec. 9th.—S. Henry Doherty, drunkenness. Fined \$3 and cost. Mr. Doherty came up in the late train, and made considerable disturbance, whereupon he was arrested, and was with some difficulty put in the Lock-up over night.

Our readers will see in another column, an announcement that the Rev. J. C. Bodwell is about to deliver his course of lectures on the "People and Institutions of England," in Woburn. These lectures were first delivered in Boston some years ago, where they were received with much favor, and subsequently repeated by request. They have been very extensively delivered since, and have been pronounced by good judges to be the best course of Lectures on England extant, from the fact that Mr. Bodwell's residence of fourteen years in the fatherland gave him ample opportunity to know the interior of English society. We understand that the lecturer is to reap no pecuniary benefit. The price of the course is very low. The attendance will be large, and we advise those who wish to hear them to secure tickets without delay.

We understand that the ladies of the Unitarian Society are intending to hold a Tea Party in Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening, the 20th inst. It is their purpose to make it as attractive as possible, and the time and place will certainly favor the undertaking.

The following note from the Secretary of the National Sailors' Fair reflects much credit upon the children of this town and upon Miss Snow, through whose efforts the entertainment was produced:—

BOSTON, Dec. 8th, 1864.

Received of the children of Woburn, who gave an entertainment in aid of the National Sailors' Fair, thirty six dollars, by Miss Annie M. Snow, which is gratefully acknowledged by

Mrs. S. T. HOOPER,  
Secretary, N. S. F.

DEBATING CLUB.—We understand that a party of young men have clubbed together and hired the hall over Adkin's periodical store, formerly the Townsman office, for debating purposes, to be known as the "Woburn Debating Club." We look upon this as a good movement upon the part of the young men, and deem it worthy of notice. If they make it a place for social and mental enjoyment, only, it will be very beneficial; but if it should be converted into a gaming party, with licentious purposes, as such places often are, it will be the disgrace and ruin of all engaged. They have started upon a good basis, however, and if only carried forward in an unwavering course, will never be regretted, but looked back to in future years as a bright star in the zenith of a successful career.

Count Schwabe, who has returned to town after a short absence, informs us that he has established a large library at the Dale Hospital in Worcester.

Count Schwabe is also making great improvements in the Readville library. The different shelves have been adorned with the names of fallen heroes from this vicinity.—Capts. Buckman and Thompson, and private Harris.

The Town of Concord have presented the Library with a picture of the late Col. George L. Prescott, worth \$150.

The Count is also getting a collection of photographs of fallen heroes from all parts of the States, which are to be framed and adorn the walls. We saw a few samples, and must say their features were as expressive and beautiful as their hearts must have been loving and noble.

The Jackson Mississippian has a remarkable editorial in favor of peace. It assumes that both sections have been wrong, and argues that the war was necessary to purge the land of bigotry, fanaticism, despotism, intolerance. Both sections must abate somewhat of their high pretensions. It says of slavery:—

"The North was fanatic; the South was arrogant. The North bullied; the South bantered. Slavery was the rock that shipwrecked the ship of state. Both sides betrayed the same eagerness to keep the question ever prominent. Demagogues at the North rode into office on the anti-slavery hobby; demagogues at the South rode into office on the pro-slavery hobby. The two antagonizing elements met at Washington, and there commenced the tug of war—the war of wind, the sure precursor of the war of blows."

It is a great mistake to think that the majority are always in the right. They were not so in the matter of the flood—and they've been wrong several times since.

A pretty young woman at Jackson, Mich., has been carrying on the recruiting in a novel manner. She marries a man on condition that he will enlist and give her his bounty; she being strikingly handsome the man consents. After he is gone she marries another.

GOLD in Richmond is now at a premium of 4000 per cent, or forty dollars for one, having advanced since the reelection of Lincoln from about 2400 per cent, to its present figure.

It is telegraphed from Washington that the Treasury Department decides that in assessing a special war tax on incomes of 1863, there shall be deducted from the full amount of income, not only the six hundred dollars allowed by law, but also such sum as was paid for house rent or room rent. Persons who have paid a special tax under a different construction of the law by assessors, will be entitled to drawback.

Prentice thinks that the stream of power that flows from Washington ought to be damned.

Punch says a vulgar error is that more attention can be paid to a sermon when the eyes are shut.

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her thin, delicate finger to the heavy funeral masses that floated lazily in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

TWO LOVERS, like the two halves of a divided bank note, however widely separated, always correspond with each other.

Why is a hen immortal? Because her son never sets.

EX-Secretary Chase has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

By reference to another column, our readers will observe the notice for the correction and revision of the enrollment list. It is for the interest of every person liable to the draft that all names of exempt persons should be removed, and all names liable should be added to the list, and we hope every man will heed the notice, and not only see to his name, but be instrumental in having others do the same.

WINCHESTER.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Of the recent improvements about town none is more deserving of notice than that made by the Superintendent of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, at the Mystic Station. The suggestion made to him that certain alterations and additions were necessary for the proper accommodation of the passengers getting in and out from this station, was sufficient to have the work done in a very serviceable manner. The unanimous thanks of the residents in this section of the town are hereby given to



Mr. Winslow for the improvements here made, which it is hoped will be followed by others of public benefit, but perhaps not so actually necessary as the one before alluded to.

Some time since, reference was made to the improvement being made in front of the Mystic School House, in the lowering of the fence and sidewalk. It was then thought that the town authorities would go on and complete the work which they had so far done in an acceptable manner.

But as has been frequently noticed before, these improvements are of little consequence, but before their final completion, for want of funds, or from some other cause, they are left in an unfinished state. In this case the old fence still remains in an unsightly position, and is a mark which should remind the Selectmen of their duty in this respect.

The old chimney which has stood ever since the fire, sole remnant of the ancient house on the corner of Bacon and Grove streets, is being taken down, and the ground cleared up, preparatory to the erection of a new structure on the old site. The "Slough of Despond" on Main street still remains to annoy and seriously incommode the passengers over the same. All attempts to remedy this evil seem only to make the matter worse.

**SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.**—The Young Men's Social Assembly Club, composed of many of the present and past pupils in the High School, invited their young lady friends to meet with them on last Friday evening, in Excelsior Hall. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

**SKATING GROUND.**—The overflowing of the meadow land at Baconville will afford a fine opportunity for the skaters, and will doubtless attract a great many of those who enjoy this healthful exercise, as soon as it shall be frozen over sufficiently hard.

EXCELSIOR.

### SOUTH READING.

**SCHOOLS.**—The winter term of the schools commenced on Monday with two changes of teachers. In the North District, Miss Coburn, of Melrose, takes the place of Miss Mary E. Mansfield, resigned; and in the Montrose District, Miss Ella E. Morrison, of the class just graduated, takes the place of Miss L. L. Eaton, resigned. With a good corps of teachers, the schools will make rapid progress, if the full co-operation of parents can be secured.

**LECTURES.**—A course of lectures from popular speakers will soon be announced, under the auspices of the Soldiers' Relief Association. Whatever the prospect for business may be the present winter, there is a fair promise of engagements to occupy all the evenings, as usual.

**BAKERY.**—We are sorry to learn that our Bakery has closed operations for the present, as the price of material and labor consumed too much of the profits of the establishment. We had hoped that the industry of Maj. Wiley would be rewarded by a lucrative business, firmly established.

### STONEHAM.

CAMP 33d, MASS. VOLS.,  
Atlanta, Ga. Nov. 3d, 1864.

**Mr. Whittier, Sir:**  
I have seen in the Stoneham Sentinel several accounts of different Regiments, but nothing from our Regiment.

Our (33d) Regiment is now doing Patrol Duty in the City with the 2d Mass., and Col. Wm. Cogswell is the Post Commander. We have present for duty, 11 officers, 69 Non-Com. officers, and 138 Privates with the Regiment. The Stoneham Co. is quite small. They have lost more by death and in battle than any other Co. in the Regiment, but what there is left are made of good substance, and I think all but one for Lincoln and Johnson. I do not hear much about political affairs at home, but do know they are in the Army, and the Little Mack. Stock is like the late rebel victories, few and far between.

Our (20th) Corps have now got marching orders. Where I do not know, but we expect south of this place and the rumor is to Savannah. We are all in hopes it is, for our gallant Gen. Sherman is to go with us, and wherever he strikes, he goes,—he fights, with great boys, and goes ahead.

I see by the Boston papers received in camp that our Major, E. Doane, has been promoted to Lieutenant Col. and Capt. A. W. Tibbets is Major. They are both very fine men. There is nothing more this eve, so I will close for the present.

Respectfully your obedt. servt.

H. P. MARSTON.

### READING.

**Mr. Editor:**—Thanksgiving Day was observed in the usual manner here. At the union meeting, held in the Old South Church, (Rev. Wm. Barrows, the pastor, being unavoidably absent) Rev. Mr. Higgins, formerly of the Baptist church here, read the Scriptures and offered prayer, and a fine choir assisted, with excellent music, in that portion of the services. Rev. Mr. Wilcox of the Bethesda church, preached an eloquent and patriotic discourse from the words "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise." It was a live discourse, full of Christian and loyal sentiments, and anti-slavery enough even to suit him whose

In the afternoon the funeral of Charles Henry Housman was attended in the same church. Rev. Wm. Barrows officiated in an acceptable manner, and the remains of the gallant soldier who fell in battle for his country, were borne to the grave with military honors.

"By the valleying market's tone  
Speak ye of a soldier gone  
In his manhood's pride."

On Sabbath evening (Nov. 20.) I had the pleasure, for the first time, of attending the Sabbath School Concert of the Old South Church. It was held in the chapel, which was filled with an attentive audience. The children did themselves great credit in their recitations of texts and poems. The services were conducted mainly by Superintendent Wallis, and closed with remarks from the pastor. The singing, under the direction of Miss Temple, was excellent. The whole occasion was a pleasant, and it is hoped, a profitable one, to all.

The "Social Readers," at their annual meeting (Nov. 14.) elected Miss Emily Ruggles, President, Mr. A. F. Converse, Vice-President, Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, Secretary, Mr. Andrew Howes and Miss Emily Johnson, Critics.

The ladies of the Reading Branch Sanitary Commission are busily engaged, every Tuesday afternoon, in serving up the cloth, (obtained from the proceeds of the late successful exhibition,) into articles for the comfort of our gallant defenders.

P. A. H.

### Special Notices.

**GYMNASIUM.**—All persons desirous of forming a class for gymnastic exercise and recreation, are requested to leave their names with Mr. SPARROW HORTON, at the Post Office, at their earliest convenience.

A preliminary meeting of those interested in this subject will be held in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, at the close of the lecture, for the purpose of making all necessary arrangements in relation to instructor, terms, &c.

By order of the Committee.

**LECTURES ON ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.**—The Rev. J. C. Bodwell will deliver his course of Lectures on the People and Institutions of England, in the large lecture room of the Congregational Church: the first Lecture, on The Country and Country People, to be given on Tuesday, Dec. 13th, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Tickets, for the Course of Five Lectures, Thirty Cents; for single Lectures, Ten Cents; to be obtained at Mr. Aivai Buckman's, Mr. G. R. Gage's, Mrs. Pippy's, and at the door.

**LOST.**—On Monday, 28th ult., on Pleasant street, a red Cashmere Scarf, which the finder will please leave at the Journal Office, and receive a suitable reward.

dec10-1\*

### ENROLMENT LIST.

**PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,**  
6th District, Mass.,  
Lawrence, Nov. 28th, 1864.

THE ENROLMENT LIST for the Town of Woburn may be found at A. E. THOMPSON'S Store.

ALL CITIZENS are invited to examine this List and give information to the Selectmen, or at this Office, of any errors or inaccuracies therein.

If there are any persons resident in the town liable to military duty, whose names are NOT found on the list, or any who are known to have removed permanently from the town, or are over (45) forty-five years of age, whose names are still on the List, information thereof is desired, in order that such persons may be added to, or stricken from the List, as the case may require.

H. G. HERRICK,

Capt. and Provost Marshal,

6th District, Mass.

### Married

In Woburn, 27th, ult., by Rev. J. C. Bodwell, Mr. Nathan M. Richardson to Mrs. Mary Ann Ayre, both of W.

In South Reading, Dec. 6, by Rev. Dr. Cushman, Mr. Joseph Baker, of Medford, to Mrs. Mary C. Keith, of South Reading.

On Thanksgiving Eve, at the residence of the bride's father, in Tewksbury, by Rev. H. P. Leonard, of Edgartown, Mr. J. Edwin Blodgett, of Billerica, to Miss Lizzie Chapman, of Tewksbury.

### Died

In Woburn, Dec. 8, Miss Eleanor Hovey, aged 30 years.

Funeral on Saturday, at 3 o'clock, at the residence of U. Manning.

White hands all folded now,  
Aye, and forever!

Pale lips, closed eyes, and marble brow,  
To smile again—oh! never.

Loved friend, good bye; our tears are flowing,  
No tears shall be where thou art going.

In Reading, Dec. 1, Charles W. Jones, aged 19 years, 10 mos. 18 days.

In Wilmington, Dec. 3, Mrs. Caroline Carter, aged 69 years, 2 mos. 24 days.

In Stoneham, Dec. 5, Mrs. Harriet Grundy, 78 yrs. 2 mos.

In South Reading, Dec. 7, of membranaceous croup, Harry Ransom, son of Samuel E. and Phoebe A. Currier, 1 yr 10 mos.

In South Reading, Dec. 5, Mr. George Albert Hart, aged 21 years.

J. C. BODWELL, Jr.,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR

AT LAW,

No. 4, WADE'S BLOCK,

WOBURN.

dec. 10-1y

### DR. POLAND'S

### WHITE PINE COMPOUND!

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY  
For Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore  
Throat, Croup, and Whooping  
Cough.

CURES GRAVEL  
AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND. It is a powerful and safe remedy for all cases of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by druggists.

Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made as late as the spring of 1853, and then merely for one individual, who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till the following year, when it was called White Pine Compound. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time since a true index of a skilful physician, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine was the best medicine known, provided its stringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering the Compound would exert this influence in the Medicine, the fortune has not yet been decided. But the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney disease, including Diabetes, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it, or recommend it for such use.

But while the White Pine Compound is so useful in Kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful cure in all throat and lung diseases. It is quickly and soothingly allays inflammation, that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator, where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a cure effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves, or "needles," of White Pine, are rich in medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of the White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans. One instance confirming this may here be given:

James Carter, a bold French mariner, as early as 1534, sailed along the northern coast of North America, and was first among discoverers to enter the River St. Lawrence. On his return down the river, he found his men sadly afflicted and disabled by what sailors call the scurvy. His men were so weak, and the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. Some of the Indians along the shore were likewise attacked by the same disease. Carter observed that they soon recovered. He therefore earnestly inquired about their mode of treatment, and they told him that they used the bark and leaves of which they used in decoction, with signal success. Carter tried the same remedy, and had the great satisfaction of seeing all his crew who were afflicted, rapidly improving. This Tree was the White Pine.

Some of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation, and cleaning all sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine bark are known everywhere, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the White Pine Compound was so favorably received at first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine, that the people living where it is prepared, are high in its praise.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from all classes of society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, says:  
"I find the White Pine Compound to be very effective in all cases of colds and pulmonary affections, also in affections of the kidneys and stomach, and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:  
"I have used your Compound, and find it to be a Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say it has saved me from many a severe attack of cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. F. H. Sweetzer, of South Reading, writes:  
"I have used your Compound, and find it to be a Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say it has saved me from many a severe attack of cold, and it works charmingly."

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### SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO READERS OF THE

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL,

WOBURN, MASS.

The undersigned would respectfully ask attention to the preparations known as

Hunnewell's Universal Cough Remedy.

The Great Remedy for all THROAT AND LUNG COMPLAINTS.

Hunnewell's Tolu Anodyne.

A perfect relief for NEURALGIA, ALL NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, AND LOSS OF SLEEP.

Hunnewell's Electric Pills.

Declared to be the most perfect Cathartic and Family Pill; seldom requiring more than one for a dose, and without griping, and one that should be known to every family.

These preparations will be noticed each month, and originating from most potent questions in Medicine, enjoyed for ten years unbounded reputation, readers are invited to accept such notices as a true index of character, and give me their confidence to test them.

JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, PROPRIETOR,

Practical Chemist, Boston, Mass.

For sale by Dealers in every City and Town.

Dealers with good business references supplied on commission.

Sold, in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM, in Winchester, by Geo. J. BROWN. And by all the wholesale dealers in Boston.

dec10-1m

Letters Remaining Unclaimed,

IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN,

State of Massachusetts, 10 day of Dec. 1864.

To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "unclaimed letters," give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Coburn, S. W. Houghton, A.

Christy, Michael Hunter, Jas. Mrs.

Cowdry, Anna Mrs. Rand, Mary Mrs.

Green, John E. Dr. Nathan Wyman, P. M.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To DANIEL T. STARKLEY, of Stoneham, in said County, Guardian of MINNIE F. STARKLEY, your daughter.

WHEREAS, THOMAS S. SCALLES, one of the sureties on your guardian's bond, has presented to said Court his petition praying that he may be discharged from all further responsibility on said bond, and that you may be required to order your account as such guardian.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And, if any you have, against the same, and said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court, and send a copy hereof, by mail, postage prepaid, to each known heir or said deceased, or his legal representatives, within two days after said first publication.

Witness WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of December, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court, and send a copy hereof, by mail, postage prepaid, to each known heir or said deceased, or his legal representatives, within two days after said first publication.

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Witness



AT THE  
WOBURN POST-OFFICE.



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV. : No. 12.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

## The Palace and the Angel.

[Read at a meeting of the "Social Readers," Nov. 28th, 1864.]

BY MRS. P. A. HANFORD.

We, "Social Readers," meet to-night,  
As we are wont to meet,  
Nor to the magic circle came  
With slow, unwilling feet,  
For we have learned to love the band,  
Who pledge to Wisdom heart and hand.  
To greet our President, we all  
With right good will have come;  
And with her every joy, within  
Her new and pleasant home;  
Here, may she peace and plenty know;  
Here, may her soul in wisdom grow.  
Now, let me tell in simple words  
A dream I had to-day;  
True, visions come at midnight hours,  
But waking dreams, they say,  
May be enjoyed at any time,  
And oft a record find in rhyme.  
I saw a mansion, fairer 'en,  
Than this where we have met,  
An angel with serene air,  
Gave welcome at the gate;  
And soft and low he whispered, "See,  
God has been guiding thee to me!"  
I entered at the door, and lo!  
Before my gladdened eyes  
Appeared the forms of valued friends,  
(I gazed in sweet surprise!)  
The "Social Readers" all were there,  
As now the band is gathered here.  
And some were there I never knew,  
Some wisdom-loving souls,  
Who left our circle long ago,  
And where life's river rolls,  
Had waited for our lingering feet  
To echo on the golden street.  
They gathered around me as I stood  
A near my angel guide,  
And welcomed me, to learn with them,  
The lessons we had tried  
In vain, to study while on earth,  
Where wisdom-longings had their birth.  
On every brow a radiant star  
Shone in that wondrous hour,  
My spirit felt a holier joy  
Than e'er it knew before;  
And from my eyes a veil seemed drawn,  
As the kind angel led me on.  
From room to room the angel passed,  
We followed, learning still,  
Smiles told how willingly we all  
Obed the angel's will;  
And soon we learned the angel's name,—  
'Twas "Progress," and from God he came.  
So we, in Wisdom's palace dwelt,  
With happy hearts the while,  
And sipped the nectar only found  
On earth, by weary toil.  
All, gladly, by the angel led,  
And strengthened by the heavenly bread.  
I woke, and, as a bubble bright  
With brilliant rainbow hues,  
My vision fled, but memory caught  
Some fragments, and I muse  
To-night on what the dream hath taught,  
Which seemed with joy prophetic, fraught.  
One lesson only, now I tell;  
This—that there comes a day,  
When all who Wisdom truly seek,  
Will enter Wisdom's way,  
And at her palace gate will stand,  
And take that angel's welcome hand.  
READING, Nov. 28th, 1864.

WHAT A TOAD DID FOR A SOLDIER.  
We have often written in behalf of toads;  
we are glad to see them hopping around  
our garden in large numbers, and have  
paid boys for bringing them in there in  
their baskets, by the hundred, as insect  
destroyers. A friend connected with the  
United States Sanitary Commission re-  
lates for the American Agriculturist, the  
following incident which he witnessed,  
that exhibits Mr. or Mrs. Toad in a new  
character.

A number of wounded from the battle  
of Petersburg were lying in a hospital  
tent, among whom was a negro whose  
leg had been taken off. He was on a  
mattress on the ground, and the weather  
being hot, the dressed stump of his leg  
was exposed, and a swarm of flies were  
settling upon it. Presently a large toad  
hopped into the tent, and taking his sta-  
tion near the edge of the bed, began  
gobbling up the blue-bottles in "double  
quick." The moment one alighted with-  
in six inches of the spot, he would square  
himself for the attack, his eyes twinkling  
with excitement, and then with a flash of  
his tongue and a smack of his mouth, the  
unlucky insect would disappear. The  
boy was asleep when this commenced, but  
soon awoke, and was at first frightened at  
the "ugly toad" so near him; but our  
friend bade him to be quiet, and pointed  
out the service the creature was render-  
ing, when the negro and all present voted  
him a member of the Commission, with  
many thanks and he and his kindred  
were at once in high favor.

In describing the difference between  
aristocracy and democracy, it is wittily  
said of Cincinnati: The democracy are  
those who kill hogs for a living; the ar-  
istocracy those whose fathers killed hogs.

## EMPRESS EUGENIE'S BARBER.

The hair dresser, or barber, in France,  
as in Italy, is generally something of a  
character, *au fait* of all the gossip of the  
hour, knowing everybody, and seldom in-  
clined to underrate his knowledge or skill.  
He takes the tone and color of his epoch  
to such an extent that, could we resusci-  
tate the professor of these kindred arts  
in the past, we might reconstruct the his-  
tory of each period from the airs of the  
souvenirs of its "capillary artists."

Leonard, the hair-dresser of Marie An-  
toinette, wrote the memoirs of his unfor-  
tunate Queen. Plaisir, the barber of  
Charles X, was the favorite gossip and  
anecdote monger of the Court. Mariton,  
who had the honor of combing and shav-  
ing the "Citizen King," was staid, prac-  
tical and commercially-minded, like his  
royal patron. Oddly enough, the Em-  
press's hair-dresser is named LeRoy,  
(the King,) while the Emperor's rejoices  
in the name of Majeste (Majesty). The  
Master of France has no barber; he keeps  
to his old habit, and shaves himself.

The two great reigning hair-dressers of  
the day are Felix and Petrus. The for-  
mer has been the Empress's hair-dresser  
since the time of her elevation to the  
throne until a few months ago, when he  
lost his post through having weakly yield-  
ed to the seduction of an enormous bribe,  
allowing a lady of the Court to have a du-  
plicate of the head-dress made for the  
Empress, which duplicate the lady in  
question vowed, by all the saints in the  
calendar, not to let any human eye behold  
in Paris, promising to take it off with her  
to the south of France that very day, in-  
stead of which she wickedly postponed  
her journey, and made her appearance at  
the Tuilleries, wearing the facsimile of the  
Empress headgear.

Though Felix, by thus violating his en-  
gagement never to let any one have a  
copy of any thing he should invent for  
her Majesty until after the latter had worn  
it, lost his place and the handsome em-  
oluments attached to it, he is still the  
first "artist" of Paris in his own line.  
But he is an absolute despot, and suffers  
no customer to have any voice as to what  
he shall do with her hair. A few even-  
ings ago, being in attendance on the  
Duchess of—, he entered her dressing  
room, as usual, with the air of an auto-  
crat.

"What dress do you wear tonight,  
Madame?" inquired Felix, leisurely draw-  
ing off his white kid gloves, as he ap-  
proached the dressing-table, on which  
was laid out a magnificent set of coral  
ornaments.

"A white moire antique," replied the  
Duchess.

"White moire," said the artist with a  
dissatisfied shrug; "the moire is very  
commonplace. All the butchers' wives  
wear white moire."

"My dress is really very beautiful," re-  
turned the Duchess, humbly, "and cer-  
tainly you won't see many butchers' wives  
with such lace as that," she continued,  
with a wave of her hand toward the open-  
ing door, through which her maid was  
entering, with the dress extended, its lus-  
trous tissue almost hidden under the  
splendid overskirt of *point de Venise*.

"With the lace it may pass muster,"  
deigned to say the artist, with a second  
shrug; "but, as for the coral, it will not  
be becoming to your style of face."

"But, Monsieur Felix, I am so fond of  
it! I thought of asking you to dress my  
hair, with double braids, and these beau-  
tiful coral beads twisted in the braid."

"But, Madame, your fancies are not  
ing to me. I can only dress your hair  
according to my own inspirations, not  
according to yours. It is *I and not you*,  
who am your hair-dresser. Coral is  
heavy, Anglican; fit only for Creoles.  
A wreath of pomegranate blossoms,  
would become you admirably."

"Nevertheless, Monsieur Felix," mur-  
mured the lady—

"If you have not confidence in me,  
Madame, call in another artist! I am  
responsible for the good looks of my  
clients!" returned the artiste haughtily,  
drawing on his gloves, and moving  
toward the door.

The moment was critical. In another  
minute the capillary autocrat would  
have reentered his elegant *coupe*, and  
have been on his way to the dressing-  
room of some more pliant "client."

"Justine!" said the duchess, addressing  
her maid, "take away these ornaments,  
and bring the box of pomegranate-flow-  
ers."

"And a few diamonds," added the auto-  
crat, replacing his gloves in his pocket,  
and taking up a comb.

The only hair-dresser who pretends to  
dispute the supremacy of Felix is Petrus,

the hair-dresser of the Grand Duchess of  
Baden, who passes his existence in a state  
of vibration between Paris and Baden.  
Petrus is, in reality, as autocratic as Felix,  
but he is the most adroit and delicate of  
flatters, never assumes an air of command,  
but contents himself with leading instead  
of driving.

If Petrus is about to ornament the head  
of a brunette, he takes occasion to re-  
mark that all the great historic women  
were dark, and expatiates on Miriam,  
Judith, Semiramis, Lucretia, Rachel,  
Malabran, and so on, dwelling on their  
majestic brows, crowned with a diadem  
of jet." If Petrus happens to be operat-  
ing on a blonde, he admiringly remarks,  
"When God created a companion for  
Adam, he gave her your hair and lustrous  
tresses; and if any proof were needed of  
the superiority of your shade of hair, it  
would be found in the fact that among  
our old German ancestors the brunettes  
powdered gold dust among their dark  
locks."

If he be called to give the aid of his art  
to ladies among whose black or golden  
hair the silver lines are beginning to show  
themselves, he reminds them that white  
hair was the "rage" in the time of Louis  
XV., and prophesies a speedy revival of  
the same preference. "In a short time  
all the ladies will wear powder, and you  
will see how charmingly becoming this  
fashion will be for your smooth and  
graceful forehead." The inexhaustible  
flattery of the Grand Ducal hair-dresser  
has an agreeable and acceptable comment  
for all his customers.

A PUZZLED DARKEY.—A liberal Vir-  
ginian, whose Pastor did something in the  
agricultural line, sent him a fine  
young pig out of a litter of choice stock.  
The bearer of the present was an un-  
sophisticated negro boy, and the distance  
to the minister's some miles. Piggy,  
much to his indignation of course was  
tumbled into a bag for safe transport.  
The boy on his way had to pass a "corner,"  
the country term for a place where a  
store, generally liquor selling, a shop or  
two, and twice as many houses, are gathered.  
There a company of loafers, after  
inquiring about his burden and its destina-  
tion, seduced him inside, and while he  
was there, relieved his bag, which had  
been left in the road, of the pig, substituting  
a puppy in its place.

With this last load, he then trudged on  
to the minister's, accosting him, as he  
had been instructed, with, "Please Sir, I  
am Judge—'s boy, and my master  
has sent you a pig." The clergyman un-  
tied the bag and shook out its contents.  
His surprise could not begin to come up  
with the bewilderment of the boy, to  
whom the transformation suggested very  
superstitious scruples respecting the  
character of his burden, involving doubt  
respecting its fitness for Christian sub-  
siders. In fact it required sharp authority  
from the minister to induce him to re-  
shoulder it and return with the message  
that there was some mistake in the affair.

Arrived at the "corner," he was of  
course inquired of respecting the recep-  
tion of his present, and very serious as-  
tonishment was expressed at hearing his  
tale respecting the mysterious transfor-  
mation. It was not, however, difficult to  
get him once more to lay down his load  
and come in, and while he was out of  
sight to make the re-exchange of pig for  
puppy. Thus ignorantly re-freighted  
with the originally intended present, he  
returned to his master; and in reply to  
the not very gentle demand where he had  
been, and why his load was brought back,  
he stammered out an incoherent ex-  
planation, which was at length understood  
to mean that the pig was not a pig, but  
a puppy, or perhaps something worse in  
the shape of the last mentioned quadru-  
ped. The master impatiently seized the  
bag, untied the string, and shook out be-  
fore the now thoroughly frightened boy  
—the pig. Scratching his pate, and ral-  
lying his best wits in self-defence, he said,  
"I tell 'e what massa, him can be a pig or  
a puppy jest as him please."

The explanation was doubtless the  
most available one at hand; and it was  
one which might not be inappropriate to  
the facility with which some of the hu-  
mans change character and almost nature  
in more important characteristics than  
those which separate the pig from the  
puppy—especially when in politics, or in  
the more solemn matter of religious faith,  
times arise when it costs something for  
men to come out as they started.

The Parisian ladies have adopted the  
very pleasant custom of coloring the hair  
of their dogs to correspond with the color  
of their dresses.

## HINDOO PAGANISM.

### THE GREAT JUGGERNAUT SATURN- ALIA—REVOLTING DETAILS.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London  
Times, on the 8th of July, gives a long and  
graphic description of scenes at the Swan  
Jottra and the Ruth Jottra—the two great  
festivals of Juggernaut, which are so widely  
celebrated in Hindostan. Commencing on  
Sunday, the 19th of June, by the priests  
bringing forth the god to be bathed. It ter-  
minated on the 6th ult., when the cars were  
drawn back by thousands of people, and the  
god was replaced in his home. The writer  
attended both these ceremonies, and the de-  
tails into which he enters will speedily dispel  
any idea as to the Hindoos having abandoned  
the horrible practice of throwing themselves  
under the wheels of the Juggernaut car.  
Passing over the bathing portion of the busi-  
ness, which seems to have partaken of the  
character of a farce, we will come at once to  
the closing part of the festival, which is said  
to have a most sickening and revolting trag-  
edy, and one which it was impossible to  
witness without horror and disgust:

"The crowd seemed infinitely more dense  
than it ever had been on the former occasion,  
and all along the road were booths filled with  
sweetmeats, hideous masks, trumpery Bir-  
mingham ware, and images of Juggernaut,  
Krishna, and other deities of the Hindoo  
mythology. It was a barbarous copy of a  
country fair. There were whistles and tom-  
toms, shell fish smelling horribly in the sun;  
huge 'jack' fruit, some damaged pine-apples,  
and here and there a rudely contrived 'merry  
go-round,' with stout baboons enjoying the  
sport which that machine is capable of fur-  
nishing. There were nautch-girls, hideously  
ugly, chanting their drawing, monotonous  
strains to the music of an old fiddle and a  
tom-tom. Then there were little acrobats,  
who made Catherine wheels like the boys who  
run, or used to run, by the side of omnibuses  
in London streets. There was also a stereo-  
scope, with views of the last great exhibition,  
on show at one price each person. The con-  
fusion was indescribable, and when a shower  
of rain came on, as happily it did once or  
twice, the throng seemed to get tied up in a  
knot and to be incapable of disentangling  
itself, or doing anything but roll helplessly  
from one side of the road to the other. The  
centres of attraction were the two Juggernaut  
cars. These are great lumbering masses of  
wood, about sixty feet in height, carved into  
all sorts of angles, and decorated on every  
square inch with figures of the deities. They  
are constructed in four stories, so to speak,  
and on each of these a crowd of Brahmins  
and their friends are collected. Large idols  
were placed at each corner, and two ropes  
of great length were attached to the car. They  
moved upon six heavy wheels, and the entire  
weight of the ponderous fabric must have  
been enormous. Hour after hour the multi-  
tude streamed past the cars, which were at  
some distance from each other, or they turned  
aside to a shed beneath which were placed a  
number of indecently painted idols, after-  
wards decorated with a little drapery and  
hoisted on to the car. It was not until 4 P.  
M. that a big gong was beaten on the top-  
most division of the first car, and with a great  
shout Juggernaut himself, swathed in red  
cloth, was brought to the spot. A rope was  
fastened to him, and with much exertion was  
hoisted from stage to stage by the Brahmins  
—for by himself the god seemed rather help-  
less. They dragged him up and uncovered  
him and the crowd saluted him in their  
usual fashion. A huge ugly thing he was,  
with enormous eyes, painted black, with a  
broad white rim around them. Then an-  
other god was brought, and hoisted up in the  
same way, but to a lower division, and so on  
till all were full. The crowd meanwhile  
kept throwing garlands and donations to the  
Brahmins—dirty, common looking men, with  
nothing whatever to distinguish them from  
the common mass except the white Brahmin-  
al thread over their shoulders. When the  
gods were all in their places, two large wood-  
en horses were brought out, one blue and  
the other white, each with a thick tail stick-  
ing up at an angle of ninety degrees. These  
gay steeds were fastened to the car, and a  
Brahmin stood upon the back of each, hold-  
ing by a rope.

"At this time the scene was extraordinary.  
Close by the side of the car was large na-  
tive houses. Through iron bars in front  
of this house some women were peering, and on  
the roof there were more women of the  
zenana, with an old crane, keeping watch  
and guard over them. On the other side of  
the road was a Juggernaut temple, crowded  
with women. The road itself was quite im-  
possible for the crowds of people whose oily  
bodies and dirty ways did not improve the  
flavor of the heated atmosphere. Far as  
the eye could reach this throng extended, and  
when a thousand gongs were set beating and  
the Brahmins called upon the people, a  
thrill of wild excitement ran through this  
enormous living mass. The ropes were fixed,  
and multitudes rushed to them, eager for the  
honor of pulling their deity along. On the  
car itself there could scarcely have been less  
than two hundred men. Perhaps there were  
one thousand pulling at the ropes, but they  
pulled for a long time in vain. The car had

been in one place for a whole year, and had  
made a deep hole for itself by its great weight.  
Again and again the Brahmins shouted and  
gesticulated, laughing among themselves.  
At last the mob happened to pull together,  
instead of one after the other, and the huge  
mass moved forward a few yards, groaning as  
if it had been a living creature. It stopped,  
and for a few minutes the crowd stood in  
almost perfect silence. Then the Brahmins  
gave the signal, and this time it crushed out  
a life with every revolution of its hideous  
wheels, covered, as they were, with human  
flesh and gore. The vast multitude seemed  
suddenly possessed with a fit of delirium.  
They fought and struggled with each other to  
get near the car, which had stopped as if by  
magic. They stopped down, and peered be-  
neath its wheels, and rose with sacred faces  
to tell their friends of the sight. I made my  
way to the back of the car, and there saw  
upon the ground a very old woman, all  
wrinkled and puckered up, with scarcely a  
lineament of her face recognizable for blood  
and dust. Her right foot was hanging by a  
thread, the wheels had passed over the centre  
of her nearly naked body, and a faint quiver  
of anguish ran through her frame as she  
seemed to struggle to rise. Not one in the  
crowd offered to move her, or raise her mis-  
erable head from the ground, but they stood  
looking on with vacant stares, while the Bra-  
hmins from the car gazed down with as much  
unconcern as could well be written upon a  
human countenance. The crowd cried that  
there were more under the car, and when I  
looked beneath it seemed as if the wheels  
were choked with dusky bodies. Two or  
three chockyars here made their appearance  
and compelled the crowd to move back.—  
Upon getting closer to the wheels I saw that  
one of them was half over the body of a  
man, and that it had crushed out his bowels,  
and fastened itself, like some insatiable mon-  
ster, in his blood. Close by him there lay  
another man crushed to death—he was but a  
heap of mangled flesh. The Brahmins still  
looked down from the cars upon those poor  
wretches with perfect unconcern, and were  
even signaling for the crowd to pull again;  
but the few policemen present made them  
drag the car back, so that the bodies could  
be got out from between the wheels. The  
mob cried out, "Apse, apse,"—that they did  
it of their own accord; and, indeed, there  
was no appearance of an accident. Their  
bodies were far under the car, where they  
could scarcely have got unless they had laid  
themselves down in front. I saw two other  
men lying there when the car first stopped,  
but they got up and walked away. The  
three bodies were placed together, and the  
car was dragged on by the people once more.  
I did not stay to see whether its track was  
made in fresh blood.

ADVENTURE OF CAPT. SPEKE WITH  
A BOA CONSTRICTOR.—At the earliest  
possible moment after our camp had been  
pitched, a hunt was set afoot and Capt.  
Grant, myself and some attendants were  
soon making our way to the "patch." There  
were no animals there when we  
arrived, except a few hippopotami, and  
we were therefore obliged to wait the  
coming of some more palatable game.  
Our patience, however, was severely  
taxed; and after a long delay, we were  
about to "bag" a hippopotamus, when one  
of our attendants, perched in a tree about  
half a mile distant, began waving his  
blanket. This was a signal that game  
was approaching. We immediately drew  
into cover, and awaited the coming up of  
the latter.

We were not delayed long, for present-  
ly a long column of animals, from the ele-  
phant to the hoo-doo, appeared in view,  
trotting at a good pace to the river. Their  
flanks were soon presented to us, and each  
selecting his object, fired. McColl shot a  
fine young buffalo cow, whilst  
Capt. Grant was equally successful with  
a hoo-doo, and several spears, cast by  
our attendants, stopped the career of one  
or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an  
unexpected adventure, that finished our  
sport for that day. I had sprung forward,  
immediately after firing, in order to ob-  
tain a fair shot at a huge elephant that I  
wanted to bring down on account of his  
immense tusks. I got the desired aim,  
and pulled the trigger of my second bar-  
rel. At the moment of my doing so a  
wild cry of alarm, uttered by one of the  
blacks, called my attention. Glancing  
round, my eye chanced to range up into  
the foliage of the tree beneath which  
Capt. Grant and myself had lain for sev-  
eral hours previous.

My feelings may possibly be imagined  
as I beheld an enormous boa constrictor  
whose hideous head and neck projected  
some distance into view, showing that he  
was about to make a fatal spring. His  
direction was certainly toward me; and  
as he flashed from his position like a  
thunderbolt, I gave myself up, for ere  
aid could be rendered me, fold after fold  
of the monster would have crushed my  
strong frame, into a quivering pulp. I  
fell, seemingly caught in a whirl wind of

dust, and strange indescribable scuffle  
ensued. In the midst of this terrible  
strife I suddenly became conscious of the  
presence of a second victim, and even af-  
ter the time that has elapsed since then, I  
still recollect with what vividness the  
thought shot across my mind, that this  
second victim was Capt. Grant, my noble  
companion. At last, after being thus  
whirled about for several seconds, each  
second seeming to be interminable, there  
ensued a lull, a stillness as of death, and  
I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon  
those unexplored landscapes which are  
seen only in the country beyond the tomb.  
Instead of that, I saw Capt. Grant level-  
ing his rifle towards me, while standing  
beside and behind him were the blacks,  
in every conceivable attitude of the most  
intense suspense.

In a moment I comprehended all. The  
huge serpent had struck a young buffalo  
cow, between which and him I had un-  
luckily placed myself at the moment of  
firing upon the elephant. A most singu-  
lar good fortune had attended me,  
however, for, instead of being crushed  
into a mangled mass with the unfortunate  
cow, my left forearm only had been  
caught in between the buffalo's body and  
a single fold of the constrictor. The  
limb laid just in front of the shoulder at  
the root of the neck and thus had a soft  
bed of flesh, into which it was jammed,  
as it were, by the immense pressure of  
the serpent's body that was ironlike in  
hardness.

As I saw Grant about to shoot, a ter-  
ror took possession of me, for if he re-  
frained I might possibly escape, after the  
boa released his folds from the dead cow.  
But, should he fire and strike the reptile,  
it would in its convulsions, crush or drag  
me to pieces. Even as the idea came to  
me I beheld Grant pause. He appeared  
to fully comprehend all. He could see  
how I was situated, that I was still living,  
and that my delivery depended on the  
will of the constrictor. We could see  
every line on each other's face, so close  
were we, and I would have shouted or  
spoken, or even whispered at him, had I  
dared, but the boa's head was within a  
few inches of mine, and the wink of an  
eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so  
I stared, like a dead man, at Grant and  
at the blacks.

Presently the serpent began gradually  
to relax his folds, and after re-tightening  
them several times as the crushed buffa-  
lo quivered, he unwound one fold en-  
tirely. Then he paused. The most iron-  
like band was the one that held me pris-  
oner, and as I felt it little by little un-  
clasping, my heart stood still with hope  
and fear. Perhaps, upon being freed,  
the benumbed arm uncontrolled by my  
will might fall from the cushion-like bed  
in which it lay. And such a mishap  
might bring the spare fold around my  
neck or chest, and then farewell to the  
sources of the Nile. Oh, how hardly,  
how desperately I struggled to command  
myself. I glanced at Grant and saw  
him handling his rifle anxiously. I  
glanced at the negroes and saw them  
still gazing as though petrified with as-  
tonishment. I glanced at the serpent's  
loathsome head and saw its bright deadly  
eyes watching for the least sign of life in  
its prey.

Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold  
on my arm a hair's breadth, and now, a  
little more, until half an inch of space  
separated my arm and its mottled skin.  
I could have whipped out my hand, but  
dared not take the risk. Atoms of time  
dragged themselves into ages, and a min-  
ute seemed eternity, and the next one  
was easing. Should I dash away now or  
wait a more favorable movement? I de-  
cided upon the former, and, with light-  
ning speed I bounded away towards  
Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard  
at the same instant. For the first time  
in my life, I was thoroughly overcome;  
and sinking down, I remained in a semi-  
conscious state for several minutes.

When I fully recovered, Grant and the  
overjoyed negroes held me up and pointed  
to the boa, who was still writhing in his  
death agonies. I shuddered as I looked  
upon the effects of his tremendous dying  
strength. For yards around where he  
lay, grass, bushes and saplings, and in  
fact everything except the more fully  
grown trees, were cut clean off, as though  
they had been trimmed with an immense  
scythe. This monster, when measured,  
was fifty-one feet two inches and a half  
in extreme length, while round the thick-  
est part of the body its girth was nearly  
three feet, thus proving, I believe to be  
the largest serpent that was ever authen-  
tically heard of.

Speak gently and pointedly at all times.



The Middlesex Journal,  
—AND—  
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

COWPER'S POETRY.

It is a pleasure to turn from much of modern poetry to the muse of Cowper, whose poems, and especially the immortal poem of the Task, affords so much delight. If the life and character of Byron has tinged all his poetry, equally so, has the life of Cowper, that quiet, contemplative life of a recluse, driven to retirement by the state of his health and the affection of his mind, colored all his verse.

We design at present only to call attention to those portions of the Task, entitled the Winter evening, the Winter morning walk and the Winter walk at noon. This close observer of all the phenomena of Winter, has pointed out the attractions, the comforts and joys of a season of the year by many regarded as wholly barren and uncomfortable. What a sense of comfort is afforded, and how many pleasant recollections arise, as we read, or recollect to memory, the following lines so often quoted:—

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

How many, through the newspapers, learn in their quiet retreats what is going on in our busy world:—

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great babel, and to feel the crowd;  
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates  
At a safe distance, where the dying sound  
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear."

The influence of music in beguiling the winter evening hour and making home happy, is well described:—

"The sprightly lute, whose treasure of sweet sounds  
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;  
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,  
And in the charming strife triumphant still,  
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge  
On female industry: the threaded steel  
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds."

A Winter's morning walk in the country may not seem to many fraught with interest, or affording materials for poetry, but Cowper could find subjects enough. The morning sun

Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds  
That crowd away before the driving wind,  
More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
Resemble most some city in a blaze  
Seen through the leafless wood."

The farmer going into the forest to cut wood is attended by his faithful dog, who is there graphically described:—

"Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,  
And tail droop'd short, half lurcher and half cur  
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel  
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a cry  
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
With ivory teeth, or plunges it with his snout;  
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy."

Every family should have Cowper in their library for his moral and religious influence, and because he was a true poet of the highest order, and has sense always with his sound. It is fine winter reading and those portions of the Task we have mentioned, will be charming reading with the snow clad landscape in view, the wintry winds howling around, and ourselves seated in our warm rooms with the evening lamp cheering an evening hour.

The recent attempt to fire the city of New York has excited speculation. If done by Confederates, or the secession States, that is, by their authority or suggestion, we should have thought that Boston, rather than New York, would have been selected; for the latter city is supposed to have strong sympathies for the South, and gave an overwhelming majority for McClellan. Boston, on the other hand, and Massachusetts, represented by her capital city, are places where Abolition has its headquarters. New York, however, is the empire State, and her magnificent city is the Queen City of the Federal power, and its destruction by burning, would be a blow of great severity upon the North, which may have been the design.

It is not pleasant to think that our war is to be conducted in such a manner; that incendiary torches are to be applied to towns and cities remote from the scenes of strife, and cities that have been built up at so much expense and with so much taste and elegance, containing no small portion of the wealth of the land and its glory, are to be summarily reduced to ash heaps, or changed into blackened ruins.

While we should allow much to the exasperated state of the public mind at the South, now for nearly four years embargoed by land and sea, as by an impregnable wall, and most of its territory invaded and devastated by hostile armies, we cannot but look upon the attempt to fire our great cities—supposing that they made it—so far away from battle scenes, as in the last degree abhorrent and despicable, and by no means to be justified for what we have done. War unchains the tiger in man, and civil wars

beyond all others, lead to atrocities the most inhuman and degrading. The principle of retaliation, in the shooting of prisoners, etc., is most awful to contemplate, and the extent to which it may be carried is frightful to consider.

SLANDER.

In every country town there are men and women who delight in poisoning the reputation of those around them. They ply their trade busily at the corners of the street, in the parlors of their neighbors, at the sewing circle or within the church of God. These men and women, should they be charged with theft, would repel the charge with indignation, but under divine law is not their crime greater than that of the common thief? For he

"Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis some-  
thing, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to  
thousands;  
But he who filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which no enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed."

There is nothing so pure and unsullied as to escape the bedaubing of their nasty tongues. They rob the young maiden of her honor, and gloat over it, as they "whistle it down the wind;" they poison, and then, vulture-like tear to pieces and feast upon the characters of young men.

"Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
Their viperous slander enters."

They insinuate that young Mr. — has been carried home drunk, and express a hypocritical sorrow for his parents; they intimate that they fear Miss So and So has committed a *faux pas*, and weep crocodile tears as they lament the reputation they are helping to ruin.

It is a very difficult thing to trace the source of these slanders, for these persons tell a

"Whispered tale  
That like the fabled Nile, no fountain knows."

When interrogated they deny having said such a thing, or say that some one else has told them, who, they do not remember. This is the most that can be expected of them, slanderers being cowards as well as liars. There are three remedies for those who are injured by slanders—To live it down, to boot them in the public street, or to sue them. Young ladies are debarred from the second course *ex necessitate rei*, but to a young man of spirit it would prove a most pleasant task. The law of slander is this:—

Words are actionable in themselves, when they charge a person either with some heinous crime; with some infectious disease; or with something that may impair his trade or livelihood, or is derogatory to his professional character. In all these cases an injury is presumed, and no special damage need be proved. But other slanderous words are not actionable unless they cause some particular injury.

To merely repeat what others said is no defence in law. The truth is a good and legal defence, but if not made out, aggravates the damages. Words spoken as a matter of friendship without malice are not actionable. Thus, if a man advises his friend not to permit a certain young man to address his daughter, giving as a reason, that he believes he drinks, he is no slanderer, and no honorable young man would complain of his course. Trusting, Mr. Editor, that I have not exceeded the allotted limits, I remain, Yours truly,

VERITAS.

A WORD TO TEACHERS.

MR. EDITOR.—I wish, through your paper, to say a few words to the teachers of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Wilmington, South Reading and wherever else it is read by them, on a matter which has interested and often irritated myself and many other parents and guardians of children. It is continuing the school after the proper time for closing it. Rules prescribe the hour when the school shall commence and when it shall close. Teachers are usually strenuous in requiring a prompt attendance of the scholars at the opening, and so they ought; but they seem to feel or to act as if there were no misdemeanor in keeping the scholars indefinitely after the hour prescribed for closing. Experience has shown how many hours the scholars can be profitably kept together, and necessity as well as regard to order require that at the appointed time they should be dismissed. School committees are delinquent in their duty in not looking after it.

When children are thus detained, they become restless and impatient, feeling that their rights are not properly respected; they have ceased thinking of their books, except with dislike and regard the teacher with more disfavor than through all the previous day. The parents, too, have or ought to have, their rules; requiring a prompt return of their children; perhaps have plans for their employment, and may be looking uneasily for their return—ignorant whether they were kept for misdemeanor or loitering by the way. They may be seriously discommoded by their detention. It is even questionable whether the common practice of keeping scholars, for delinquencies, after the school is dismissed, is, on the whole, advisable, except occasionally in special cases. The evils connected with the practice should be properly regarded.

A special annoyance and one which too frequently occurs, causing sometimes in-

evitable irritation, is being necessitated to wait uncomfortably in a storm, when going for children, until a tardy teacher could bring up arrears. Such delinquents, if they did but know it, are marked with extra demerits. The evil is easily remedied—he as prompt in dismissing as in commencing.

SNOW.—We were greeted on Friday night last, with the first snow of the season. It seemed beautiful to again behold the buoyant flakes as they filled the air, enrobing the declining months of the dying year for its grand exit, to be recorded as past, but not forgotten. Slowly, but surely it came, until Sunday morning when the weather moderated, and we had a gentle shower of rain, which beautified and chrysallized the fallen snow, which, as the silvery moon throws its rays upon its surface, glistens like myriads of diamonds. Aye, every star seems to be reflected, in all its dazzling beauty, as if the earth had been converted into one vast mirror, and the aerial hosts were striving to eclipse the Queen of Night, and rob her of the emblazoned reputation she has maintained ever since she first peeped forth from obscurity at the command of the Ruler of the Universe, to cheer humanity with her shining countenance.

The boys and girls are taking advantage of the beautiful evenings by coasting on the hills, while the jingling of bells and dashing of sleighs, are evidences that older persons do not fail to enjoy the sport.

LECTURES.—The Lectures on England, now being delivered in Woburn, by Rev. J. C. Bodwell, are of the deepest interest to all those who wish to get a clear insight into the "glory and shame" of old England. The large lecture room in the Congregational church was well filled on Tuesday evening last, when the first lecture was delivered. It was very interesting, as well as instructive and amusing. Those who desire to obtain seats during the remainder of the course, will have to attend early.

LYCEUM.—The third lecture of the course was more largely attended than any preceding it. The Rev. Mr. Webb gave a very interesting and graphic description of the "Life and Achievements" of Hugh Miller, tracing him from the stone cutter's bench to a leader in science, attributing his success to his independence and straight forwardness which was marked at an early age, and through which he at last stood forth a living monument, adding testimony to the truthfulness of the old adage: "Where there's a will there's a way." An encouraging and inspiring example for our young men.

GYMNASTICS.—After the Lyceum lecture on Thursday evening, quite a goodly number stopped to discuss the subject of gymnastics, and find out, if possible, the existing probability of starting a school of this character. The meeting was darkened by the cruel hand of Simonds, so that a great deal of light upon the subject could not be had; but, the adage "Where there's a will, there's a way," was well illustrated by the lingering group, who made motions and chose a committee of six, in the dark, to canvass the town. Thirty names were on the paper and there is no doubt as to its success. All who wish to join will now have an opportunity. The terms are low and the school is not to interfere with the jubilees and socials of the holidays. It will not commence until after Jan. 1st, 1865.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The following are the contents of the January number:—A Tour Through Arizona; Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men; After the Storm; Scenes in the War of 1812; O, Don't Become a Nun, My Dear; Tom's Education; The Life of Flowers; Sheridan's Battle of Winchester; Nora and I; The Sunbeam; Janie Thompson's Lovers; Armadillo; An American War Correspondent in England; Our Mutual Friend; Monthly Record of Current Events, &c. &c. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.—Our readers are referred to our advertising columns. They will there learn where to find an excellent assortment of desirable gifts for the holidays. Mr. F. B. DODGE, the Jeweler, has a new stock of desirable goods, which he will sell very low for the times.

MR. C. H. DANIELS has taken the store on Main street, second door south of Woodbury's dry good store, where he offers for sale a full line of all goods usually found in a Jeweler's store.

A large assortment of new and useful gift books, toys, &c. &c., may be found at the Woburn Book Store.

Gerardo Watson, who has enlisted at three different times since the war first broke out and who of late of company M. 1st Mass. Cavalry, died at his residence, in this place a few days since, was buried from the Baptist Church on Thursday afternoon. He was a brave and freedom-loving young man, and although he died not amid the falling shot and booming cannon, his memory is to be cherished as that of a hero who sacrificed all for country. Week after week we chronicle one and another of these noble souls as gone, with deep feeling and heart-felt sympathy for the bereaved and the most ardent love for the fallen. If all men felt the interest in their country to arm for the strife we should soon drive the enemy to the wall. A round call from President Lincoln for every man would be good to display the living braves and living cowards.

RUNAWAYS.—The horse belonging to Mr. Abner Wood, while passing down Pleasant st., became suddenly frightened in consequence of the shafts becoming

disengaged from the pung and coming in contact with his heels. He ran furiously, sheering on to the sidewalk in front of Mr. A. E. Thompson's residence, greatly annoying the pedestrians, who fled into yards and over fences to escape being injured by the shafts, which swayed to and fro as the beast passed by. This accident occurred on Wednesday.

Another runaway of the same nature occurred the same day, without doing any damage. The damages consequent to such trifling accidents are nothing compared to the danger incurred upon all persons on foot, especially ladies and children. We believe there is a little carelessness at the bottom, and that if sleighs were properly examined before used, after having been laid away so long, such accidents would be scarce.

MINIATURE THEATRICALS.—On Wednesday evening last we attended an entertainment at Academy Hall, consisting of Tableaux and Theatricals. The house was well filled, although a general public notice was not given out.

The Tableaux representing statuary, exhibited good taste and correctness of position. The most striking, "The Twins," two little girls with clasped hands and bowed heads—was beautiful. The little ones acted well their parts, and the parents of two such angelic little cherubs must have felt highly gratified by their extraordinary behaviour.

The two Farces—"The dead shot" and "A scene from a comical lesson"—were side splitting in their effects, and conferred much merit upon all engaged. We have attended foreign entertainments of the same character, far inferior, and we have no doubt a repetition of the same in a more commodious hall, would be well patronized, and display talents among our young folks unlooked for.

The music by Miss Teare was sweet and melodious, and the singing beautiful. The songs by Messrs. J. C. Bodwell, Jr., and Wallace McIntire and the Misses Clough and Champney, displayed fine musical talents and are well worthy of note.

The Chicago Times anticipates that the business in pork-packing in the West will be more important than ever this year—not that there will be a greater number of animals slaughtered, but because of the extraordinary prices prevailing. It says: "There will probably not be less than 3,000,000 hogs packed in various portions of the country, and, at an average weight of 220 pounds, each hog will be worth \$26.40, and the total number worth over seventy-nine million dollars, and if Chicago packs 800,000, which is not an extravagant estimate, her proportion of the business will be over twenty-one millions!"

Secretary Fessenden gives notice of the readiness of the Treasury Department to redeem on presentation by payment in lawful money, or by conversion into bonds as authorized by law, the three years' treasury notes, bearing interest at a rate of seven and three-tenths per centum, issued under the act of July 17th, 1861. Interest will cease on all such treasury notes not so presented after three months from this date, at which time, under the law, the right of conversion ceases. Holders will therefore govern themselves accordingly.

A National Convention of the Fenian Brotherhood is to be held at Cincinnati, Jan. 17th, and it is expected that there will be one thousand delegates present. The call for this Convention announces that this will be the last general convention to be held in this country—that before the necessity exists for another Convention the fires of liberty will be rekindled upon the altars of Ireland, and Irishmen from all parts of the world returning to right their centuries of wrong. In this there is much significance, and more in the fact that each circle in the United States has been strongly urged to send with their delegates as much money as possible in order to make a fund of \$2,000,000.

The Philadelphia Ledger, heretofore a penny paper, has increased its subscription price, having lost nearly \$100,000 during the past year on its circulation at the old price. It is said that some of the New York dailies purpose to further advance their prices on the first of January.

The Baltimore American says the abolition of slavery in Maryland is being attended with the good results the friends of emancipation expected. A steady stream of emigrants from sister States, particularly Pennsylvania, is pouring in, now that "free labor" has become a settled fact. In every county of the State large sales of land have taken place during the past two months, and the purchasers are men who intend to settle, and who do not purchase for the sake of speculation. The Denton Union, published in Carolina county, reports the sale of three farms at good prices, all to Pennsylvanians. The Somerset Herald says that "more land is wanted; northerners continue to visit this county (Somerset) looking for farms." Thus it will be wherever slavery is abolished. Immigrants will flock in, land rise in value, and the march of improvement begin.

"Benevolence," said Sydney Smith, in a charity sermon, "is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B in distress without wishing C to relieve him!"

A letter written in the city of Richmond on the 8th inst., gives a most gloomy account of the condition of affairs in the rebel capital. The pending cold weather pinches the denizens of the doomed city in the extreme. Calico is held at twenty-one dollars a yard, coal seventy-five dollars a load, and twenty-five dollars for hauling; flour three hundred dollars a barrel, and wood one hundred dollars a cord. The letter states that plenty reigns in the markets at these prices. One dollar in gold is valued at forty dollars in rebel notes.

An individual advertised for a wife the other day, and requested each applicant to inclose her carte de visite. One of his correspondents closed her reply in these terms: "I do not inclose my carte; for though there may be some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

The report of a London paper that the iron-clad Warrior is a failure, seems to have been incorrect. On being put out of commission after a long cruise, she was thoroughly examined, and the account says: "Nothing could be more satisfactory, considering the work the boilers have done during the three years and four months of the ship's commission. The most minute inspection cannot discover a fault in any part of the ship's hull; the frame and plating is as rigid as ever, and not a single instance exists 'tween decks or below of a bit of iron having given the hundredth part of an inch."

CURE FOR POISON IVY.—Eds. Genesee Farmer.—I have twice cured myself when poisoned with ivy by immersing the poisoned parts in soft soap for thirty minutes. The first time I tried this I merely put my feet in the soap because it made them feel better; the second time, it being on my hands, I put them in soap to cure them, and it did it. Let every one so afflicted try this remedy, and I assure them they will be glad they took the Genesee Farmer, and feel their obligation to make known any similar discovery which they may make.—E. D. W., Pierpont, Ohio.

The well known steamer Bay State, the pioneer of the New York and Fall River line, and which has been upon the route nearly seventeen years, has been judged no longer seaworthy, and will shortly be broken up. When first built the Bay State was justly regarded as the most elegant and capacious steamer on the Sound, and by her superior accommodations, and the rapidity and regularity of her passages, soon established the Fall River as the favorite line between Boston and New York.

PATERNAL AFFECTION.—The following letter was sent by a man to his son at College: "I write to send you some new socks, which your mother has knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten pounds without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist of Boston, with a box of specimens:

"Can you tell what this is, sir?"

"Certainly I can sir; that is iron pyrites."

"What, sir?" in a voice of thunder.

"Iron pyrites."

"Iron pyrites! and what is that?"

"That's what it is," said the chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared, "Dross."

"And what is iron pyrites worth?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Why, there's a woman who owns a hill full of that in our town, and I've married her!"

THE LATE CAPT. THOMPSON, 22ND MASS. REG. The friends of the late Capt. Thompson, have through Capt. Crane, raised a handsome sum of money for a valuable painted portrait for the Readville Library Portrait Gallery.

The pictures of Capt. Buckman and private Harris, of Woburn, will also be placed there by their friends.

Our neighbors in Winchester have a very fine one in progress, of Capt. Ford, U. S. N.

The people of Medford are also having two fine paintings of Lieut.-Col. Chambers, 23d Mass., and Lieut. Burbank, both of Medford.

On Saturday Count Schawbe received two very valuable paintings, one of General Lyle from Indiana, and one of Lieut. Arthur, of the 9th New York Regiment.

The Gallery at Readville will be a fine one.

WINCHESTER.

ENROLMENT.—The list of the enrolled men may be seen at the store of Mr. Geo. P. Brown, and it behooves every one who has been exempted, or has sufficient reasons to be declared exempt, to see that their names are erased from the list. Several mistakes have been noticed on the revision by the Selectmen, at the request of the Provost Marshal, and reported to the latter officer. It should be borne in mind that in case of a draft the number required will be less if all the exemptions are stricken off.

DECLAMATION.—Among those who acquitted themselves in an admirable manner at the exhibition of the English High School, last Saturday, Master Frank Stone may be said to have borne off the palm.

The piece recited was from "Milman's Belshazzar," and is one which requires more than ordinary ability to perform in a proper manner. Those every way competent to judge of such matters, speak highly of the effort of our young friend.

THE WEATHER.—The heavy snow storm of last Saturday, followed by the severe cold weather of the first of this week, is a source of delight to stable keepers and those who enjoy sleigh rides, but to those of our inhabitants whose wells are dry, and the number is numerous, it is not so pleasing. However, if we may

rely upon the predictions of some, and the appearances at time of writing, we shall have milder weather ere long, and the wants of many in this respect be satisfied. In this connection let me remark that it used to be customary after a heavy snow storm for the Highway Surveyor to go through the principal streets and make a path for the accommodation of foot passengers. Such a course is desirable, especially where there is not much travelling, and to the several school houses.

CHRISTMAS.—As this festive day occurs on Sunday this year it will be necessary to celebrate a portion of its festivities either on the preceding or succeeding day. The usual Christmas Concert and Tree of Mr. J. C. Johnson, will probably be on Friday evening, and it is to be hoped that the parents will be on hand to encourage Mr. Johnson in his self-sacrificing labors for the instruction of their children in singing. Let him be greeted with a full house and overflowing pockets.

EXCELSIOR.

SOUTH READING.

SURPRISE.—On Tuesday evening, Miss Wheeler, teacher of the Grammar school received a very unexpected but agreeable visit from her pupils, some 40 in number. After spending the evening in social entertainment, Miss Emma S. Crocker brought forward an Autograph Book, and a volume of Bryant's Poems, both elegantly bound in calf, and in behalf of the school, presented them to their teacher. The address was in verse, written by a young friend, and very pretty and appropriate.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Shay, of this town, who for years has been a repair hand on the Danvers and Georgetown Rail Road, was run against by an engine at the Junction Depot on Tuesday morning. He was between two engines, which he could not see on account of the density of the smoke and steam—and in endeavoring to escape from one he came in contact with the other. He was knocked down, and some of his ribs and other bones were broken.

M.

THANKS.

Our Father! To thy throne our thoughts ascend  
In grateful sympathy of thanks and praise,  
For all the mercies that our steps attend,  
The smiles that bless, the hopes that cheer  
our days;

For all the gladness of the budding spring,  
The golden garments of summer fields,  
The sheafy crown that Autumn glories bring,  
The sweet content the Winter freeze yields.  
For all the bounties of the fruitful sod,  
We give thee thanks, our Father and our God.

We thank thee for the ward thine angels kept  
Above the precious heads to us so dear,  
That no ill thing should harm them while they slept,  
Nor noonday pestilence should come near.

And ah! the strokes that pierced our quivering hearts,  
The blows that tore our dearest from the day!  
We know thy mercy aimed the fatal darts,  
We know 'twas thine to give and take away.

Alike for fostering hand and chastening rod  
We give thee thanks, our Father and our God.

We thank thee for the guiding radiance shed  
Along the way wherein we journey here;  
The faith that smooths the loftiest steep we tread,  
The hope that lights us through the vale most drear;

The love unequalled, shown by him who died  
That we might live, who lives that we may rise  
Through death to follow him, the Crucified,  
Redeemer and Exemplar, to the skies.

We mark the shining path our Leader trod,  
And give thee thanks, our Father and our God.  
H. H.

Died

In Woburn, Dec. 13, Gerardo J. Watson, of First Mass. Cavalry, aged 22 years, 7 months.

In Woburn, Dec. 8, Mrs. Adelia M. Richardson, aged 48 years.

At Camp Lawton, Ga., Sept. 24, William M. Cobbett, of Woburn, attached to Co. M, 1st Mass. H. Artillery, aged 27 years, 11 days.

In Wells, Nov. 27th, of diphtheria, Charlie M., aged 5 years, 3 months, 8 days. Dec. 11th, Geo. E., aged 9 years, 2 months, 13 days—only sons of Edward H. and Laura P. Anderson, formerly of Woburn.

Darlings, thou art gone to rest;  
We will not weep for thee,  
For thou art now where oft on earth  
Thy spirits longed to be.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The Stoneham "Literary and Amateur Dramatic Club," take pleasure in announcing that they will perform at the

TOWN HALL, STONEHAM,

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 21st, 1864, on which occasion will be produced the beautiful drama (a production of the late talented actor, Charles H. Saunders), entitled the "PIRATE'S LEGACY," to conclude with the most laughable farce ever performed in Stoneham, entitled, "The Widow's Victim."

THURSDAY, Dec. 22d, 1864, a repetition of the "Pirate's Legacy," to conclude with a side-splitting farce, entitled "The Rough Diamond;" to all of which we respectfully solicit your patronage. Doors open at seven, performance to commence at seven and a half o'clock, precisely.

dec 17

Magazines for January.

ATLANTIC, HARPER, DEMOCRATS, GODEY, PETERSON, LESLIE, LADY'S FRIEND.  
For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.  
Woburn, Dec. 17.

1865

DIARIES

FOR 1865,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.  
dec 17



# NEW GOODS — FOR — CHRISTMAS — AND — New Years,

CONSISTING OF  
**Watches,**  
Clocks,  
Jewelry,  
Silver Ware,  
and Plated Forks.

**SPLENDID  
HOLIDAY GIFTS.**

**SPOONS, NAPKIN RINGS,  
GOLD, PLATED, JET,  
AND COMMON  
BRACELETS,**

THE NEW STYLES OF  
**LARGE BUCKLES,**

**Gold and Silver Thimbles,  
Lockets, Gold Chains,**

**Gold, Silver and Steel-headed  
SPECTACLES,**

**PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,**

**Photograph  
Family Bibles,**

**POCKET BIBLES,  
PORT FOLIOS,**

**BACKGAMMON BOARDS,  
& C.**

**F. B. DODGE.**

Woburn, Dec. 17th, 1864.

## ENROLMENT LIST.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,  
6th District, Mass.,  
Lawrence, Nov. 28th, 1864.

THE ENROLMENT LIST for the Town of Woburn may be found at A. E. THOMPSON'S Store.

ALL CITIZENS are invited to examine this List and give information to the Selectmen, or at this Office, of any errors or inaccuracies therein.

If there are any persons resident in the town liable to do military duty, whose names are NOT found on the list, or any who are known to have removed permanently from the town, or are over (45) forty-five years of age, whose names are still on the List, information thereof is desired, in order that such persons may be added to, or stricken from the List, as the case may require.

H. G. HERRICK,  
Capt. and Provost Marshal,  
6th District, Mass.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the Will of BOWEN BUCKMAN, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Esquire, deceased, testate, and have taken upon themselves that by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALEXANDER BEAL, Executors.  
Boston, December 13, 1864. dec17-3t

**Letters Remaining Unclaimed,  
IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN,**

State of Massachusetts, 17th day of Dec. 1864.  
To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for 'advertisements,' give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Buckman, Dennis Krom, Martin  
Blanchard, Joseph B. Phillips, Jos. L.  
Blanchard, M. Oliver Porteus, William  
Burke, E. Richardson, Estha  
Campbell, William Richardson, S.  
Curran, Charles Sheehan, Edmund  
Cutler, John Sawyer, Phoebe Mrs.  
Egan, John Wynan, B.  
Fellows, Elvira W. Mrs. Young, Alonso P.  
Young, Richard.

**New Jewelry Store.**

The undersigned having taken the Store on Main street, 3d door South of Woodbury's Dry Goods Store, for the purpose of carrying on the

**JEWELRY BUSINESS**

in all its branches, hopes, from several years' experience in the business to merit a share of public patronage. In view of which he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

**Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,  
Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles, &c.**

Watches carefully repaired and Adjusted. Clocks, Jewelry, and Fans repaired on short notice. Spectacles cleaned and refitted. Old Gold and Silver bought and taken in exchange.

C. H. DANIELS.  
Woburn, Dec. 17, 1864.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1864.  
GENERAL ORDER, No. 49.

By the 4th Section of the Act concerning the Militia, approved on the 14th day of May last, it was provided that the Commander-in-Chief should forthwith proceed to divide the Commonwealth into Military Districts of Companies, which shall be numbered, and a record thereof made in the office of the Adjutant General.

In accordance with the above provision of the law, it is hereby ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, that the Commonwealth shall be divided into Two Hundred and Forty-nine Military Districts, which are established and numbered as follows:

**Military Company.**  
District.  
1-28 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 28 Companies

39-48 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
49-58 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
59-68 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies

69-78 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
79-88 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
89-98 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies

99-108 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
109-118 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
119-128 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies

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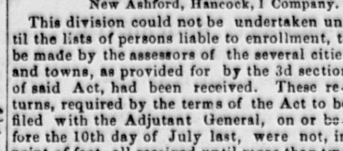
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1089-1098 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
1099-1108 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
1109-1118 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1864.  
GENERAL ORDER, No. 49.

By the 4th Section of the Act concerning the Militia, approved on the 14th day of May last, it was provided that the Commander-in-Chief should forthwith proceed to divide the Commonwealth into Military Districts of Companies, which shall be numbered, and a record thereof made in the office of the Adjutant General.

In accordance with the above provision of the law, it is hereby ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, that the Commonwealth shall be divided into Two Hundred and Forty-nine Military Districts, which are established and numbered as follows:

**Military Company.**  
District.  
1-28 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 28 Companies

39-48 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
49-58 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
59-68 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies

69-78 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
79-88 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies  
89-98 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 10 Companies

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## DR. POLAND'S

**WHITE PINE COMPOUND!**  
THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY  
FOR COLDS, COUGHS, HOARSENESS, SORE  
THROAT, CROUP, AND WHOOPING  
COUGH.  
AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND. The medicine was first made as late as the spring of 1853, and then merely for one individual, who was affected with an inflammation of the lungs, and was cured by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a great benefit. The medicine was then put into a name till November following, when it was called White Pine Compound. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1860, an individual who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of his cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' duration. This being truly discovered, the fact was mentioned to a skilful physician, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the Compound would effect this, a fortune was in the medicine. The fortune has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most difficult cases, including Diabetes, prove it to be a wonderful medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it, or recommend it for such use.

But while the White Pine Compound is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation, that the most severe cases are cured as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator, where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a cure effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves, or "needles," of White Pine, when used in medicine, are considered. The Indians employed the bark of the White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of this country. One instance confirming this may here be given:

James Carter, a bold French mariner, as early as 1750, sailed along the coast of North America, and was first among discoverers to enter the River St. Lawrence. On his return down the river, he found his men sadly afflicted and disabled by what sailors call the scurvy. His ravages were fatal, and the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. Some of the Indians along the shore were called upon by the same disease, but Carter observed that they soon recovered. He therefore earnestly inquired about their mode of treatment, and they pointed out to him a tree, the bark and leaves of which they used in decoction, with signal success. Carter tried the same remedy, and the scurvy was cured. His opinion is that he was the first to discover it.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation, and cleaning all sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine are everywhere, and the medicine is a one grand reason why the White Pine Compound was so favorably received at first.

It was a great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the medicine, that the people living where it is prepared, are high in its praise.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed, from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, says: "I find the White Pine Compound to be very effective in all cases of colds and other pulmonary affections, also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

Dr. F. K. Chubb, of Northfield, N. H., writes: "I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that it has cured more cases of colds and coughs than any other medicine I have used."

"Having long known something of the medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and, in cases of serious kidney difficulties, with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it constantly on hand."

Rev. H. D. Hoge, of West Randolph, Vt., who is also a physician, says: "I find the White Pine Compound an excellent medicine in kidney diseases."

Says Mr. S. B. Moody, of the 14th Regiment Massachusetts, at Fort Pillsbury: "The White Pine Compound effected a cure where a fellow was considered in a critical condition, and who knew him who can fully testify to the efficacy of this medicine. I thought it folly for him to make a trial of it. In colds and coughs, men need the care of the sun, and treatment can be had for nothing, and try the White Pine Compound."

Col. George, formerly Major of the 13th Reg't. M. V. (that Veteran Regiment) in a letter to S. Dean, Esq., of Stoughton, speaks in the highest praise of the White Pine Compound, and expresses a wish that it might be sent to the soldiers. His opinion is based on personal knowledge.

No effort has ever been made by the proprietor to introduce it into the Army; and yet it has often been purchased by friends of soldiers, to send in packages, and ordered by officers and soldiers in large quantities have been forwarded by express.

**FROM JAMES J. HOYT.**  
Dr. Poland—In the Fall of 1857, I took a very violent cold, which brought on a severe cough, pain in side and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the kidney complaint. For the three weeks past, I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, coughing up and raising an immense sputum, with a bad cough, after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short, and I soon got ready to leave for home. I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, after taking two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble allayed, and I could rest without coughing up and raising so much. I have taken three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, and mother, and two sisters having died of it.

**FROM STEPHEN BARTLETT.**  
Dr. Poland—I had been afflicted with kidney complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of years standing, which was attended with spitting blood frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But two bottles of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and the kidney complaint.

I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of mine, who was so badly afflicted with a cough, that she sat up all night long, and had to have her bed made, and she all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only one bottle of your White Pine Compound, and she is as well as well now as ever she was.

**FROM B. F. ALKEN.**  
Dr. Poland—In the month of March 1860, I was afflicted with the White Pine Compound. You will remember that I felt it was the time I called on you in July last. My chief complaint was inflammation of the kidneys. In addition to other disagreeable symptoms, I suffered dreadfully from dysuria. You sold me a bottle of the White Pine Compound, and before I had taken two thirds of the bottle, my pain was gone, and all the disagreeable symptoms were removed. I have been afflicted with that complaint a long time, I have not had a return of it since, and have for many months past enjoyed excellent health.

Many cases of DIABETES have been treated with the White Pine Compound, and the result has been a complete cure. In said case, the patient was cured of the disease, and was able to resume his usual life.

**MR. ASA GOODHUE.**  
Of Bow, N. H., writes: "I was afflicted with Diabetes, in March, 1859, that neither myself nor any who saw him thought he could possibly live through the summer. I was so weak that I could not walk, and the White Pine







# Woburn Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV : No. 13.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts



HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 43.

By the 4th Section of the Act concerning the Militia, approved on the 14th day of May last, it was provided that the Commander-in-Chief should forthwith proceed to divide the Commonwealth into Military Districts of Companies, which shall be numbered, and a record thereof made in the office of the Adjutant General.

In accordance with the above provision of the law, it is hereby ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, that the Commonwealth shall be divided into Two Hundred and Forty-nine Military Districts, which are established and numbered as follows:

Military Company District.

No. 1-25 Boston

36-42 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Winthrop, 36 Companies

43 Chilmark, Tisbury, Edgartown, 1 Company

44 Nantucket, 1 Company

45 Sandwich, 1 Company

46 Barnstable, Falmouth, Gosnold, 1 Company

47 Yarmouth, 1 Company

48 Harwich, 1 Company

49 Brewster, Chatham, Dennis, 1 Company

50 Eastham, Orangetown, 1 Company

51 Truro, Wellfleet, 1 Company

52 Provincetown, 1 Company

53 Scituate, Cohasset, Hull, 1 Company

54 Hingham, 1 Company

55 So. Scituate, Marshfield, 1 Company

56-57 Abington, 2 Companies

58 East Bridgewater, Hanson, 1 Company

59 Bridgewater, Raynham, 1 Company

60-61 N. Bridgewater, W. Bridgewater, 2 Companies

62 Pembroke, Hanover, 1 Company

63 Duxbury, 1 Company

64 Kingston, Plympton, Hallowell, 1 Company

65 Middleborough, 1 Company

66-67 Plymouth, Carver, 2 Companies

68 Mattapoisett, Marion, 1 Company

69 Rochester, Wareham, 1 Company

70-71 Norton, Easton, 2 Companies

72 Taunton, 1 Company

73 Attleborough, 1 Company

74 Rehoboth, Dighton, 1 Company

75 Somerset, Swansea, Seekonk, 1 Company

76 Freetown, Berkley, Lakeville, 1 Company

77-78 Fall River, 2 Companies

79 Fairhaven, Acushnet, 1 Company

80-81 New Bedford, 2 Companies

82 Westport, Dartmouth, 1 Company

83 Bellington, Franklin, 1 Company

84 Medfield, Medway, 1 Company

85 Sharon, Foxborough, Mansfield, 1 Company

91-92 Canton, Walpole, Dedham, 2 Companies

93 Stoughton, 1 Company

94 Randolph, 1 Company

95-96 Weymouth, 2 Companies

97 Quincy, 1 Company

98-99 Dorchester, Milton, 2 Companies

100 West Roxbury, 1 Company

101-102 Roxbury, 2 Companies

103-104 Lynnfield, Middleton, No. Reading, 2 Companies

107-110 Lynn, Swampscott, Nahant, 4 Companies

111-112 Marblehead, 2 Companies

113-114 Salem, 2 Companies

115-116 South Danvers, 2 Companies

117-118 Danvers, 2 Companies

119-120 Beverly, Wenham, 2 Companies

121-122 Rockport, 2 Companies

123 Gloucester, 1 Company

124 Hamilton, Essex, Manchester, 1 Company

125 Ipswich, 1 Company

126 Hoxford, Topsfield, Rowley, 1 Company

127 North Andover, 1 Company

128 Andover, Tewksbury, 1 Company

0-1 Lawrence, 1 Company

132 Melburn, Bradford, 1 Company

133-134 Haverhill, 2 Companies

135 Groveland, Georgetown, 1 Company

136 West Newbury, Newbury, 1 Company

137-138 Newburyport, 2 Companies

139 Amesbury, 1 Company

140 Salisbury, 1 Company

141-142 Andover, Dover, 2 Companies

143 Ashland, Holliston, Sherborn, 1 Company

144 Framingham, 1 Company

145-146 Weymouth, Sudbury, Marlborough, 2 Companies

147-148 Newton, Weston, 2 Companies

149 Watertown, 1 Company

150 Waltham, 1 Company

227-228 Hatfield, Northampton, 2 Companies

229 Williamsburg, Whately, 1 Company

230 Plainfield, Cummington, 1 Company

231 Worthington, Chesterfield, Goshen, 1 Company

232-233 Springfield, New Salem, Shutesbury, Leverett, Sunderland, 1 Company

234 West Stockbridge, Orange, 1 Company

235 Deerfield, Montague, 1 Company

236 Ashfield, Conway, 1 Company

237 Bernardston, Greenfield, Gill, 1 Company

238 Colrain, Leyden, 1 Company

239 Hockland, Shelburne, 1 Company

240 Mount Vernon, Florida, Charlemont, 1 Company

241 Tyringham, Otis, Montpelier, Sandfield, 1 Company

242 Mount Washington, Steeple, New Marlborough, 1 Company

243 Alford, Great Barrington, 1 Company

244 Lenox, Lee, 1 Company

245 Richmond, Stockbridge, 1 Company

246 Hinsdale, Peru, Washington, 1 Company

247 Pittsfield, 1 Company

248 Cheshire, Savoy, Windsor, 1 Company

249 Adams, 1 Company

250-251 Williamstown, Clarkstown, 2 Companies

252 New Ashford, Hancock, 1 Company

This division could not be undertaken until the lists of persons liable to enrollment, to be made by the assessors of the several cities and towns, as provided for by the 3d section of said Act, had been received. These returns, required by the terms of the Act to be filed with the Adjutant General, on or before the 10th day of July last, were not, in point of fact, received until more than two months later; and this delay, with the great imperfections of the returns, and the necessary labor involved in their examination and classification, has rendered it impossible to establish and promulgate the division of the Commonwealth into Military Company Districts at an earlier moment.

It is to be remembered that, while since the year 1840 the annual lists made by the assessors have hitherto been the only attempt at an enrollment of the militia made in the State, it is, under the present law, merely a basis for the formation of Company Districts, and the election of Captains of Companies, in whom the real and binding enrollment, in conformity with the laws of the United States, is to be made. The whole machinery by which the constitutional militia of the State could be called into service having been suffered, first, to fall into disuse, and then, having been destroyed, it could not be revived or re-established and made efficient without many preliminary steps, of which these returns by the assessors were the first; and as great accuracy was not expected in these returns, and the first division of the Commonwealth into Military Districts would, under any circumstances and however perfect the returns on which it was based, undoubtedly require remodeling, from the numbers who will claim exemption for physical disabilities, which could not be known to the assessors; from the number who will enlist in volunteer companies when they find themselves forced to do duty; from the numbers lately released from the United States service in 100 day regiments, and other causes, which must, with a correct enrollment, greatly modify the numbers ultimately found liable to duty in the active militia in the different cities and towns; this sub-division of the State into districts is not intended to be final and permanent. Such alteration in the bounds of the several companies, as circumstances may hereafter require, will be made by the Commander in Chief, from time to time, in accordance with Section 11 of 238th Chapter of the Acts of 1864.

In the case of cities and towns to which more than one company is allotted, the limits of the several districts into which they are to be sub-divided will be established by the Adjutant General, upon consultation with the Mayors and Deputies of these places, no data being furnished by the returns upon which such division can be made, at present. The authorities of such cities and towns are requested to give their prompt attention to this important matter.

By order of His Excellency JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

WILLIAM SCHOLEY, Adjutant General.

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A FEW MAXIMS FOR FARMERS.

I. The farmer who does not return to his fields a dressing more than equivalent to the crops gathered therefrom, is as unwise and thoughtless as he who would neglect to feed the horse that was to carry him on a journey. In both cases it is diminishing the ability of a faithful servant to minister to his wants.

II. The husbandman who obtains from a field not properly manured, a small yield of grain, when by sufficient manuring he might have obtained a large one, is selling his labour at half its value.

III. In all cases keep the best products of your farm, whether of grain or stock, for your own use, that improvement in each may result therefrom. If three poor sheep will bring as much as one good one, keep the one and sell the three.

IV. Do not permit the remains of animal or vegetable substances to decay about your dwelling, but incorporate them with the soil or the compost heap, thereby securing the comfort and health of your family and adding to the attractiveness of your home.

V. Having things "near enough" often causes much trouble. The head-board to farmer A's cart was a little too short, but it was "near enough," consequently it came out in passing over a jolt, and with it half the potatoes. The keys to Mr. B's tillage wagon were rather small, but they were "near enough"—so they worked loose, the thills came out and the wagon and horse got wrecked together in going down hill. The bar to Capt. C's cow pasture was too short, and yet he thought it "near enough"—but it dropped out one day, and the cattle got through and destroyed his grain. It is better and cheaper in the end, even if it does take a little more time, to have things just right.

—Maine Farmer.

## A Visit to the Great Volcano Kilauea.

Among all the objects of natural scenery in the world, the one pre-eminent for its terrible grandeur is the great crater of Kilauea. Although this lake of molten lava, with its clouds of sulphur and billows of fire, has been repeatedly described, its constant changes make it an object of ever renewed interest. I was recently visited by Walter M. Lamac, an old Californian, who gives a stirring description of its present appearance in the San Francisco Bulletin of Oct. 22d, from which we take the following extracts:

### THE CRATER.

"The crater is of gigantic dimensions. It is of an oval form, upwards of three miles in length, by two and a half in breadth, with perpendicular walls or sides of from 600 to 1,000 feet in depth, paved with a black flooring of lava. In its centre is the living lakes of fire—the surface of which cannot at present be seen from the outer rim of the crater, and which in the day time, from that position, shows only a lumbering pit—surrounded by jagged walls of desolation from which the smoke slowly and continually ascends and rolls off, generally to the northwest. To the right hand are the sulphur beds, native deposits containing thousands of tons of sulphur. In front and on each hand are innumerable rifts and chasms in the earth, known as steam holes, from which vapor continually arises, and in which the heat is of various degrees, from moderately warm to scalding. The phenomena exhibited by the action of this escaping steam on the atmospheric air—on moonlight nights—is said at times to be wonderful and grand. A jagged pathway, a short distance from the house, leads down into what may be termed the first bench of the crater, where stunted trees and ferns contend for a foothold on the very borders of eternal fire and ruin. Here also the ohela, a juicy berry, hangs abundant on the bushes, and the strawberries ripen in the sun."

### DOWN IN THE ABYSS.

"The weather on this and the succeeding night was inauspicious for a visit to the crater; and not until the 27th was our party favored with a night visit to the burning lake. At 3-1-2 p. m. our preparations being complete we started, intending to remain, if circumstances favored us, until the following morning. The weather was dubious, for a thick mist commenced falling as we began the descent. Following our guides we scrambled down at the first bench, and moved along over the, trodden path, carefully avoiding the gaps and steam cracks. In looking from the upper bank one doesn't realize the depth and dimensions of this immense bowl in the earth, but the descent and consequent fatigue remind him of it. A walk of some half or three quarters of a mile, sometimes ascending and sometimes descending brings you to the lava floor of the crater—an impressive sight, as if molten iron had rolled up in huge billows, and cooled upon the gravelly shore, from which you step upon their adamantine surface. What from the upper bank appears a comparative level, proves to be rough and jagged and lifted into a thousand fantastic tortuous forms, changing with every advancing step. Deep chasms occur frequently, caused by the cracking of the lava, of from six inches to four feet in breadth, varying in depth to forty feet or more. Across this rugged and awful pavement you advance towards the Stygian lake in the centre, passing cones and pinnacles of lava rock, sometimes thrown up in ridges like a mountain chain, at other times in isolated singleness. Several of these are miniature craters themselves, 30 to 50 feet high, expelling flame and sulphurous vapors with the noise of an iron furnace. One remarkable manifestation of this kind bears a strong resemblance to a chapel in ruins, with its towers and pinnacles and battlemented walls still standing and looking as if seared and blasted by fire. To this has appropriately been given the name of 'Pele's Church.' By direction, our guides diverged from the direct path, deflecting to the left hand, in order to show us the 'caves,' as they are called. These are immense chasms in the lava floor, down which we clambered from 30 to 50 feet and thence under the overhanging roof of broken lava for a distance of 150 or 200 feet further, to the great peril of life and limb. We were preceded by our guides with lanterns. Spiracles of lava, incrustated with a species of gypsum, are here obtained, and stalagmites of most curious and beautiful formation sometimes reward the patience and danger of the explorer. But the

caves themselves are very pits of Erebus, from which, after an hour or more expended in treading their mysteries, we were glad to emerge once again to the light."

### THE BURNING LAKE.

"Resuming our path towards the Burning Lake, as the day declined, with careful step we clamber down the inequalities and mount the congealed waves of lava for about a mile and a quarter; but long before we come to the brim of the abyss we are made aware of its activity by the noise of the terrible cauldron. It is quite impossible to convey an adequate description of this terrible scene. The reader is apt to think the relater carried away by the enthusiasm of his feelings, and fears he may be listening to the language of hyperbole and exaggeration; but no language can truly describe what is absolutely indescribable. For the last half century travelers have at various times visited the crater of Kilauea, and hardly any two visitors have agreed in their description. This is not strange either, for this ever-burning and unquenchable lake—this awful valve for the pent up flames of earth's centre, is ever changing its aspect, ever grand, mysterious, terrible!

"The surface of the lake, on the occasion of our visit, appeared to be about 40 feet below the rim upon which we stood, which rim or bank is composed of different strata of calcareous and other earths of exceedingly irregular formation. A depression in the shores of this pit appeared on our right hand, as we stood facing the northeast, from the rifts and chasms of which sulphurous vapors arise, and were swept off to the north, along with the clouds of smoke from the burning lake. On the left hand, the bank rose to a cliff some 30 feet higher than the level of the rim elsewhere; part of this cliff or precipice had some few weeks previous to our visit broken off and fallen into the pit, the rest threatens to follow, a wide chasm being visible between it and the rest of the bank. The part remaining assumes, from a standpoint of some 60 feet to the right hand, the severe outline of a human face, gazing down into the boiling cauldron, whose flaming surface casts through the gloom of night a special illumination over the hard features of it is lava Sphinx. In the centre of the lake arose an island of hardened or congealed lava of the apparent area of 10 by 20 yards and elevated some 15 or 40 feet above the surface. The lava flood was, with slight interruptions of a few minutes, in continual action during the five hours we remained. Around the whole rim of the lake where the lava impinged against the bank a circle of sheeted flame and molten fire glowed with intense brilliancy, and a like belt of boiling fire encircled the island in the centre; while every few minutes, in one or other part of the surface, the lava cauldron would commence to heave in fiery throes momentarily accelerating in force, propelling the jets of crimson metal up 10, 15, 20 and 30 feet—indeed oftentimes as high as the bank upon which we stood. These fiery jets would run one into another, until frequently as many as six or eight were in furious action together, when their united power would suddenly open a blazing seam across the blackening surface of the lake, which had rapidly cooled since the convulsion of two or three minutes previous, and then the liquid flood, released from the hardening crust which kept it down, would roll in flaming embers across the whole surface and then dash upon the Stygian shore."

### FACTS CONCERNING THE VOLCANO.

"The crater of Kilauea is situated on the eastern flank of Mauna Loa, at an altitude of about 5,000 feet, and is approached by a not very difficult ride from Hilo of 30 miles. A shorter ride of 10 miles from the little bay of Apua, on the southeastern coast of the island, would be attended with less fatigue than the journey via Hilo, but vessels rarely touch at that point. Passengers by steamer from Honolulu sometimes land at Kilauea, on the western coast and ride across the island to Hilo; but it is a rough journey of 80 or 100 miles. For many reasons the trip by the way of Hilo is preferable.

"The volcano has been in positive activity since it first became known to civilized man, and in all probability for ages previously; but its activity varies greatly at different times. Several tremendous eruptions have occurred within the remembrance of our generation. From 1856, for three years, the volcano was in a state of unusual energy. In the latter part of January, 1859, a great eruption took place on Mauna Loa, when a new

crater was formed at a much higher altitude than that of Kilauea. The lava torrent took then a northerly direction and rolling over the plateau of another mountain plunged into the sea, destroying a small fishing village in its course. Observers of this phenomenon, who hastened to Hawaii, were repaid by a spectacle of unparalleled grandeur. The fire rose 250 feet above the crater in a cone of flame, and the plunging lava curved along the mountain sides like a fiery serpent, leaping in a solid flood from precipice to precipice.

"When Mr. Ellis visited Kilauea, in 1822, he and his associate saw 51 conical crater islands of various sizes rising round the edge, or from the surface of the burning lake. Half of these emitted smoke or flame, or vomited streams of lava. Tradition, and the observation of the residents of the Islands, all go to prove that the volcano is in a constant transition state, sometimes more active, sometimes less, though for the past few years its general activity has undoubtedly decreased, notwithstanding its occasional fiery outbursts. Estimates of its present superficiality vary. We thought it could not be less than 700 feet in diameter.

"The dark mythology of the Hawaiians has invested this appropriate arena with additional horror. It is the dwelling place of their awful goddess, Pele, the prime divinity of the pantheon. Here in company with her subordinate demons, she bathed and disported in its sulphur waves. Christian courage, here, too, subdued supernatural terror, when in 1825 the converted chieftainess Kapikania braved the anger of the goddess and the attendant terrors of the path by descending alone into the crater and casting with her own hands into the seething gulf the sacred berries, as an open and avowed act of desecration."

### The Sunbeam and the Flower.

BY MRS. J. D. HANFORD.

He was a sunbeam—that sweet child!

So like his mother, gentle, mild,—

A flower with petals undefiled!

But long he could not linger here,

His father's lonely heart to cheer,—

He heard the voice we could not hear;

He folded his small hands so dear,

As if he whispered heaven a prayer,

He upward looked—then entered there.

Sweet blossom! sunbeam glad and bright!

He bloometh now in heav'n's own light,

He shineth where there is no night.

Onward we'll press to enter where

The life-crowded host white raiment wear—

A little child shall lead us there!

WOOLING, AS PRACTISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN BLACKS.—Courtship, as the precursor to marriage, is unknown among them. When a young warrior is desirous of procuring a wife, he generally obtains one by giving in exchange for her a sister, or some other female relative of his own; but if there should happen to be no eligible damsel disengaged in the tribe to which he belongs, then he hovers round the encampment of some other blacks until he gets an opportunity of seizing one of their leubras, whom perhaps he has seen and admired when attending one of the grand corrobories. His mode of paying his addresses is simple and efficacious. With a blow of his nulla-nulla (war-club) he stuns the object of his affections, and drags her insensible body away to some retired spot, whence, as soon as she recovers her senses, he brings her home to his own ganyah in triumph. Sometimes two join in an expedition for the same purpose, and then for several days they watch the movements of their intended victims, using the utmost skill in concealing their presence. When they have obtained the knowledge they require, they wait for a dark, windy night; then quite naked, and carrying only their long "jag-spears," they crawl stealthily through the bush until they reach the immediate vicinity of the camp-fires, in front of which the girls they are in search of are sleeping. Slowly and silently they creep close enough to distinguish the figure of one of those leubras; then one of the intruders stretches out his spear, and inserts its bared point among her thick flowing locks; turning the spear slowly round, some of her hair speedily becomes entangled with it; then, with a sudden jerk, she is aroused from her slumber, and as her eyes open she feels the sharp point of another weapon pressed against her throat. She neither faints nor screams; she knows well that the slightest attempt at escape or alarm will cause her instant death, so, like a sensible woman, she makes a virtue of necessity, and, rising silently, she follows her captors. They lead her away to a considerable distance, tie her to a tree, and return to ensnare their other victim in like manner. Then, when they have accomplished their design, they hurry off to their own camp, where they are received with universal applause, and highly honored for their chivalrous exploit.—Chamber's Journal.

Inquisitiveness is a dagger that kills friendship and buries fools.

A wise man keepeth his own counsel.

## Hypothetical Virtue.

Poverty and woe are unfathomable problems of human life. I have always believed this, and every fresh example that comes under my observation deepens the conviction. Long ago I abandoned the idea of reconciling these sad elements of history with the goodness of God. Philosophy staggers in the very vestibule of this research, and faith must bring her lantern, else all is impenetrable darkness. So I missed the other day, as I was walking from our happy firsides to hold a funeral service in a garret. If God would only obtain obtuseness of sensibility to the poor, I have sometimes thought it would be a merciful dispensation. Deprived of many of those artificial alleviations of sorrow which wealth can purchase, why should they not have in compensation a less delicate and sensitive organization of soul? Mayhap they have as regards some aspects of misfortune; but in respect to others, the arrow enters as deeply into the heart of a slave-mother on a Carolina plantation as if she was born in the lap of affluence and luxury.

In this garret was almost every possible aggravation of misery. My pen hesitates even to attempt its setting forth. A husband and father lying in his coffin, the widow clasping to her bosom a dying child, trying vainly to still its little wail while we read God's promises of comfort, and around the room all the signs of comfortlessness and desolation inseparable from the extreme conditions of want.

As I led the little procession to the grave, I fell into a sort of pseudo-pious reverie. All the fountains of pity were stirred, and some other fountains besides; for I found myself running both into misanthropy and self-adoration. And somewhat thus I soliloquized: "Why do these rich people, whose splendid mansions we are passing with this pine coffin, permit all this woe at their very door-sills? If I were wealthy, surely I would set them an example of liberality. If, for instance, I had a net income of ten thousand dollars a year, I would go down that alley with my carriage daily, distributing benefactions. I would put a loaf and a joint into every cupboard. I would put a coat on the back of every shivering child. I would have relays of nurses for the sick, and a commissariat of soups, broths, jellies, cordials, and every other sanitary solace. Yes, I am not sure but I would build a capacious house, with every appointment of comfort, and put all my poor friends into it, and support them as my own family." So I went on musing, as we took our long, slow journey to the poor man's grave, when all of a sudden, a voice seemed to speak right over my shoulder: "Tut! tut! you imaginary saint, stop all this romancing; if the Lord should credit you on his ledger with all this hypothetical cash paid into his treasury, what a marvelous specimen of magnanimity you would present at the day of final judgment!" I had a feeling as if several skewers were thrust into my vanity, and its inflations were experiencing a painful, though mayhap wholesome collapse. Our arrival at the graveyard and the services of burial gave a brief respite to this castigation of conscience, which continued for many a day afterwards.

Not long ago I revived the topic of hypothetical virtue in our usual conversation at the weekly prayer-meeting; and, if you will credit me, the people thought my description of it quite original! Original! nothing less so. This sort of sentimentalism is one of the commonest developments of poor, weak human nature. People are all the time getting out of their real conditions, to escape conviction of sin and invent modes of self-praise. The religion of all of us is too much a huge "If." My poor brother on a stipended of a dollar a day, says: "If I were rich, I would pay your church debt in less than twenty-four hours." Perhaps you would, my dearly beloved Out-at-the-elbows; but you will allow me to say that I think there are nine hundred and ninety-nine chances out of a thousand that you would do no such thing at all. I give you the thousandth chance, to get all the comfort out of it you can. No, no, sir. Duty is a homely fact, and not a Utopian vision. You may settle it as more than probable that if you are not faithful where Providence placed you, you will not be faithful anywhere. Every day of real life brings its tests of fidelity, and he that abideth these, and he alone, shall be accounted at last a good steward of the Lord. And so my confession and my sermon end.—Rev. J. L. Corning.

—A "Capital" story on the Fourth page.



The Middlesex Journal,  
—AND—  
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.  
WOBURN:  
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

CHRISTMAS.—To-morrow is Christmas day as well as Sunday. We presume, however, all the holiday part will be on Monday.

To Night is Christmas Eve, and when a child, we verily believed, as we were told, that the cattle all knelt down at 12 o'clock precisely. Children now a days look for the Christmas Tree gaily decorated and fine presents hanging on it. There is no doubt that the keeping of Christmas is spreading in our country, and that New England, once so strong against such observance as belonging to the Romish church and the Episcopal or State church of England, is gradually giving way in favor of it.

The commemoration of Birth Days is of high antiquity and wide spread practice. Illustrious men have thus been honored in all nations. In many families, the recurrence of the birth days of parents and children, is a sort of festival. To celebrate the birth of CHRIST, may appear to some as bringing him down to a level with other men. The Incarnation, so involved in dread mystery; the vast disparity between an infant of days entering upon Time, and Him who was in the beginning with God, the coming of Christ to suffer and die upon the cross, are circumstances which press solemnly upon the mind at such a moment.

The two most ancient commemorations of the church were, in honor of the resurrection of Christ, and of the descent of the Holy Spirit, and no mention is made of any public fast, in the earliest days of Christianity, except on the day of the Crucifixion.

It had been a natural and pious custom to celebrate the birth days of those who had offered themselves up as sacrifices for their religion. By their birth days were understood, not the days of their introduction to the sins and afflictions of earth, but of their release from such bondage and their resurrection to glory.

The idea of a birth day festival for the Saviour's birth, seems to have been foreign to the Christians of the early period; they regarded the second birth as the man's true birth. It was unknown, the definite time of the birth of Christ. The history of Christmas was closely connected with the history of another kindred festival, that of the festival of the manifestation of Jesus in his consecration to the office of Messiah, at his baptism by John and the beginning of his public ministry. With Jewish Christians, the festival of Christmas probably originated. It was not, however, generally observed until the fourth century, when the festival of Christ's baptism, and that of his nativity,—the one coming from the East to the West and the other from the West to the East,—were introduced.

As we have so few festivals and need some at this season of the year, Christmas and New Year, which seem to work so kindly together, will continue to be kept, although it comes hard sometimes to give presents on both days, but it is perfectly agreeable for children to receive them, they stoutly clamoring for keeping both days, for the visits of Santa Claus with his huge baskets of Toys, Books, Candies, &c., are very agreeable to them.

On the whole, no Christian of any denomination need murmur at this celebration. "A merry Christmas," and a "Happy New Year," are not bad wishes for any one.

As the world advances in scientific discoveries; the spread of Christianity, and the greater comforts and facilities of the race, back to the Saviour's natal morn, to the manager and the Shepherd scene, where Angel voices broke the stillness of the night, shall be wafted men's thoughts and affections, and with new insight into the wonders of the event shall be sung the Christmas hymn, and the heart of men shall respond to its glory:

"Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all."

The JANUARY number of the Lady's Friend fully bears out the high reputation of this new monthly, which is now entering upon the second year of its existence. The leading steel engraving, "HUSH! IT IS ASLEEP," is a beautiful picture. The Fashion Plate is very handsome indeed, admirably engraved on steel, and richly colored. Then there is a colored design of a WORK TABLE COMPANION, a very useful lady, as she seems, in red and yellow and blue; and numerous other engravings of the Fashions, Work Table Department, &c. The Music of this number is a piece entitled "I STOOD WITHIN OUR COTTAGE HALL."

THE JUBILEE.—Notwithstanding the snow and rain on Wednesday evening, the Congregational church was brilliantly illuminated and made ready for a Parish Jubilee over their prosperity and success as a people. May 3d, 1859 a committee was chosen to purchase a site for a new meeting house, and May 9th, 1859 the parish voted to purchase the "John Fowle Estate," and chose Dea. Thomas Richardson, Jotham Hill, Horace Collamore and D. D. Hart as a Building Committee to erect a new church thereon, not to cost over fifty thousand; but they necessarily exceeded that amount twelve thousand, making the cost of the church \$62,000. The new house was dedicated Oct. 31st, 1860, and on the evening of that day the sale of pews amounted to \$20,000, and from March to August, 1863, they received about 14,000, making the total sum realized for pews alone \$34,000. The debt of the Parish March 23d, 1864 was about \$24,000, which has since been raised by contribution from liberal gentlemen in the society and additional sales, so that in the short space of five years, they have erected as beautiful and convenient a church as ornaments any village in America, raising the enormous amount of \$62,000, paying the debt and leaving a balance of \$7,000 in pews unsold in the galleries. Nothing could merit an expression of joy and thanks more than such fabulous prosperity.

The people began to gather at six, and at seven they numbered upwards of a thousand, old and young, although the Furies seemed determined to mar the evening and obstruct the way, so that it would be impossible to gain the church.

The first hour was pleasantly spent in social intercourse, after which the refreshments were served by a committee of young ladies and gentlemen, which somewhat interfered with the former sociability.

After all had been served, they repaired to the auditory to listen to music and singing by the choir, and congratulatory addresses from L. L. Whitney, Dea. J. R. Kimball, Dexter Hart, Gen. Abijah Thompson and Rev. Dr. Bodwell, and others. There was a little uneasiness on part of the younger portion of the assembly, who unintentionally annoyed the speakers by leaving the room. We did not approve of the noise occasioned by their withdrawal, nor the sharp retort extended, for persons so young could not be expected to keep quiet a great while on such an occasion. We ought to have charity for the young folks, remembering that jubilee with them and jubilee with us means two different things. Manhood can express its happiness and joy in words and songs, and be satisfied; but childhood requires something more than that—the merry laugh, the mischievous smile and buoyant, hurried steps, can only express the fullness of its young heart and give utterance to its gaiety, which invigorates, rather than annoys us, and leads us back to days gone by, when we were gay and happy too, as they, and in the inmost recesses of our heart the thought lingers, "Oh, that we were a child again!" But on this occasion we are sorry to say there did not seem to be that thought among the older people, who probably enjoyed the gathering a great deal better than the younger, who say they enjoyed it, with an ominous, "only such a one kept saying, 'Hush!'"

The speeches over, the hour had arrived for the people to begin to think of retiring to their homes, and one by one they withdrew, while a larger part of the assembly again went below to enjoy a general sing, where they tarried until 11 o'clock, when they retired, and the sparkling gas lights were extinguished, the good time over, and the church left to its usual quietness.

TEA PARTY.—The Tea Party given by the Unitarian Society, at Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening last, was a decided success as to the purpose for which it was given. The large number of persons present seemed to enjoy themselves in a very social manner.

The 'bites' at the Fishing Well were numerous, and at the Supper Table they were much more so.

The Flower Stand was very prettily ornamented, and the bouquets found ready purchasers.

The table of Sweetmeats was well patronized by the young people, and the "Nut Tree" was made to bear golden fruit.

Many were weighed in the Balance, and were not found wanting, and those who got a peep in the Stereoscope were richly repaid.

The "Woburn Orchestra," consisting of seven pieces, made their first appearance in public, at this Party, and did themselves much credit by the good selection of music they furnished.

The net proceeds of the party was about \$300, which is to be devoted to the purchase of musical instrument for the New Church Vestry.

RETURNED HOME.—Frank D. Nash, of Co. B, 11th Mass. Reg., who went out with Lieutenant Parker, returned home Dec. 20th. He has seen considerable active service, and is only compelled to withdraw from the field on account of rheumatism, caused by hardships and exposure. We understand he is not to return.

We are informed that Cook & Taylor, made their workmen, who have families, a present of a Turkey on Thanksgiving day. A good example.

EXCHANGED.—Privat. Julius Ramsdell and Charles Colegate of Co. K, 39th Mass. Reg., who were taken prisoners in June last, have returned home after five long months of captivity in rebel prisons, on a furlough of thirty days, to recruit their healths. It gives us much gratification to record events of this character, and it is pleasing to the community to hear that our citizens have been so fortunate as to get home once more among their friends. We hope the "soldier boys" will have a pleasant visit, and that they will be preserved from harm, until the last threatening cloud of the "cruel war, is over," and "Johnny comes marching home again," when

"The old church bell will peal with joy,  
To welcome home our darling boys;  
The village lads and lassies say  
With roses they will strew the way,  
And we'll all feel gay  
When Johnny comes marching home."

OUR SCHOOLS.—We hear a great deal of complaint in the community in regard to stringent orders recently issued in our schools, that tardy children, whether detained necessarily or not, shall be sent to the committee or home, to suit the pleasure of the teacher. If thus expelled, they are obliged to make promises to the committee regarding future attendance, which they cannot keep, in order to return.

We have never before heard of an instance where a parent could not detain his child and send him with a note without having to be tardy again in order to get in. Are children to be governed by their parents, or are they to be dictated and made troublesome by another? Where is the parent who will submit to having his children debarred from the school, whether with or without an excuse for being two minutes late, as we learn children have! We have boasted of our free schools, and are they now to be turned into arbitrary and despotic institutions, where a child cannot breathe without receiving a check?

We would ask if this is beneficial to advancement and progress? Does a child learn better, when it studies for fear of the birch, or for the love and respect it has for its teacher? JUSTICE.

CAUTION.—We notice placards posted upon the various streets, forbidding coasting upon the sidewalks. This is absolutely necessary, and if the caution passes unheeded a rigid prosecution of the law would make it a little too spicy to be agreeable. As yet we have heard of no accidents occasioned by it; but as we have been passing down Pleasant street, it has often caused us to shudder, to see youngsters gliding swiftly and heedlessly down Warren street, entirely unmindful of passing teams.

It is surprising to see what gross carelessness is exhibited by the youth; and we deem the step taken as being the only mode to ensure safety to pedestrians, and preserve the necks of thoughtless boys. There are hills enough in this vicinity for coasting, where there can be no interference with the public thoroughfare, and no danger of collision with passing teams.

A NOVEL WAY TO AID THE SUFFERING.—We cannot look upon the Irish without wonder and admiration, as we behold the sociability and sympathetic intermingling of these brave, freedom-loving sons of the Emerald Isle, as they meet upon our streets and exchange congratulations, or pass along in groups, whiffing the smoke from the old 'dudeen,' and conversing in old Erin's brogue with gibberish rapidity, not so intelligible to us as the senseless clattering of a flock of blackbirds, but which to them carries sympathy, and deviseth means of succor for some suffering friend. It is amusing to observe the novel manner in which they alleviate the sufferings of some afflicted brother, and still receive a recompense for what they give, so that it can not be begrudged, but only looked to with gratification. One of the friends of the suffering one throws open his doors and notifies the friends that there will be a gathering at his residence (generally a social ball), for the benefit of such a one, and they rally, purchase tickets and meet to have a social bowl and enjoy a "Trip of the light fantastic toe,"

and have a good time generally, the reflection of which is cast into the suffering one's apartment in the shape of dollars and cents, greatly alleviating the monotony of the dreary moments attendant on sickness.

If there was a little more of this feeling exhibited among ourselves, to aid the suffering a "mite," as did the good old dame of yore, instead of pleading poverty ourselves, how much happier we should feel, and how much suffering could we alleviate.

COLLISION.—As Norris's Woburn Express was passing between Winchester and Medford, on its return from Boston, on Tuesday evening last, was confronted by a runaway horse and sleigh from Winchester, which came in contact with and overturned it, throwing the driver into the street. Damage trifling—no bones broken.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES.—The services at the Unitarian church next Sunday will have special reference to the advent of Christ. Mr. Fay will preach upon the subject in the morning, and the afternoon will be given to the Sunday School, whose singing and recitations will refer to the same.

The Lyceum Lecture of this week was postponed until Tuesday evening next.

SOMETHING NEW.—We have before us a new Illustrated Magazine for boys and girls, published by Tickner & Fields, and edited by J. T. Frowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larwood. Among the contributors we notice Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Dio Lewis. This magazine surpasses anything of the kind in the country for beauty, and will prove a very instructive medium among young folks. It contains eighty pages of reading matter and can be had for \$2.00 per annum. Now that parents in this vicinity are looking for presents for their children, we would recommend this book as the most beneficial and profitable present that can be obtained, as it comes regularly once a month, all the year round, giving the young folks a literary treat, and greatly adding to their store of knowledge.

The subject of Mr. Bodwell's next Lecture, of which see notice in another column, is very attractive. The Women of England will be delineated in their personal appearance, dress, education, manners and social influence, with illustrative anecdotes relative to courtship, marriage, etc. If the weather is favorable the place will be crowded.

#### WINCHESTER.

MASONIC LECTURE.—By invitation of Parkman Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, Worshipful Past Master Chas. W. Stevens, of Mt. Horeb Lodge, now a resident of Boston, met the brethren, their ladies and friends in Masonic Hall, on Friday evening of last week, and gave them a very instructive lecture on the rise and progress of Free Masonry, alluding in an eloquent manner to its patron saints, and to some of its prominent members who have made themselves illustrious in our country's history, together with a sketch of the cardinal principles of the Order. It occupied about an hour in its delivery and was well suited to the occasion. Bro. J. C. Johnson presided at the organ with his accustomed skill and good taste, and Mrs. W. H. Bailey sang several songs in an excellent manner. After the performances the company spent a short time in social converse and in inspecting the hall and its appurtenances.

SUPPER.—The Y. M. L. A. Club, and their young lady friends, partook of an excellent oyster supper and the fixings, on the same evening as the foregoing lecture, at Excelsior Hall. The teachers of the High School were present, and the young folks evinced their capability to do the thing up in good shape as well as their seniors, and make it an agreeable occasion.

NOTES BY THE WAY.—In passing up the branch railroad track from the centre towards Woburn, and just as one gets to the limits of the town, the eye rests upon a small wooden structure by the side of the railroad, with its door wide open, the opening for windows boarded over and the floor inside covered with dirt and filth. The question naturally arises, for what purpose is this building intended? It bears the marks of having been used for various improper purposes, and in its present condition and form is nothing but a nuisance which ought to be abated. It is stated, that this a depot for the accommodation of passengers living in this vicinity, and that previous complaints have been made in regard to its unfitness, which have passed by unheeded. It requires only a slight glance at the place to show that it is not fit for a person to go into, much less to remain, without fire at this season of the year or any light except what is gained by having the door open. If the proper authorities have any regard for their character, or for the comfort and convenience of their patrons, they will not allow such a shanty to remain in the position which it occupies.

HOME AGAIN.—It is pleasant to see our worthy fellow townsman, Capt. I. N. Knapp, home again, after a successful voyage to Havre, France. He has been absent several months and returns in good health.

NO HUMBUG.—To show the advantages of having an article for sale recommended in good family papers, it may be stated, that a person in Boston having a certain game for the amusement of young people of his own invention, recently advertised in the "American Agriculturist," and obtained a few lines in favor of the same in that paper. The result is that the proprietor is receiving two or three hundred applications per day for this little game from all parts of the country, and is unable to supply the demand. If all our papers were to be relied upon in this way, we should not have so much distrust expressed in regard to their recommendations.

INCOME TAX.—Many persons have been surprised at the list of income tax payers of one hundred dollars and upwards recently published in this paper—some that others of our wealthy citizens were not included, and others that some of those mentioned were doing so good a business. The fact is that some of our "solid" men have their money so invested as to free them from the provisions of the income tax to any great amount. The pastor of one of our churches last Sunday morning, after a discourse in aid of Foreign Missions, spoke of the published list of tax payers, and his surprise at the large amount of some of them who were of his congregation, and expressed the hope that as they had been so prosperous in their business, so they would not forget to be liberal in good works, and if they would give but a tithe part of their income in this way into the treasury of the Lord, as in the olden time, they would do no more than their part and be very acceptable.

EXCELSIOR.

#### SOUTH READING.

A word to the readers of the So. Reading Department.

It is more than ten years since the writer became correspondent to the Middlesex Journal, and think I am correct in saying that every issue of the paper since that time has contained an article, longer or shorter, contributed by "M." At first, several gentlemen were associated together, who agreed for a time to sustain a department in the paper, being earnestly desired to do so by the then Editors. Years ago all the rest ceased to contribute except occasionally, and "I alone was left," though the least qualified of them all. I have been induced to continue my little aid until the present time that the town might not be wholly unrepresented, as I knew of no one who was willing to take the charge of it.

It is now my turn to cease contributing, and I could wish that some one might step into the breach and more than fill it. For years the Journal has been a welcome visitor in many of our families. On account of its local matter, numerous copies have weekly been sent to friends in other towns, states and territories. In taking leave, I wish to acknowledge an obligation to the successive Editors for courtesy and liberality extended to our town for the space allowed its contributors for items of local interest. I cannot but express my gratitude also to the readers of the Middlesex Journal in this place for their interest in that department, and remaining so uncomplaining in the simple way of dealing with their local matters, while the other departments, to my mind, have been conducted with much more ability. I now yield the space to these departments, or to some abler pen for this department.

At a late hour on Monday night of last week an alarm of fire aroused our citizens, but the whereabouts of the fire no one seemed to know as no light could be seen, but soon it was made known that the house of Thomas Pratt, Esq., was on fire. It was first discovered by a lady occupying an apartment near its starting point, the smoke compelling her to evacuate. It was soon subdued with comparatively slight damage.

The Universalist society held a festival on Monday and Tuesday evenings of last week. The exercises Monday evening were for the most part of a dramatic character and a full house greeted the performance, which closed at a somewhat late hour, though no one appeared to be weary. Tuesday evening was devoted to exhibition of Tableaux, a grand supper and dancing. Some excellent songs were sung each evening, appropriate and expressive,—sung in line style. Mr. Tewksbury has a rich and melodious tenor voice, distinct in enunciation which is a rare quality in singers now-a-days. Miss Addie Burrill, presided at the Piano forte. Much preparation is being made for a merry Christmas by the several religious societies and it is presumed that children, both small and overgrown ones, will have a grand time, should circumstances favor it.

Lyceum Hall Association are respectfully informed that a passable platform around the hall would promote the convenience as well as the safety of the people who frequent that locality, (and who does not?) It is not very pleasant to step down from a plank flooring into mud immeasurably deep as it requires considerable effort to gain terra firma again, especially when one suddenly finds himself in a horizontal position in consequence of accidentally placing the toe of his boot under the shelves or planking which are found at intervals, now planking, now mud.

THE following named persons pay a special war tax of 5 per cent, on \$2,000 and upwards:—

READING.	
Edward Appleton,	4,649
Lucius Babee,	2,025
Joel M. Howard,	3,290
Wm. B. Kingman,	6,000
SOUTH READING.	
Thomas Emerson,	13,500
Estate Isaac Hurd,	3,882
Manasseh Knight,	4,563
Cyrus Wakefield,	10,000
STONEHAM.	
John Bethune,	14,673
Dexter Bryant,	8,785
Charles Copeland,	9,500
Henry G. Fay,	6,181
Luther Hill,	9,750
Wm. Hurd,	2,000
John Hill,	9,125
George Hart,	2,000
George W. Heath,	13,020
Wm. Tidd, Jr.,	8,400

TEMPERANCE.—It is proposed by many of the leading men of Massachusetts to co-operate with the State Temperance Alliance, in an effort to raise the sum of ten thousand dollars this year, to promote the cause of temperance, as follows:—

1. To provide a central office in Boston, to be kept open for conference, and where all temperance books, tracks, badges, &c., can be found.

2. To employ Rev. Wm. M. THAYER as Corresponding Secretary, who shall devote his whole time to the work, preaching to congregations on the subject, addressing Sabbath Schools, Conferences, and Conventions, and pledging both old and young, particularly the young in Sunday and Public Schools, as well as writing for the press, and preparing such other documents as are needed for circulation. Also to employ, as Associate Secretary, Rev. JAMES THURSTON, who will take charge of the office, speak and write for the cause, and co-operate generally with the Corresponding Secretary in the work.

3. To employ a Financial and General Agent, who shall address public bodies, and collect money for the Alliance.

4. To print, for circulation in the State, and among our brave soldiers in the hospitals and field, such Temperance documents as the exigency of the times demands.

If these objects can be secured, particularly if the children of the State can be organized and pledged to Total Abstinence, great good will be done; and we commend the work of the Alliance to the sympathies and generous support of the friends of the cause throughout the State.

#### ITEMS.

It appears from the Secretary of the Interior's report that the sale of public lands, which had fallen off in 1862 and 1863, increased nearly five-fold last year. The number of acres disposed of was 3,281,865, the aggregate receipts being \$1,019,446. It is certainly remarkable that, in the fourth year of the war, the settlement of our public lands should be resumed on the old scale.

Accounts from Mecklenburg, Germany, state that an emigration en masse is going on from the duchy to America, and that the landholders are looking forward with dismay to the moment when they will have no hands to cultivate their estates.

In the annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance of the Navy Department, it is stated that

"On the field of Gettysburg there were 27,574 guns picked up, and that of these 24,000 were found to be loaded, and half of them were double loaded. One fourth had from three to ten loads in, and many had five or six balls to one charge of powder. In some cases the powder was above the ball, in others the cartridges were not broken at the end, while in one musket twenty-three balls, sixty-two buckshot, and a quantity of powder were all mixed up together."

The article on the prospect of building the Pacific Railroad, which is attached to the valuable report on foreign and domestic commerce, just issued by the Treasury Department, contains the following interesting statement:

It is now well ascertained that the Black Hills of Dakota Territory, situated on the 44th parallel of latitude and between the 103d and 105th meridians of longitude, are rich in gold and silver, as well as coal, iron, copper, and pine forests. With the pacification of the Sioux nation and the establishment of emigrant roads, Dakota will be the scene of great mining excitement, as the gold field of the Black Hills is within two hundred miles of the steamboat navigation of the Missouri River, at the intersection of its channel with the 45th parallel of latitude.

A gentleman sat down to write a deed and began with, "Know one woman by these presents." "You are wrong," said a bystander, "it ought to be 'know all men.'" "Very well," answered the other, "if one woman knows it, all men will of course."

A young New England mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of colored trousers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly—and so she fashioned them. Their effect, when donned by the little victim, was ludicrous in the extreme. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garments, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

Slanderers are often dressed in the garb of friendship, and creep into the most profound secrets, only to corrupt and destroy the reputation of the innocent and confiding.

More than six millions of dollars have been distributed to the naval officers and the seamen as prize money during the past year. Dahlgreen, Farragut, Lee, Bailey and Porter, the Admirals, got half of it. Dupont received a large sum while he was at Charleston. The blue jackets, of course, got each a share. Never were sailors in any navy so well cared for and so well paid as those now in our navy.

The Commonwealth says the Fenian Brotherhood consists of half a million of members and has a fund of a million and a half of dollars.

One evening there was great wonder and inquiry in Minister M.—'s family. A dozen eggs had mysteriously disappeared from the market-basket in the kitchen. At last, quaint, mischievous, irrepressible little Cordelia, was questioned—"Do you know anything about those eggs, Eliza?" "Why, yes, I took them myself." "What did you do with them?" "I planted them, in the back yard." "What for?" "Why, to raise chickens, of course."

A man in Fairfield, Ohio, stole \$45 in greenbacks. By statute in that State, the stealing of \$35 constitutes grand larceny, which is a penitentiary offense. The very cute lawyer who defended him, pleaded that the statute contemplated \$35 in value, and that as the notes were less than the sum in gold, the prisoner was only guilty of petit larceny. The court sustained the plea, and the rogue escaped the prison.

THE REBELS are short of lead, it appears, by General Breckinridge's order. Generals Grant, Sherman, and Thomas will speedily furnish them with the needed supply, if they will come within range of the Federal guns. Lead vigorously and judiciously applied, will soon weigh completely down the sinking fortunes of the rebel conspirators.

"Ma," said a little boy, why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar? "I can't tell my son. Why is it?" "Because it gets licked and put in corner."



**Married**  
In Stoneham, Dec. 18th, in the Congregational Church, by Rev. Swift Byington, Henry S. Richardson, Esq., to Miss Annie F. Moore, all of Stoneham.  
In Woburn, Dec. 21st, by Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. Joseph Linnell, to Miss Susie F. Young, both of W. No. cards.

### Special Notices.

At a Meeting of the Ellsworth Lodge, No. 39 of the I. O. of G. T., held in South Reading on the evening of Dec. 12th, 1864, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to remove from our Circle, our beloved sister, Julia E. Lakin, late of So. Reading, and a member of this Lodge, therefore

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the relatives of the deceased, who have thus been deprived of a kind and affectionate sister and friend; and may they, in their afflictions, receive the consolations of His grace, which are neither few nor small.

Resolved, That it is with deep sorrow of heart, that we have been called to part with one of our number, who has ever manifested a deep interest in our meetings, and by her amiable and affectionate disposition won her way to many hearts.

Resolved, That in view of this sad bereavement, we may be admonished to cultivate kind feelings toward each other, and to labor for the good of others while we have the time and privilege of so doing.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions, signed by the W. C. T. and W. R. Sec., of this Lodge, be transmitted to the family of the deceased; and also a copy forwarded to the Middlesex Journal and the Nation.

JAMES NICHOLS, W. C. T.  
EMILY C. POLAND, W. R. S.

### NOTICE.

The Stockholders of the Woburn Bank are hereby notified that a special meeting will be held at their BANKING ROOM, January 9th, 1865, at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M., to act upon the question of organizing and becoming an Association for Banking Purposes, under the laws of the United States, and to transact any and all business necessary for the accomplishment of the same.

Per order of the Directors,  
E. J. JENKS, Cashier.  
Woburn, Dec. 24th, 1864. 2\*

### MR. BODWELL'S LECTURES

ON THE  
People and Institutions of England.

The second Lecture will be delivered on Thursday evening, Dec. 29th, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the large vestry of the Congregational Church.

### SUBJECT:

**THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.**  
Tickets for the remainder of the Course 30 cents to be obtained at G. R. Gage's, Alvah Buckman's, Mrs. Pippy's and at the door. Single admission 10 cents.

Encourage trade in its legitimate Channels.

### Hovey's Balm FOR THE HAIR.

Half a gross of this valuable preparation for sale by  
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.  
dec24

Encourage trade in its legitimate Channels.

SCHENKS SYRUP,  
SCHENKS SEA WEED TONIC,  
Mrs. WINSLOWS SOOTHING SYRUP,  
SICILLIAN HAIR RENEWER,  
AYRES' SARSAPARILLA,  
WISTARS' BALSAM WILD CHERRY,  
Polands' White Pine Compound,  
and all the popular Medicinal preparations of the day for sale at the lowest market rates by  
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.  
dec24

### PICTURES FOR THE PEOPLE!

AT No. 2 WINTER STREET.  
Are the Photographers of Boston. The elite of the city and country, daily through this establishment to procure pictures, which are executed here, either singly or in groups, in the finest style, and under their famous blue sky-light which adds such beauty to all their productions.  
25-Card Photographs, \$3 per dozen.  
dec24-26

### WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY.

FRANK B. DODGE, Practical Watchmaker. Also dealer in CLOCKS, WATCHES, GOLD CHAINS, LOCKETS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, Fine Silver Plated Ware, "plated on genuine Albatross." Silver Spoons, Butter, Fruit and Pie Knives, Napkin Rings, Coral Beads, Thermometers, &c.  
25-Engraving to order.  
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired.  
VIOLIN STRINGS constantly on hand.  
dec 36

### CHRISTMAS---1864.

ELEGANT AND USEFUL GIFT BOOKS!!  
AT THE  
**WOBURN BOOKSTORE!**

A large assortment of  
ANNUALS,  
ALBUMS,  
POETICAL WORKS,  
BIBLES,  
TESTAMENTS, &c.

### JUVENILE BOOKS!

Of all Descriptions.

PORT FOLIOS,

Paper Knives, Inkstands,

Card Cases, Ladies'

Writing Desks,

BACKGAMMON BOARDS,

DOMINOES,

GAMES,

PUZZLES,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

**TOYS.**

Woburn, Dec. 17, 1864.

"Quick Sales and Small Profits."

**NEWELL STILES,**

SUCCESSOR TO

**J. W. HAMMOND,**

LYCEUM BUILDING, WOBURN,

Dealer in CLOTHING for MEN and BOYS; Also, HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS & FURNISHING GOODS. A large assortment of first class goods constantly on hand,

**BOUGHT FOR CASH!**

and to be

**Sold for Cash ONLY!**

— AT —

**Prices that will Defy Competition!**

dec 21-31

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### NEW GOODS

— FOR —

**CHRISTMAS**

— AND —

**New Years.**

CONSISTING OF

**WATCHES,**

Clocks,

Jewelry,

Silver Ware,

and Plated Forks.

Spoons, Ladles, Butter Knives,

Pie Knives, &c.

—

**SPLENDID**

**HOLIDAY GIFTS.**

**SPOONS, NAPKIN RINGS,**

**GOLD, PLATED, JET,**

**AND COMMON**

**BRACELETS,**

**THE NEW STYLES OF**

**LARGE BUCKLES,**

**Gold and Silver Thimbles,**

**Locket, Gold Chains,**

**Gold, Silver and Steel-bored**

**SPECTACLES,**

**PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,**

**Diaries,**

**Pocket Books,**

**Thermometers,**

**Table Mats,**

**Pocket Knives,**

**Table Cutlery,**

**& c.**

**F. B. DODGE.**

Woburn, Dec. 17th, 1864.

Boston Mercantile Academy,

**228**

Washington Street, corner Summer.

This Institution offers to Young Men and Ladies inducements for obtaining an

**Actual**

**Business Education**

not excelled by any other in New England. The instructions are thorough and practical. The actual business system faithfully carried out.

The course of study embraces PENMANSHIP, BOOKKEEPING, ARITHMETIC, BANKING, COMMERCIAL CALCULATION, CORRESPONDENCE, PHOTOCOPYING, COMMON AND HIGHER ENGLISH BRANCHES, &c., &c.

Terms moderate. Time for completing the full course is not limited. Diplomas awarded. Students admitted in obtaining employment. Open day and evening. Call or send for circular.

C. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Principal.

H. C. KENDALL, Associate.

and Professor of Penmanship.

sept24-eow6m

**MURRAY FOR CHRISTMAS!**

**NEW STORE!**

**NEW GOODS!**

**CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!**

**GOOD AS THE BEST!!**

The undersigned, having taken the store on Main street, 24 door South of Woodbury's Dry Goods Store, would inform the citizens of this place and vicinity, that he has as good a Stock of the very latest styles of

**JEWELRY**

as can be found without the city of Boston, which he offers at as reasonable prices as can be given elsewhere.

Give us an early call, and examine our stock.

All goods purchased of me will be engraved, free of expense.

**C. H. DANIELS.**

Woburn, Dec. 17, 1864. 31

Notice is hereby given that all persons holding demands against the Estate of Capt. J. I. RICHARDSON, are requested to present them forthwith. N. E. RICHARDSON, Administrator.

**PERFUMERY.**

LUBINS, JACQUES, WRIGHTS,

FRALONS, and EBERLETS.

Popular Extracts for the handkerchief. Thirty different odors. For sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM.

sept 10

### DR. POLANDS. WHITE PINE COMPOUND!

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY

For Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore

Throat, Croup, and Whooping

Cough.

**CURES GRAVEL**

**AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.**

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by druggists.

Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made as late as the spring of 1853, and then merely for one individual who was afflicted with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one tested it, and it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1859, an individual who purchased a bottle for a cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years duration. This being truly a discovery, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known. If other articles entering into the Compound, provided relief, what reason could be given for the failure of this? A fortune was in the Medicine! The fortune was not yet reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including Diabetes, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it, or recommend it for such use.

But while the White Pine Compound is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful cure in all throat and lung diseases. It is quickly and soothingly alleviates inflammation, hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the relief in very severe cases.

There is a very good reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves, or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of the White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans. One instance confirming this may be given.

James Cartier, a bold French mariner, as early as 1534, sailed along the northern coast of North America, and was first among discoverers to enter the River St. Lawrence, and down the river, he found his men sadly afflicted and disabled by what sailors call the scurvy. Its ravages were fatal, and the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. Some of the Indians along the shore were likewise attacked by the same disease, but Cartier observed that they soon recovered. He therefore earnestly inquired about their mode of treatment, and they pointed out to him a tree, the bark and leaves of which they used in decoction, with signal success. Cartier tried the same remedy, and had the gratification of seeing all of his crew, who were afflicted, rapidly improving. This Tree was the White Pine.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation, and of allaying all sores. In fact, the virtues of White Pine bark are known everywhere, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the White Pine Compound was so favorably received at first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest results. It is well for the Medicine, that the people living where it is prepared, are high in its praise.

**TESTIMONIALS.**

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, and indeed, from all classes of society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols of Northfield, says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious, not only in coughs and other pulmonary affections, also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and works charmingly."

Hon. H. H. Sweetzer, of South Reading, writes:

"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and, in some cases of serious kidney difficulties, with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it constantly on hand."

Rev. H. D. Hoge, of West Randolph, Vt., who is also a physician, says:

"I find it (the Compound) an excellent medicine in kidney diseases."

Says Mr. S. Moody, of the 14th Regiment Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, at Fort Tilden:

"The White Pine Compound is a very valuable remedy, where a fellow was considered in a critical consumption by all who knew him. I can truly substantiate this by men in this company, who thought it folly for him to make a trial of it. In colds and coughs, men leave the care of the surgeon, when treatment can be had for nothing, and try the White Pine Compound."

Col. Gould, formerly Major of the 13th Regt. M. V., and now Major of the 1st Regt. M. V., writes:

"I have been using the White Pine Compound, and I can truly say that it is the best medicine I have ever used. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and, in some cases of serious kidney difficulties, with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it constantly on hand."

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"The White Pine Compound is a very valuable remedy, where a fellow was considered in a critical consumption by all who knew him. I can truly substantiate this by men in this company, who thought it folly for him to make a trial of it. In colds and coughs, men leave the care of the surgeon, when treatment can be had for nothing, and try the White Pine Compound."

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## Edward Everett.

Merry's Magazine some time ago published a short account of Edward Everett, then Secretary of State of the United States, who had been born Pastor of Brattle Street Church, Professor of Greek at Cambridge, Member of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, Ambassador to England, and President of Harvard College. It gives the following lines, as now first published, which were written for Edward Everett, when a child, by his friend and pastor, Rev. Taadous Mason Harris, D. D., of Dorchester.

THE LITTLE ORATOR.  
Pray how should I, a little lad,  
In speaking make a figure?  
You're only joking, I'm afraid;  
Do wait till I am bigger.  
But since you wish to hear my part,  
And urge me to begin it,  
I'll strive for praise with all my heart,  
Though small the hope to win it.  
I'll tell a tale how farmer John,  
A little roan-out bred, air;  
And every night and every morn  
He watered and he fed, air.  
Said neighbor Joe to farmer John,  
"Aren't you a stilly doer, air,  
To spend such time and care upon  
A little, useless colt, air?"  
Said farmer John to neighbor Joe,  
"I bring my little roan up,  
Not for the good he now can do,  
But will do when he's grown up."  
The moral you can well spy,  
To keep the tale from spoiling;  
The little colt you think is I,  
I know it by your smiling.  
And now, kind friends, please to excuse  
My lisping and my stammer;  
For this once have done my best,  
And now—I'll make my manner.

"The expression, 'little roan' applies to the color of little Edward Everett's hair."

## SKILL IS CAPITAL.

A GENUINE NEW ENGLAND STORY.  
Hiram Veazie was a plain, good hearted, honest, farmer's boy, whose parents lived on a farm where his grandfather was born, and half a dozen miles from Augusta, Me. With a good common school education, and a natural aptitude, Hiram was considered at the age of twenty to be quite a promising young man, and was certainly of great service to his father on the farm. Old Mr. Veazie was comfortably situated as to pecuniary means; first because his wants were few, and secondly, because his land very nearly supplied them all. But when Hiram asked his father to advance him some small amount with which to commence business, the good old man frankly acknowledged his inability, and rather wondered that his son could not content himself on the farm, as his father and grandfather had done before him.

The truth was, that Hiram had from boyhood, and during all his school hours, been the intimate friend and companion of pretty Lucy White, the Squire's daughter, and his childish friendship had ripened with years into love. Lucy's father understood the position of affairs perfectly, between the young people, but never interfered until one day when Hiram took the old gentleman one side, and asked him for Lucy as his wife. Old Squire White, as he was universally called, replied kindly but firmly, that Hiram must first acquire some trade, and means enough to support Lucy, before he could give his consent to such an arrangement. The fortune looked blank to Hiram, therefore, for he was a poor farmer's boy.

Lucy was a gentle and lovely girl of nineteen, as intelligent as she was pretty; she loved Hiram sincerely, but she was too sensible to sit down with him and pine over the situation of affairs. She was a practical Yankee girl, and her advice to Hiram was sound and loving.

"Go," she said, "to Boston or New York. You are active, good looking, intelligent and industrious; the very characteristics that command place, I should say, in a large city, and see if you do not find the means of earning such wages as shall help you to lay by something. I too, will be industrious, in the meantime, and what little I can save shall go to make up the necessary sum for the purchase of a snug little home for us."

Hiram kissed his little schoolmate and promising her that she should never for an hour be out of his mind, soon gathered a small sum together, and with the blessing of his father and mother, he took the cars for Boston. It was his first visit to a large city, and at the outset he was almost bewildered; but seeking economical lodgings, he began at once to look about himself for employment. That he found was hard to obtain, but he was daily growing more and more conversant with city life and ways, and he wrote every few days to Lucy a digest of observations and fortunes. A fortnight or three weeks in Boston made fearful inroads into his slender purse, and at the suggestion of some new acquaintance he determined to go to New York.

Here he passed some two weeks with various adventures, but without finding an hour of paying occupation. He wandered everywhere, observing and searching out places, inquiring freely of all, until at the close of the third week, he had but a single dollar left in his pocket, and felt for the first time nearly disheartened. In this mood he strolled through one of the up town cross streets above Union Park, and found his attention attracted by the operation of a steam saw mill, which he entered and quietly watched the business of. He saw a small but efficient engine driving four saws fed by four men, while there stood at a desk hard by, one evidently the manager of the establishment. Hiram felt a strong interest in what he saw; there were large piles of lumber in the building, an article he was familiar with from childhood, and

he watched the process of sawing it up, carefully observing to what purpose the wood was put, and saw a couple of hands in a further part of the shop engaged in dovetailing the pieces together and forming the lumber into boxes of various sizes. He consumed so much time, and was so minute in his observations, that at last the proprietor came up to him, and addressed him pleasantly:

"You seem to be quite interested," he remarked to Hiram.

"Yes. I have seen a good deal of lumber in my day, and I was calculating how much you probably used up in this way."

"We use a good many thousand feet every week."

"So I should think, and best number once too."

"Yes, we require the very best stock, and lumber is 'up' now."

"How much do you pay?"

"Twenty-four dollars a thousand, all clear and assorted."

"What do you do with these boxes?" continued Hiram.

"We sell them faster than we can make them, for packing soap, chemicals, etc."

"Rather heavy for that purpose, I should say," added Hiram.

"Well, they are rather heavy, but we can't get boards sawed any differently; they are down to the lowest gauge of the lumbering mills."

Hiram looked thoughtful, handled the boxes, examined the saws, talked good common-sense, in business style to the man, and at last he said half seriously, half in jest:

"You don't want a partner do you?"

"Why, not exactly; though if I had one who would put in a couple of thousand dollars, and would take hold heartily himself, I wouldn't mind sharing the things with him and throwing in the machinery."

"I haven't got any money," said Hiram, "but I will give you an idea about it."

"I will give you an idea about it, my time, in a way that I think will be worth as much as the sum you name, in a short time, provided you will give me half the business."

"I like the way you talk," said the man honestly; "but this is an odd proposition."

"You say you pay twenty-four dollars a thousand for the boards?"

"Yes."

"Supposing I bring them down to twelve at once, and make neither and better boxes for your purpose?"

"If you can do that, I will share with you at once, for my fortune would be made."

"Will you give me a chance to try the thing after my own fancy for one day, say commencing to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," said the man, after a moment's hesitation. "I can see no harm, though I am to be away to-morrow forenoon."

After a little more talk, and a careful understanding that there should be no experiment tried that would risk the machinery, Mr. Hurd the box-maker gave orders to his people that Mr. Veazie was to be obeyed on the following forenoon, the same as though he were himself to give the orders, and that he should return at noon.

Hiram at once took off his coat, measured one of the saws, and asked if it was the largest. He was told that it was; this he was at first sorry for, but still carefully taking his measures upon a piece of paper, he soon disappeared.

He remembered a hardware store not distant, which he had passed that very forenoon. To this he repaired, and selected a circular saw, twice as large as any Mr. Hurd had in his shop, and of a different make in the teeth. He also got some braces and bits of the size and style which he supposed to understand, and telling the storekeeper that he wanted them for Mr. Hurd in the next street, he had no difficulty in getting them on credit. With matters thus arranged, he returned to his boarding place, and studied in his own mind as to how he should carry out the plan he had conceived.

It was about twelve o'clock at noon on the following day, when Mr. Hurd returned to his shop, where he found Hiram Veazie in his shirt sleeves and a pair of "overalls" on, at work before a large splitting-saw, to which he had applied the steam power. He was splitting the boards, which were fully thick enough to admit of it, and was thus making the boards produce twice as many boxes as heretofore, with an equal amount of labor, since those who finished them up into boxes could work much faster with thinner lumber to make up for the occupation of one hand in turning the splitting-saw.

Mr. Hurd looked on with astonishment; already were a score of boxes or more manufactured of the new thickness, which was ample for all purposes of strength, and reduced the weight one half. He was also delighted with his new acquaintance, who took hold of his work so heartily, and above all he felt that he had at once given him as much worth half his business and more. Mr. Hurd was an honest and natural man, and unhesitatingly kept his promise, installing Hiram in the business with one half of the profits.

The reader may imagine the letter which Hiram wrote to his faithful Lucy, and how the business proved exceedingly prosperous, and how it was charged, and how Hiram found himself at the end of a twelve-month worth some two thousand dollars, and how Squire White pressed his hand warmly when he came to ask for Lucy, and told him to "take her," and how Lucy blushed and laid her fair cheek bathed with happy tears upon his shoulder, and her kind old mother said she had but one regret, and that was to part with Lucy, who must now go away to live in New York.

But all this was so, and Lucy and Hiram were married, and their friends declared that Heaven made the match and worked a miracle for Hiram Veazie, who was so good and industrious and generous-spirited. But these were not the days of miracles and the reader knows very well that it was brought about by the most natural agencies.

Three years only have passed since Hiram was married, as we have related in this veritable story, and on the Bloomingdale road, not a long walk from the large factory of Hurd & Veazie, lives Hiram and his lovely companion. The large and pleasant house in which they reside is their own, and a handsome surplus besides.



## HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Gravel, and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bilious Weakness, whether induced in the system or produced by special causes.

Nothing that is not wholesome, genial and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This preparation contains no element of any kind, no deadly botanical element, no fiery extract, but it is a combination of the extracts of pure tonic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is to be forewarned against disease, and so far as the human system is concerned, it is a universal means against maladies engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure water and other external causes. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has been found infinitely more beneficial than any other remedy, as a remedy and thousands who resort to it under apprehension of an attack, escape the scourge of malarial fevers, and avoid the consequences of their protective qualities in advance, are cured by a very brief course of this marvelous medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being afflicted with quinine for months in vain, until fairly saturated with that dangerous alkali, are not only cured, but their health is restored with new days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite is renewed. It is a powerful tonic, and it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia and in less confirmed forms of Indigestion. Acting as a gentle and powerful aperient, it is a valuable remedy in cases of Constipation, and it is also a powerful remedy in cases of Nervous Ataxia, Languor of Spirits and Fits of Languor, and prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agency of Bilious Colic is immediately assuaged by a simple dose of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it, the return of the complaint may be prevented.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Debility and Deceptive arising from Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In the case of Biliousness, it acts as a powerful purgative, and it is a powerful tonic. When the powers of nature are relaxed, it operates to reinforce and restore the system.

Last but not least, it is *The Only Safe Stimulant*, being manufactured from sound and innocuous materials, and entirely free from all elements present more or less in all the ordinary tonics and stomachics of the day.

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## GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE, A SURE RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERER.

This Salve is a vegetable preparation, invented in the 17th century, by Dr. Wm. Grace, surgeon in King James's army. Through its agency he cured thousands of most serious sores and wounds that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded by all who knew him as a public benefactor.

Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Burns, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Scalds, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Flesh Wounds, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Corns, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Felons, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Frosty Limbs, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Wounds, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Chancres, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Salt Rheum, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Sore Breasts, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Sore Lips, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Erysipelas Sores, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ulcers, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Chapped Hands, Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ringworms.

And from Sores and Wounds of the most serious nature down to a common Pimple. It eradicates Pimples from the face, and beautifies the skin. There is no preparation so prompt and easy to use as this Salve in the prompt and easy eradication of the speedy cure of external diseases, as those who have tried its virtues testify. Soldiers, Sailors, and Fishermen, will find this Salve their best friend.

It has none of the irritating, heating properties of other remedies, but cools, cleanses, and heals the most serious Sores and Wounds. Every family, and especially those containing children, should keep a box on hand in case of accident, for it will save them much trouble, suffering, and money. All it wants is a fair trial to cure old and inveterate Sores.

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# Woburn Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV : No. 14.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts



HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 49.

By the 4th Section of the Act concerning the Militia, approved on the 14th day of May last, it was provided that the Commander-in-Chief should forthwith proceed to divide the Commonwealth into Military Districts of Companies, which shall be numbered, and a record thereof made in the office of the Adjutant General.

In accordance with the above provision of the law, it is hereby ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, that the Commonwealth shall be divided into Two Hundred and Forty-nine Military Districts, which are established and numbered as follows:

Military Company

No. 1-38 Boston 38 Companies

39-42 Chelsea, N. Chelsea, Win-

throp 4 " 1 Company

43 Chilmark, Tisbury, Edgar-

town 1 " 1 Company

44 Nantucket, 1 " 1 Company

45 Sandwich, 1 " 1 Company

46 Barnstable, Falmouth, Gos-

port, 1 " 1 Company

47 Yarmouth, 1 " 1 Company

48 Harwich, 1 " 1 Company

49 Brewster, Chatham, Dennis, 1 " 1 Company

50 Eastham, Orleans, 1 " 1 Company

51 Truro, Wellfleet, 1 " 1 Company

52 Provincetown, 1 " 1 Company

53 Scituate, Cotuit, Hull, 1 " 1 Company

54 Hingham, 1 " 1 Company

55 Scituate, Marshfield, 2 Companies

56 East Bridgewater, Hanson, 1 Company

57 Bridgewater, Raynham, 1 Company

58 N. Bridgewater, W. Bridge-

water, 2 Companies

59 Pembroke, Haverhill, 1 Company

60 Duxbury, 1 " 1 Company

61 Kingston, Plympton, Hali-

fax, 1 " 1 Company

62 Middleborough, 1 " 1 Company

63 Plymouth, Carver, 2 Companies

64 Mattapoisett, Marion, 1 Company

65 Rochester, Wareham, 1 Company

66 Norton, Easton, 1 Company

67 Taunton, 3 Companies

68 Attleboro, Dighton, 1 Company

69 Rehoboth, Dighton, 1 Company

70 Somerset, Swansea, See-

kong, 1 " 1 Company

71 Freetown, Berkley, Lake-

ville, 1 " 1 Company

72 Fall River, 5 Companies

73 Fairhaven, Acushnet, 1 Company

74 New Bedford, 4 Companies

75 Westport, Dartmouth, 1 Company

76 Hellenburg, Franklin, 1 Company

77 Wrentham, 1 " 1 Company

78 Medfield, Foxborough, 1 " 1 Company

79 Sharon, Woburn, Mans-

field, 1 " 1 Company

80 Canton, Walpole, Dedham, 2 Companies

81 Stoughton, 1 Company

82 Randolph, 1 " 1 Company

83 Weymouth, 2 Companies

84 Braintree, 1 Company

85 Quincy, 1 Company

86 Dorchester, Milton, 2 Companies

87 West Roxbury, 1 Company

88 Boston, 4 Companies

89 Lynnfield, Middleton, No.

Reading, 1 Company

100-110 Lynn, Swampscott, Nahant, 4 Companies

111-112 Marblehead, 2 " 1 Company

113-115 Salem, 3 " 1 Company

116-117 South Danvers, 2 " 1 Company

118 Danvers, 1 Company

119-120 Beverly, Wenham, 2 Companies

121 Rockport, 1 Company

122-124 Gloucester, 3 Companies

125 Hamilton, Essex, Man-

chester, 1 Company

126 Ipswich, 1 " 1 Company

127 Boxford, Topsfield, Row-

ley, 1 " 1 Company

128 North Andover, 1 " 1 Company

129 Andover, Tewksbury, 2 Companies

130-131 Lawrence, 2 Companies

132 Methuen, Bradford, 1 Company

133-134 Haverhill, 2 Companies

135 Groveland, Georgetown, 1 Company

136 West Newbury, Newbury, 2 Companies

137-138 Newburyport, 2 Companies

139 Amesbury, 1 Company

140 Salisbury, 1 " 1 Company

141 Natick, Needham, Dover,

142-144 Ashland, Holliston, Sher-

born, 2 Companies

145 Framingham, 1 Company

146-148 Wayland, Sudbury, Marl-

borough, 2 Companies

149 Needham, Weston, 2 Companies

150 Watertown, 1 Company

151 Waltham, 1 " 1 Company

152 Belmont, W. Cambridge,

153-154 Lexington, 2 Companies

155 Brighton, Brookline, 4 Companies

156-158 Cambridge, 3 " 1 Company

159-161 Somerville, Charlestown, 5 " 1 Company

162 Malden, 1 " 1 Company

163 Melrose, Saugus, 1 " 1 Company

164-165 Stoneham, Medford, 2 Companies

166 Woburn, Winchester, 1 Company

167 Wilmington, Reading, So-

168 Carlisle, Concord, Lincoln,

169 Bedford, Burlington, 1 " 1 Company

170-172 Lowell, 3 Companies

173 Dracut, Chelmsford, Bil-

174 Dunstable, Tyngsborough,

175 Groton, 1 " 1 Company

176 Ashby, Townsend, Pep-

177 Sturbridge, Southbridge,

178 Dudley, 1 " 1 Company

179 Oxford, Webster, 1 " 1 Company

180 Mendon, Hopedale, 1 " 1 Company

181 Northbridge, Uxbridge,

182 Douglas, 1 " 1 Company

183 Milbury, Sutton, 2 Companies

184 Grafton, Upton, 1 Company

185 Southborough, Westboro,

186 Hopkinton, 1 " 1 Company

187 Boylston, Shrewsbury, 1 " 1 Company

188 Northborough, 1 " 1 Company

189 Worcester, 7 Companies

190 Paxton, Leicester, Auburn, 1 Company

191 Spencer, Charlton, 1 " 1 Company

192 Oakham, North Brookfield, 1 " 1 Company

193 Warren, Brookfield, 1 " 1 Company

194 Hardwick, New Braintree,

195 West Brookfield, 1 " 1 Company

196 Petersham, Dana, 1 " 1 Company

197 Barre, 1 " 1 Company

198 Princeton, Holden, Rut-

199 Sterling, West Boylston, 1 " 1 Company

200 Bolton, Berlin, Clinton, 1 " 1 Company

201 Leominster, 1 " 1 Company

202 Lunenburg, Lancaster, 1 " 1 Company

203 Harvard, Shirley, 1 " 1 Company

204 Fitchburg, Hubbardston, 2 Companies

205 Gardner, 1 " 1 Company

206 Philipston, Templeton, 1 " 1 Company

207 Whitcomb, Ashburnham, 1 " 1 Company

208 Royalston, Athol, 1 " 1 Company

209 Palmer, Brimfield, Wales, 1 " 1 Company

210 Longmeadow, Wilbraham, 1 " 1 Company

211 Uxbridge, 1 " 1 Company

212-216 Springfield, 5 Companies

217 Chicopee, 1 Company

218 Holyoke, South Hadley, 1 " 1 Company

219 Northwick, Agawam, West

220 Springfield, 1 " 1 Company

221 Westfield, 1 " 1 Company

222 Westfield, 1 " 1 Company

223 Chester, Randolph, Rus-

224 Westfield, 1 " 1 Company

225 Pelham, Prescott, Green-

226 Westfield, 1 " 1 Company

227 Granby, Belchertown, Lud-

228 Westfield, 1 " 1 Company

229 Haverhill, 1 " 1 Company

230 Huntington, Westhampton,

231 Southampton, Eastham-

232 Southampton, 1 " 1 Company

## New Year's Thoughts.

BY A. W. F.

But one short day, and then  
The dull sound of the striking bell,  
Dolefully chiming the hour of twelve  
Will rouse us from our slumbers,  
And the death knell of the dying year,  
As it passes away without a fear,  
Or a kindly hand to bear the bier,  
To be only known by its numbers,  
Will lead us to pause; and think  
Of the fast approaching brink  
Of that vast precipice,  
Where Time, with steady pace  
And an alloying grace,  
Will bring us face to face  
With the destroyer of our race,  
Dark visaged Death.

Oh! weary pilgrims of three-score-and-ten,  
Who have lived the allotted time for men,  
Can't thou truly say 'tis well  
With thee, as on ye toil  
Towards dark eternity?  
Hast thou girded for the strife?  
Chosen thy weapon, the Book of Life?  
Art thou ready for changes rife,  
From mortal to immortality?  
Or art thou travelling with Doubt,  
Who keepeth the kind angel out,  
And letteth darkness in  
Thine heart, and unto thee doth tell  
That old, deceitful story: "All is well!"  
Decoying thee from heaven to hell,  
The wages paid for sin.

Thou middle-aged, dost thou know  
Time's besprinkling your heads with snow,  
As the dying year is crowned? And lo!  
The distance is not far to go,  
To the confines of the tomb.  
Take heed! and if thine eye  
Upon past pages doth descry  
Wrongs that will seal thy destiny,  
Redeem them in the future,  
By shunning sin and doing good!  
Forsake the Devil and love the Lord!  
And forward march, in that heavenly road  
That leads to glory and to God,  
To shine forever and forever.

And ye, ye youthful and so fair,  
With merry laugh and glowing hair,  
Your buoyant hearts are prone to care!  
Your travelling towards the grave!  
Gaze back! See where you've gone astray,  
And from the birth of this new day,  
Strive to rectify your way,  
Your dying souls to save.  
Be thoughtful, kind and true!  
Let Honor guide you through  
This Life, and surely you  
Will seldom meet Adversity,  
For like a star in the heavens at night,  
Shall a guardian angel give ye light,  
And guide ye to Prosperity.

Let us all take a retrospective view  
Of the dying year,—its record too,  
And see if we cannot all pursue  
A better, holier way.  
By rectifying all mistakes passed by,  
And living for a kingdom in the sky,  
Never to go astray;  
So that when the elements shall melt,  
And all our earthly lives are spent,  
And we have pitched our tent  
In that heavenly sphere,  
Where sin and sorrow are no more,  
And pain and death lie at the door,  
To haunt and harm us nevermore,  
Our angel friends who went before,  
Will meet and greet us as of yore,  
With "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Woburn, Dec. 31st, 1864.

REGULATIONS FOR LETTERS TO  
PRISONERS AT THE SOUTH.—Although  
the regulations which govern the sending  
of letters to prisoners at the South has  
been frequently published, inquiries are  
almost daily made on the subject. The  
following rules have just been issued by  
order of Gen. Butler from the office of  
the Inspector of flag of true letters:

1. No letter must exceed one page of a letter sheet, and must relate purely to domestic matters.
2. All letters (including prisoners) must be sent with five cents postage enclosed, if it go to Richmond, and ten cents if beyond.
3. Every letter must be signed by the writer's name in full, and post office address.
4. All letters must be enclosed to the Commanding General of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, Fortress Monroe, indorsed ("via flag of true").
5. No money will be forwarded, except to "prisoners of war."
6. All letters sent to Fortress Monroe without a strict compliance with these rules, will be transmitted to the dead letter office.

Parties interested, or who having friends in the army are likely to become interested, should cut out and preserve the above instead of relying upon their memory. They will thus save themselves and others much trouble.

CON.—Why should a man who lives upon a certain hill in Boston never want for bread?

Ans. Because he lives upon Corn-hill.

## The Highwayman.

The Scottish Highlands, which, in the fierce and turbulent days of old, sent out armed clans of brave warriors to the battle-field, now, in this weak and piping time of peace, pour forth innumerable hordes of cattle, to perish between the insatiable jaws of the proud Southron. At the proper season, on a set day, the stock is driven in from all the surrounding region to some appointed place—the foot of a mountain, the side of a lake, or near a castle, or in the neighborhood of a village, or, more likely, a battle-field—herds-men are selected to accompany the divided portions into which the drove is divided. So far, all is plain sailing, calling for the display of no considerable amount of skill; but, when the cattle from a thousand hills are gathered together, a competent chief is required to conduct the four-footed army on its weary march across the border. This person must be a man.

"All are not men who wear the human form," etc. He must be one in whom the owners have the utmost confidence—honest, brave and skilful. The "Topsman," as he is called, is responsible for everything; he directs all the movements, gives the signal when to move or when to halt; is always busy—now in the front and then in the rear; and is consulted by his subordinates in all difficulties. He knows the safest roads, over the wildest tracks; the mountain and the moor are as familiar to him as the beaten path; he prefers the greensward way, which is pleasant to the hoofs of his charge, and affords them a mouthful, to the hard and dusty public road which distresses the feet of his cattle, and has little in the way of food.

English parties, on their way to the north, to look at the wild deer and wild hills, and trace the scenes of Scott or Ossian, are often startled by a drove emerging from a glen or rounding the base of a mountain, coming lowing along, urged or directed by their drivers, who, with wallet on back and staff in hand, are conducting them to the south.

Besides all the cares and duties, while on the march, the topsman has to make all the bargains, dispose of all the cattle, and be responsible for their value to the owners. Such a person must evidently be a whole man, and just exactly such a man was Kenneth Murdoch, the hero of our sketch.

It was a bright, cloudless autumn day that Kenneth, astride a powerful horse, with a big broad sword clanking against his saddle, and a strong, fierce wolf hound by his side, was pushing his way northward to the border. He had just disposed, in one of the English markets, of one of the largest droves that ever left the Highlands, and with the proceeds of the sale in his pockets, was hastening homeward in advance of his companions; for, besides there was a certain Maggie that he had promised in case his cattle sold readily and well, to transfer into Mrs. Murdoch, and he was, therefore, very naturally anxious to get on as fast as possible, for he knew that Maggie was equally impatient to behold him—as well she might be; for a handsome, broad-shouldered, curler-whiskered young fellow is not often to be seen.

His way lay across a solitary part of the country, and for several hours he had seen no other living creature than his dog and his horse; but as he emerged from a little wood that bordered the highway, he perceived, a short distance before him, a well dressed, aristocratic looking gentleman, upon a noble black charger, advancing in the same direction with himself.

"A fine dog, master drover," said the gentleman, as he drew up abreast of him. "Fine as a saddle," returned Kenneth. "A lonesome road this," returned the stranger, "and I am by no means sorry to have met with a companion."

"It is a solitary bit of travel for a sociable lad," assented Kenneth, and they fell into a pleasant conversation that continued for some time. At length the stranger, who had been talking of the martial spirit of the Highlanders, remarked:

"As brave as you Highlanders are, I wonder how you dare to traverse the country alone with so much English gold as you drovers generally have in your pockets."

"Pooh!" ejaculated Kenneth contemptuously, "if we have English gold in the sporran, we have Scottish steel in the sheath."

"A good broadsword is a friend," said the stranger, "but a pistol is far quicker."

"Aye, but a pistol may miss fire—the flint may clip, or the ball go wide, and

then what is the good of it? No, no; give me the good steel that's always ready and I am afraid of no highwayman in the land."

"Not even the renowned Capt. Gordon, who is said to be somewhere in this vicinity," said the stranger in a bantering tone.

"That for Captain Gordon," returned Kenneth snapping his fingers and touching the hilt of his sword; "with Andrew Ferrara here, and Bran there," nodding to the huge wolf-hound beside him, "I'd not fear to meet him this minute, or to spit in his face anywhere."

"What!" exclaimed the other, in a tone so expressive of doubt as to be offensive, "is your sword a real Ferrara? such blades are not common."

"Do you doubt my word?" asked Kenneth, sharply.

"No, only as I before remarked, such blades are not common."

"By Jupiter, I'll convince you then," said Kenneth unsheathing his sword, and pointing to the maker's name and the date.

"It is as you say," replied the other, poising it in his hand, as though to weigh the weapon rather than to admire it.

"Take it by the hilt, man," said Kenneth, "that's no way to try a sword."

The stranger seized it by the hilt, and making his horse leap suddenly forward, struck such a ferocious blow at poor Bran that his head flew at least ten paces from his body; then turning upon the petrified drover, said—

"Your money or your life! you see that even a Highlander may be matched."

"Who in Satan's name are you?" gasped Kenneth, bewildered at the unexpected turn affairs had taken.

"I am the Captain Gordon whose face you proposed to spit into, and I have sworn to take you with your own weapon. So now dismount, and shell that drove of cattle out of your pockets, before I spit your head open."

Refusal was death, resistance hopeless, and he was forced to deliver up the gold.

"Who will believe it in Bredalbane," said he, as he cast a mournful glance at Bran, "that with such a good dog and such an arm at the sword, an English footpad robbed me."

"O, rest easy on that head," said the robber, sarcastically, "for I have foiled better men than you; besides, I intend, for your insolence, to bestow a token to you, to show that you were robbed by main force. Lay your right hand on the tree-stump."

He tossed his right arm was horrible, and he hesitated and recoiled.

"Down with it!" roared the robber, making the bright blade flash in the sun, "Down with it, or you are a dead man."

Life is sweet even to the bravest, and Kenneth reluctantly placed his hand across the stump. Drawing all his strength into the blow, the robber swung the heavy sword around his head till it whistled in the air. As this last moment a brilliant thought occurred to the unlucky Highlander. As the sharp steel came rushing down, he suddenly jerked his arm away, and the blade buried itself into the tough green wood. Before he could release the weapon or recover himself from the blow, Kenneth was upon him like a whirlwind. A short but terrible struggle ensued, which resulted so much to the disadvantage of the robber that with a sudden effort of desperation he broke away, leaped upon Kenneth's horse, which was the nearest and fled away with the spirit of the wind.

Our hero knew his horse to well to think of following; so recovering his sword, and gathering up the gold he had so nearly lost, he bestrode the robber's saddle—which he subsequently discovered to be stuffed with a large amount of treasure and again pushed forward towards the residence of the future Mrs. Kenneth.

Not long after he had the satisfaction of hearing that the renowned Captain Gordon had been run through the body by some unlucky traveller.

Washington despatches state that the President has issued a proclamation ordering another draft of three hundred thousand men.

A young lady was heard to declare that she couldn't go to fight for the country, but she was willing to allow the young men to do so, and die an old maid, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as anybody could be called upon to make.

The murder of Frank Converse in Malden, was committed one year ago the 13th last; and just one month from that, on the 13th of January, Green is to be hanged.

## POLITENESS.

"



THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.—This number is our last for the old year, and to-morrow ushers in the New Year. To bid farewell to the old year and to welcome in the new, is therefore incumbent upon us, or we shall be behind hand in our next issue to wish our friends a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**, which we now cordially do.

The old year, 1864, closes to-day. Whether it fulfilled all the promises that it made, or rather all the hopes which men indulged in at the commencement of the year, and whether all the forebodings of evil resulted, which had been feared in the prospect, are questions for each and all to ask. What was once concealed from human view of the march of Providence, is now open. New pleasures and new sorrows have sprung up, and we are wiser, if not better now, for all our experience. With some it has been a year of prosperity in business, and they count their gains with no small satisfaction. The farmer has reaped his harvest and sold it or placed it in barns. Houses, and barns, and stores, have been built, and vessels for commerce and the navy constructed, launched, and made their first voyages upon the sea. Battles have been fought and won or lost. Victories have often been achieved by the Federal forces, and the taking of Savannah, and that too without the drawback of bloodshed and the loss of life, is a noble ending of the year.

Death has been busy. Many have fallen on the field of strife and been buried where they fell, while others have died in the bosom of their families, and found sepulchre in the land of their fathers. The young man who went out to fight his country's battles, has been borne back upon his bier and followed to his early grave by heart-stricken mourners. The man in middle life has been taken from his avocations, and the aged citizen, smiling serenely on the present, and having many memories of the past, both sad and joyous, has quitted his hold of life and fallen quietly, like a decaying trunk in the solitude of a forest.

For the New Year, let us prepare to be wiser for our experience, better for our instruction, and happier by our discoveries of what constitutes true happiness and how it is to be won.

For our Country, we hope it may bring peace and Union, and a return of the good feelings of the olden time, when our States were not as now, disordered, discordant, destructive. We should pursue this war for no ignoble ends. We can now afford to be greatly magnanimous, and in the hour of our triumph to show that all the ends we aim at are our country's good—her fair fame, her true interest, her perpetuity, righteousness and peace.

CONGRESSIONAL HOLIDAYS. Mr. Editor.—There are practices and customs in vogue among us, both in private and public life, which we tolerate from long habit, never questioning their propriety or equity. We allow them as a matter of course. Among them is the Congressional Holidays. Why and when they were instituted—they have become an institution—it is not needful here to inquire—not certainly at the creation. In some matters our congressional members resist accountability to their constituents and perhaps this is one. When our nation was ruled by the indolent and dissipated despots of the south, it is not so strange that congress should have made its own gratification of more consequence than the interests of the country; but being now rid of that influence a reform ought to be expected.

Our representatives get together early in Dec., organize, appoint their committees, and then wait; adjourn over the Christmas and New Year's Holidays from one to two weeks. No matter how important the questions pending or how critical the public affairs, as at present, they must and do have their holidays, and that too, notwithstanding it is the short session with a limited number of days for business, and vast interests requiring attention. They not unfrequently extend their deliberations into the Sabbath, when pressed at the close of the session. Why not anticipate such emergencies, give up a needless custom, let their wives and children, who are best fitted for it, perform the customary gratulations and rejoicings, and hold themselves to their responsible and pressing duties. Their own consciences, their constituents and the great interests of the country would thereby be better satisfied. What if our generals or other subordinate officials should leave their posts, for such frivolous pretensions, when important crises were at stake? Let our delinquent representatives answer.

To young men and women desirous of a thorough business education: we would call your attention to the advertisement of the Boston Mercantile Academy. It is highly approved and encouraged by many of the most influential merchants and business men of Boston.

Our Army Correspondence.

City Point, Va. Dec. 24, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—In my last communication I spoke of the Battle Field, and proposed to continue the subject in a future article, with some account of Hospital scenes. My notes being mislaid the subject was dropped; they now coming to light I resume it. I wrote of the battle field, its close, the burial of the dead; next come the sad and solemn duties of the Hospital. How cool and calm the operator proceeds to his task. How familiarly he examines a wound, extracts a ball, cuts off a limb and ties up an artery. How indifferently he says "take him away and bring up another one." How easily he steps over great puddles of thick blood. How handily with his foot he pushes out of the way an amputated leg or arm. "Hold him still, give him another dose of ether; he kicks so I can't keep the saw anywhere." "Hold on to him now, while I pull down this artery and tie it up, if not, he will bleed to death in five minutes more." "Give him more ether; he twitches so I can never get this flap of skin over the end of the bone so but the stitches will break out." "There, that will do; take away the sponge, and carry him off." "Come, fetch him along." He is laid upon a rough table—a young man, with beauty and intelligence, that grim war cannot efface. He has been struck in the knee by a minnie ball; it has passed upwards and out of the thigh, shivering the joint and severing some small arteries that cannot be closed or compressed. The wound is a mortal one, and skill can avail nothing. The patient revives, and is told his condition. O what a look of mournful and mute anguish he offers for a reversal of that crushing announcement; but a shake of the head gives him no hope. In his place is laid a bronzed faced and strong built man, who has been struck by an exploded shell upon the ankle; every bone in the joint is broken, his foot only hangs with threads of flesh; it is quickly removed, and the subject awakes and is startled no more at the loss of a foot, than that it should be done without pain.

Another is brought forward, who, while in the act of loading his gun, has been struck in the shoulder, the ball passing out upon the edge of the opposite blade. By carefully probing, the wound is found to be a smooth and clear cut, that if kept open and cool may heal. Another, in turn, is reached, with a frightful countenance that is in my memory still. The whole of the lower jaw back to the roots of the tongue has been torn asunder by a cannon ball, and hangs by rags of flesh resting upon the breast. No science can lengthen his few remaining hours; a blanket is spread over his head and soon he has passed from life to death.

Next a poor fellow, while loading a cannon, has been struck by a spent ball, with just force enough to break both legs between his ankle and knee. They are compound breaks, so bad that no setting or splinting can save them; almost as quick as I am writing it, they are both removed; he awakes to find himself legless. He does not grieve at the loss to himself, but sheds many tears at the thought of that wife and little ones dependent upon him for bread at home. The next subject, is a Capt. of Infantry, shot square through the lungs; at every breath the air gushes out of the opening, while internal bleeding is fast strangling him. Before he can be removed he dies, faintly whispering incoherent sounds of that gentle wife that is so soon to feel the hand of death. Another is presented, with his hand torn with the bursting of his own gun; the fingers are all gone, the thumb hangs by a muscle; his hand is taken off at the wrist, and he laughs that it has been done without pain. Next a Colonel of the 36—Reg., who had been in service but six weeks, six feet two inches tall, a full and noble built man, who, when he left home, took his wife and mother, one under each arm, raised them to his face, and kissed them without stooping. He was laid upon the table, one hand taken off at the wrist, one arm at the elbow, and one leg above the knee. After his limbs had been removed and while being dressed, he said his wife thought it "so grand to charge the enemy."

"What would she think to see me now, after this charge?" He continued, "I shall die, but to die for one's country is glory and gain." A young drummer boy, 15 years old, shot through both legs, was next presented. He was weak with the loss of blood; both legs had to be taken off; with a deathly smile on his soft cheek, he was removed, singing, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand." His lips quivered and death extinguished that youthful voice—his soul so young and gentle, went home to God who made it. Next a Cavalryman, with the side of his face laid bare and his left ear all gone by a saber cut; the hanging cheek is replaced and dressed, but the ear cannot be restored. He rallies and says, "I struck my saber through his rebel heart, and will do it to another soon." Let us pass over many, with small flesh wounds, that are soon dressed, until we come to an object covered with a blanket; the covering is removed, and the senses sickened to behold a mass of panting flesh, that nothing but a strong hold of life could give breath. An artilleryman has been struck sideways upon the chest and bowels by some sharp, swift missile, and the

whole outward covering of the vitals carried away. The heart and lungs can be seen working with sinking force; while we look, but for a moment, pulsation stops and another victim dies. We move along and come to the side of a delicate formed and fair skinned boy, of not more than seventeen summers; his hair is long and hangs in thick brown curls from a round head; his face shows no traces of a heart steeled to war and the vices of a long campaign. Great clots of blood, thick with dust and powder, cover one side of his young brow. Beneath the hair the scalp has been torn up, the skull broken, and the brain is now oozing out. All that is known of his injuries is from the mouth of a companion near by, who saw him in close struggle for life with two rebel infantrymen, he holding them at bay with the butt of his gun, after his last charge of powder was spent. While we were looking at him, his great heart, true in death as in life, for a moment brushed away the cloud that darkened reason, and his lips whispered, "Mother, I killed them, but others cut me down," and, as he raised his hand to his head, his eyes brightened with the mild glow of death, a smile covered his face, and the brave boy was gone—his early death a crushing witness in the great day of reckoning against the black crime of rebellion. R.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Editor of the Journal:

Your correspondent, "Justice," will be much relieved and pleased to hear that not a single thing complained of in his article last week is true. His remarks have reference to the Central Grammar School. There is no such rule as he speaks of in regard to tardiness, nor has there been. No child has been sent away as he states, nor has any child received a check for breathing.

It is true that a habit of tardiness is a very serious and growing evil in our Central Grammar School, an evil which every parent of a child in the school is interested to have abated. There were two hundred cases last term, and it may be confidently affirmed that the greater part of these were unnecessary. They were all the way from two minutes to an hour and a half, operating to the injury of the school, both in studies and discipline. I say this more particularly of the great number of unnecessary cases, for the children discriminate, and frequent instances of tardiness, without sufficient excuse, must inevitably let down the discipline of a school, thus tending to the injury of all the pupils.

Every parent will see that in so large a school—from a hundred and fifty to two hundred—there can be no such thing as discipline and progress without stringent rules, which will sometimes seem severe in particular instances. It is equally plain that it is quite impossible for the teacher to investigate every case. At the same time, the rule complained of does discriminate, and makes special provision for special cases. Moreover the rule does not require a child to be sent away from the school in any case, but permits the teacher, at his discretion, to send a child to the Parent or to a member of the Committee.

I feel quite sure that if the parents will visit the Central Grammar School, as they are hereby earnestly invited to do, and make themselves acquainted with the actual condition of things, they will be perfectly satisfied that the discipline is judicious and kind, and that the instruction, both by the Principal and his Assistants, is faithful and thorough, securing to their children advantages of a very high order, and claiming their hearty sympathy and co-operation for those who are laboring with good ability and earnest devotion to promote the great objects for which our public schools are maintained. Yours, &c., J. C. BODWELL.

Woburn, Dec. 29, 1864.

CHRISTMAS TREES.—The young folks of the Baptist Society of this town spent a delightful evening over their Christmas trees on Monday night. The large and small vestries were crowded with happy, expectant faces, and after the children had relieved the loaded tables of refreshments, the presents were distributed from two large & beautifully ornamented trees, the company having a merry time over some of the gifts, especially for the "old folks" who were very glad for the time being to be mustered into the regiment of children. The exercises were interspersed with some very fine singing, and after joining in a prayer of thanksgiving, the happy company broke up at a seasonable hour. During the evening the Pastor read the despatch from Sherman, received that day, making a Christmas gift of the city of Savannah to the Nation through their President, and asked them if they could accept it. It was accepted with three hearty, loyal cheers.

KEROSENE LAMP EXPLOSION.—The alarm of fire on Thursday afternoon was occasioned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp in the hands of a young lady, at the Central House, whose hands were badly burned.

ENIGMA.—My first is a kind of Butter. My second a kind of liquor (licker). My whole is something pertaining to fire-arms.

Ans.—Rumrod.

The second Lecture on England, by Rev. J. C. Bodwell, was delivered on Thursday evening. The large hall was filled to repletion, and seats had to be brought in to make room for the extra crowd. The lecture was very interesting. The subject of the next lecture will be the Church of England, and it will be delivered on Thursday evening of next week.

LYCEUM.—The fourth lecture of the course was delivered on Tuesday evening, and was well attended, and pronounced good by the literary multitude.

THIEVES BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.—On Christmas a party of rogues, male and female, called at the Central House in Woburn, on Christmas day, and while Dr. Lang, who was in the house, was taking tea, the party left, taking a valuable fur cap belonging to the Dr., which hung in the entry. Immediately upon its being missed the rascals were hotly pursued and overtaken in Medford, and compelled to return to this place, where they were kept until the next morning, when they were brought before Justice J. P. Converse, for trial, and were bound over to the next term of the Superior Court. The parties gave their names as John Leary, James Fenton, Josephine Smith and Mary Beck, all of whom belonged to Boston.

THAW.—The thaw seems to have been universal throughout the country and has greatly impaired the sleighing. The horse cars are again commencing operations in Boston, while in the southern part of this State and in Connecticut the teams have been transferred from runners to wheels. With us, however, the sleighing still remains; but of rather a poor quality.

A SOCIAL ASSEMBLY will be held at Lyceum Hall, Winchester, on Wednesday evening, January 11th, 1865. No pains has been spared to make it a first class dance, and it will give those who are fond of

Tripping a light fantastic toe, an opportunity to do so, on the grandest scale. Gates' full Quadrille Band will enliven the occasion with its sweetest strains. Tickets 3.00 dollars. Spectators admitted to the Gallery at 50 cents each. Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock. A competent person will be present to take charge of clothing. 2t

READING.

Merry Christmas passed off very pleasantly with us and was very generally observed by the several religious societies. The Universalist and Baptist Societies observed Saturday evening; the Old South and Bethesda Monday evening. There were many handsome and valuable presents bestowed upon friends, nearly every one present receiving something, in several instances that very agreeable and always acceptable article, money, and as your humble correspondent was one of the fortunate on this occasion he would thus publicly tender his grateful acknowledgments to the committee of Arrangements at the Old South Chapel. Circumstances not favoring my attendance to but one of these places of enjoyment, I will say a few words about that at the Chapel. Although the room was well filled last year at Christmas, the same room seemed quite too small this year, as there was a more general observance. To give a minute account of what transpired would take too much of my time and tax the patience of editor and compositor, always including the printer's devil. It was enough to do one good, who has a human heart, to behold such a sea of upturned faces as it was my privilege to witness on this occasion. There seemed to be a regiment of little faces, that sparkled like twinkling stars. Santa Claus found his way into the dense crowd, through a window, much to the amusement of the little ones, being especially pleased with the modern style of his costume, probably as it certainly exhibited much taste on the part of the ladies who prepared it. It was a model of a suit for such an occasion. Many mirth provoking presents were given away, as well as many of real value, the superintendent of the Sabbath School, Mr. Wallace, securing a very handsome one in a large gilt frame, which I am unable further to describe. The room was finely decorated with appropriate mottoes and devices, which lent a charm as one entered the room. The Rev. Mr. Barrows was made the recipient of seventy dollars.

At one of the festivals some misguided person was the author of a most contemptible act, that of presenting to a respectable young lady, a pig's tail. The fellow or person who did that ought to be made to subsist on raw hog the remainder of his days. LENO.

THE ATLANTIC for January, 1865, contains the following list of contents:—

Another Scene from the Dolliver Romance; The Wind over the Chimney; Between Europe and Asia; My Autumn Walk; Five Sisters Court at Christmas-Tide; Ice and Equinox; Leaves from an Officer's Journal; The American Metropolis; On Board the Seventy-Six; The Chimney Corner; God Save the Flag; Reviews and Literary Notices, &c. &c. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

The Continental Magazine is dead.

WINCHESTER.

CHRISTMAS TREE CONCERT.—The Annual Christmas Concert and Tree came off on Friday Evening of last week in the vestry of the Cong. Church. In connection with the singing a set of pictures or photographic views were exhibited by means of a lantern, under the direction of Mr. Adams, which added much to the entertainment. The views were mostly of foreign parts and prominent buildings, and objects of interest therein. A few comic pictures were interspersed, which afforded infinite delight to the children. The singing was very good, although the exhibition of the pictures rather interfered with it. Mr. J. C. Johnson who gets up this Concert every year, as a finale to the year's gratuitous instruction in singing to the children, aims to make it pleasant and agreeable to all. In this he succeeded this year as on previous ones to a remarkable degree. No one who is interested in children can fail to be benefited by such gatherings and be grateful for the opportunity afforded their children of coming together in this way. After the singing and exhibition, the presents, of which there were a great number, were distributed from the tree by Mr. Johnson and others.

The vestry was crowded with the parents and friends, who appeared to enjoy the scene and the occasion.

CHRISTMAS.—It is to be regretted that on the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour, the services in our churches in town should not be suited to the occasion. No matter if there is a difference of opinion as to the particular day when this event should be observed, the fact that throughout the Christian world on this day it is commemorated by thousands of professing Christians, together with its importance as a Christian standpoint, justify its observance by all denominations and that its return should be joyfully hailed and welcomed in festive strains and in words of good cheer. It is pleasant to see with every recurring year, more attention paid to the observance of this event, and that so many of the churches are decorated with evergreen, and appropriate services performed.

Surely no better opportunity is offered to the christian minister to present and enforce those great truths which our Saviour came to teach and exemplify in his life. EXCELSIOR.

PRIVATEERING.—In our vexation and annoyance at the injury which has been done to our commerce by the rebel privateers, many people are apt to imagine that in audacity and success they have never been equaled. But in these qualities they do not approach to the privateer heroes of our two wars with Great Britain.

One of the most remarkable of the privateersmen of the revolution was Commodore Whipple of Providence. His first cruise was a most remarkable one, and appears more like romance than reality. The prize money from his captures on his cruise amounted to more than a million of dollars. The most eccentric and daring of his exploits was performed in July, 1779, when he encountered the homeward-bound Jamaica fleet of nearly 150 sail, convoyed by a British seventy-four gun frigate and some smaller men-of-war. He concealed his own guns, hoisted British colors, and joined the fleet as one of their number. Thus he sailed in their company for several days, and each night he was busily occupied in making captures from them, one at a time being taken, manned with officers from his own vessel, and then steered to different points of the compass, so that by morning she was out of sight. In this way he captured ten richly laden vessels, eight of which arrived in American ports.—Salem Gazette.

HOW TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDSHIP FOR THE PAPER.—Subscribe and pay for it. Send your printing and advertising to the office. Help to make the paper interesting by sending items of local interest to the editor. Do not expect the editor to call attention to your business for nothing. Come forward promptly and pay the bills due to the office. If any of our readers consider any of these suggestions personal, we advise them to ease their conscience at once.

The above from the Freeport Journal is equally applicable in this locality.

The Richmond Whig of the 22d has a lengthy review of the resources of the Confederacy in fighting men. The number of white males between the ages of seventeen and fifty in 1860 was estimated at 1,431,356. After making account of losses by every means, and after all deductions, the present number subject to military duty is set down at 729,257. The resources at their command for replenishing their armies, which consists of youths passing annually from sixteen to seventeen years, is calculated at 62,467.

"Julia, can you tell me how Adam got out of Eden?" "Well, I s'pose he climbed ober de fence." "No, dat aint it." "Well, den, he borrowed a wheelbarrow and walked out." "No." "I gubs it up, den." "He got snaked out."

The value of the cotton captured at Savannah by Gen. Sherman will be from twelve to seventeen millions of dollars, according as either statement as to quantity may prove correct.

The Fenian Panic continues in Canada, many towns being in constant alarm, while rumors of assassinations, conspiracies, &c., are rife. Churches are used for drill-rooms and in some places the inhabitants are gathered for safety under a single roof, strongly guarded.

The suppression of the rebellion in China is not altogether favorable, so far as concerns the propagation of evangelical truth. From testimony lately received, it would appear that the people are returning with new zeal to the old idolatry which had received such heavy blows at the hands of the insurgents. Idolatrous temples are being rebuilt, and idol-services resumed.

Rev. B. F. Clark of North Chelmsford, has issued a pamphlet, in which he endeavors to show that the Maine Law, so called, is impracticable, and should give way to a stringent license law, like that urged upon the attention of the Legislature last winter.

The Lieutenant General of the United States army was walking on the dock at City Point, a day or two ago, apparently absorbed in thought, and with the inevitable cigar in his mouth, when a negro guard touched his arm, saying, "No smoking on the dock, sir." "Are these your orders," asked the general, looking up. "Yes sir," replied the negro, courteously, but decidedly. "Very good orders," said Grant, throwing his cigar into the water.

A minister who had been reproving one of his elders for over-indulgence, observed a cow go down to a stream, take a drink, and then turn away. "There," said he to his offending elder, "is an example for you; the cow has quenched its thirst, and has retired." "Yes," replied the elder, "that is very true. But suppose another cow had come to the other side of the stream, and had said, 'Here's to you,' there's no saying how long they might have gone on."

Advices from the blockading squadron off Galveston, state that during the week ending the 9th inst, six blockade runners were captured on the coast of Texas.

A cruel practical joke was that of Mr. Lowe, the "aeronaut" when in a recent ascent in the vicinity of Philadelphia, he dropped a straw image of a man from his balloon at a height of a mile and a half. The inhabitants of the region, who were of course eagerly watching the balloon, rushed from all quarters to the spot where the figure fell, and were doubtless greatly disappointed to find something less horrible than they expected.

Gen. Sherman in a recent letter says: "My idea is that every young and middle aged man ought to be proud of a chance to fight for the integrity of his country. I would like to see all trade and commerce absolutely cease until this conflict is over, and all who can fight and won't fight ought to be banished, and those who won't support those who do fight ought to be denationalized."

There yet languish in Rebel slaughter-pens of the Andersonville pattern fifty thousand of our Northern soldiers. Of the hundred thousand Rebel prisoners in comfortable and well-warmed barracks, those at Elmira, N. Y., receive ten cents a day for their labor in making their quarters more healthful and comfortable. Those at Point Lookout receive for similar labor whiskey and tobacco rations. To all, everywhere, vegetables are regularly issued, and to most blankets have been given.

SAVANNAH CAPTURED.—An official despatch from General Sherman dated Savannah, Dec. 22d, was received by the President on the 25th, announcing his occupation of that city, and the capture of 150 guns, plenty of ammunition, and about 25,000 bales of cotton. Another despatch from General Foster states that "Savannah was occupied on morning of the 21st inst. Gen. Hardee, anticipating the contemplated assault, escaped with the main body of his infantry and light artillery on the morning of the 20th, by crossing the river to Union Causeway, opposite the city. The rebel iron-clads were blown up, and the navy-yard was burned. All the rest of the city is intact and contains 20,000 citizens, quiet and well disposed. The captures include eight hundred prisoners, one hundred and fifty guns, thirteen locomotives in good order, one hundred and ninety cars, a large supply of ammunition and materials of war, three steamers and thirty-three thousand bales of cotton safely stored in warehouses. All these valuable fruits of an almost bloodless victory have been, like Atlanta, fairly won. I opened communication with the city with my steamer to-day, taking up what torpedoes we could see and passing safely over others. Arrangements are made to clear the channel of all obstructions."

Now that coal is so dear, we read with interest that Mr. Babinet, the distinguished scientific Frenchman, has announced to the French Institution his success in cooking without fire. He places his food in a black pot, covered with several panes of glass, and stands it in the sun. The water soon boils, and the food is said to be of a better flavor than that which is cooked in the ordinary way. But no sun, no dinner.

Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston read a paper before the Natural History Society, in which he announced the discovery of an inexhaustible locality of emery



In the middle of the State of Massachusetts, in the town of Chester, twenty-seven miles from Springfield. Practical trials of this emery by skilled workmen have proved that it is fully equal to the best London prepared emery from Naxos, and in the fairest trials it was found to excel that emery in the work it performed in grinding hardened sword blades, in the ratio of 20 to 15. The Chester emery after grinding 20 swords, was far from being used up, while never more than 15 blades had been ground by the wheels artised with the London emery.

A lawyer, somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of Irishmen looking at a six sided building which he occupied, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them thus:

"What do you stand there for, like a pair of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?"

"Faix," answered one of them. "I was thinkin' so, till the devil poked his head out the windy."

**Married**  
In Stoneham, Dec. 25, by Rev. Swift Byington, Mr. James Peyton to Mrs. Emily P. Farrington, all of Stoneham.  
In Winchester, Dec. 26th, by Rev. E. C. Towne, of Medford, Mr. Jacob C. Stanton, Jr., to Miss Sarah S. Symmes, both of Winchester. No cards.

**Died**  
In Woburn, Dec. 26, Mr. Moses Persons, aged 82 years, 4 mos. 3 days.  
In Woburn, Dec. 26, George Hollis, aged 3 years, 4 months.  
At Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 2, William M. Cobbett, of Woburn, attached to Co. M, 1st Mass. H. Artillery, aged 27 years, 11 days.

### Special Notices.

### NOTICE

#### To the Wives of Prisoners of War.

All those who wish to draw their husband's pay, while he is a prisoner, are requested to meet the Treasurer, at the State Aid Room, on MONDAY, the 2d day of January, at 4 o'clock, P. M.  
GAWIN R. GAGE, Treasurer.  
Dec. 30, 1864.

**MRS. CARLING** would respectfully inform the people of Woburn, that she has got a new sewing Machine, (Singers') and is prepared to do family work of all kinds. Her residence is near Horn Pond.  
dec31-3t

**LOST**—Between Woburn and Wilmington, an otter cuff, which the finder will please leave at the Journal Office. A suitable reward will be paid for its recovery.  
dec31

**TO OUR PATRONS**—We would remind our readers that this season of the year is a time when they are constantly liable to sudden coughs, influenza, sore throat, &c., while the children are in constant danger from croup, throat and lung complaints. It is important that every head of a family should provide a remedy that is ready at all times for immediate use, whether assailed at the dead hour of night, with the breaking out of a hard cold, and racking of a violent cough, or the children with that most dangerous of all diseases—croup—or at the midday hour, you should always be prepared. In **Coe's Cough Balsam**, you will find a ready and effectual remedy. It grapples and controls instantly the most stubborn coughs, while in croup it is a sovereign cure. The price is but forty cents per bottle—the bottles twice the size of any other at the same price. Delays are dangerous. You should always have it in the house. It can be found at all our drug stores.  
dec17-1m

### NOTICE.

The Stockholders of the Woburn Bank are hereby notified that a special meeting will be held at their BANKING ROOM, January 9th, 1865, at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M., to act upon the question of organizing and becoming an Association for Banking Purposes, under the laws of the United States, and to transact any and all business necessary for the accomplishment of the same.

Per order of the Directors.  
E. J. JENKS, CASHIER.  
Woburn, Dec. 24th, 1864. 2t\*

### PICTURES FOR THE PEOPLE!

#### DAVIS & Co.,

#### AT No. 2 WINTER STREET.

Are the Photographers of Boston. The elite of the city and country, daily through this establishment to procure pictures, which are executed here, either singly or in groups, in the finest style, and under their famous blue sky-light which adds such beauty to all their productions.

Card Photographs, \$3 per dozen.  
dec 24-2t

### WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY.

**FRANK B. DODGE**, Practical Watchmaker. Also dealer in CLOCKS, WATCHES, GOLD CHAINS, LOCKETS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, Fine Silver Plated Ware, "plated on genuine Albater," Silver Spoons, Butter, Fruit and Pie Knives, Napkin Rings, Coral Beads, Thermometers, &c.

Engraving to order. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired. VIOLIN STRINGS constantly on hand.  
dec 25

### MRS. HALE

Has a good assortment of

### YARNS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES,

— Also, —

BLUE, GRAY, RED, and

### FANCY FLANNELS,

LADIES & GENT'S SCARFS, DRESS BUTTONS, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!!

Round Combs, Back Combs, Waterfall Combs, Hair Brushes, Toilet Soaps, — ALSO —

### BREAKFAST SHAWLS,

SONTAGS, CLOUDS, HOODS! — AND —

### SKATING CAPS.

Also a nice line of

### DRESS GOODS!

Cheap for the Times!!  
dec31-3t

### PETROLEUM!!

**COLL J. TURNER,**

118 WATER STREET, NEW YORK,

Has for Sale

STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE

DIVIDEND PAYING

PETROLEUM

OIL COMPANIES.

Parties desirous of making investments in

These Money-making Schemes,

may rely upon his knowledge of the various Companies, and for his integrity and business qualifications, he is permitted to refer to the Editor of this paper, and to

**MESSRS. BANKER & CARPENTER,**

107 & 109 STATE STREET, Boston.

dec 31-3m

### Letters Remaining Unclaimed,

IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN.  
State of Massachusetts, 31st day of Dec. 1864.  
To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "unclaimed letters," give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Allen, E. G. McLaughlin, Daniel Mrs.  
Breslin, James Nicols, Abby Mrs.  
Brown, Allie C. G. Pany, Charles  
Lynch John Yates, Mary  
NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

Encourage trade in its legitimate Channels.

### Hovey's Balm

FOR THE

### HAIR.

Half a gross of this valuable preparation for sale by  
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.  
dec24

**CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.**  
AT  
C. S. ADKINS

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the Will of **BOWEN** (DECEASED), late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Esquire, deceased, testate, and have taken upon them selves that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to  
ALEXANDER BEAL, Executors.  
Boston, December 13, 1864. dec17-3t

### New Jewelry Store.

The undersigned having taken the Store on Main Street, 5d door South of Woodbury's Dry Goods Store, for the purpose of carrying on the

**JEWELRY BUSINESS**

in all its branches, hopes, from several years' experience in the business to merit a share of public patronage. In view of which he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles, &c.

Watches carefully Repaired and Adjusted. Clocks, Jewelry, and Fans repaired on short notice. Spectacle Glasses changed and reset. Door Plates, Badges, &c., &c., neatly Engraved. Old Gold and silver bought and taken in exchange.  
C. H. DANIELS.  
Woburn, Dec. 17, 1864.

### NEW GOODS

— FOR —

### CHRISTMAS

— AND —

### New Years.

CONSISTING OF

WATCHES, Clocks,

Jewelry, Silver Ware,

and Plated Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Butter Knives,

Pie Knives, &c.

—

### SPLENDID

### HOLIDAY GIFTS.

SPOONS, NAPKIN RINGS,

GOLD, PLATED, JET,

AND COMMON

BRACELETS,

THE NEW STYLES OF

LARGE BUCKLES,

Gold and Silver Thimbles,

Locketts, Gold Chains,

Gold, Silver and Steel-bowed

SPECTACLES,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

Diaries,

Pocket Books,

Thermometers,

Table Mats,

Pocket Knives,

Table Cutlery,

& c.

**F. B. DODGE.**

Woburn, Dec. 17th, 1864.

Boston Mercantile Academy,

228

Washington Street, corner Summer.

This Institution offers to Young Men and Ladies inducements for obtaining an

**Actual Business Education**

not excelled by any other in New England. The instructions are thorough and practical. The AC TUAL BUSINESS SYSTEM faithfully carried out.

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C. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Principal.  
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and Professor of Penmanship.  
sept24—eow6m

### MURRAH FOR CHRISTMAS!

### NEW STORE!

### NEW GOODS!

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!  
GOOD AS THE BEST!!

The undersigned, having taken the store on Main Street, 2d door South of Woodbury's Dry Goods Store, would inform the citizens of this place and vicinity, that he has as good a Stock of the very latest styles of

### JEWELRY

as can be found without the city of Boston, which he offers at as reasonable prices as can be given elsewhere.

Give us an early call, and examine our stock.

All goods purchased of me will be engraved, free of expense.

**C. H. DANIELS.**

Woburn, Dec. 17, 1864. 3t

Notice is hereby given that all persons holding demands against the Estate of Capt. J. I. RICHARDSON, are requested to present them forthwith.  
N. E. RICHARDSON, Administratrix.  
dec17-3t\*

**PERFUMERY.**  
LUBINS, JACQUES, WRIGHTS, PHALON'S, and EDEBRIUS' Popular Extracts for the handkerchief. Thirty different odors. For sale by  
W. C. BRIGHAM.  
sept 19

### DR. POLANDS.

### WHITE PINE COMPOUND!

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY

For Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore

Throat, Croup, and Whooping

Cough.

CURES GRAVEL

AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which has been recovered to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by druggists.

Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made as late as the spring of 1855, and then merely for one individual who was afflicted with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was called White Pine Compound. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1861, an individual who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint, of ten years' duration. This being truly a discovery, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the Compound would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine. The fortune has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including Diabetes, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it, or recommend it for such use.

But while the White Pine Compound is so useful in Kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation, that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator, where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a cure effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves, or "needles," of White Pine, contain a large quantity of a valuable medicine. The Indians employed the bark of the White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans. One instance confirming this may here be given:

James Cartier, a bold French mariner, as early as 1534, sailed along the northern coast of North America, and was first among discoverers to enter the River St. Lawrence. On his return down the river, he found his crew afflicted and disabled by what sailors call the scurvy. His ravages were fatal, and the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. Some of the Indians along the shore were likewise attacked by the same disease, but Cartier observed that they soon recovered. He therefore earnestly inquired about their mode of treatment, and they pointed out to him a tree, the bark and leaves of which they used in decoction, with signal success. Cartier tried the same remedy, and had the gratification of seeing all of his crew who were afflicted, rapidly improving. This Tree was the White Pine.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation, and cleaning all sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine bark are known to all who have used it. The value is one grand reason why the White Pine Compound was so favorably received at first.

It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine, that the people living where it is prepared, are high in its praise.

**TESTIMONIALS.**  
A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and, indeed, from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, says: "I find the White Pine Compound to be very effective, not only in colds and other pulmonary affections, also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes: "I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Rev. F. H. Sweetzer, of South Reading, writes: "Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and, in some cases of acute kidney difficulties, with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it constantly on hand."

Rev. H. D. Hoge, of West Randolph, Vt., who is also a physician, says: "I find the Compound an excellent medicine in kidney diseases."

Says Mr. S. Moody, of the 14th Regiment Massachusetts Heavy Artillery at Fort Mifflin: "The White Pine Compound effected a cure where a fellow was considered in a critical consumption by all who knew him. I can fully substantiate this by men in this company, who thought it folly for him to make a trial of it. In colds and coughs, men leave the service, and where treatment can be had for nothing, and try the White Pine Compound."

Col. Goodford, formerly Major of the 13th Reg't. M. V., (that Veteran Regiment) in a letter to S. Dean, Esq., of Stoneham, speaks in the highest praise of the White Pine Compound, and expresses a wish that it might be sent to the soldiers. His opinion is based on personal knowledge.

No effort has ever been made by the proprietor to introduce it into the Army; and yet it has often been purchased by friends of soldiers, to send in packages, and ordered by officers and soldiers, and large quantities have been forwarded by express.

**FROM JAMES J. HOYT.**  
Bradford, N. H., Sept. 1860.  
DR. POLAND—In the Fall of 1857, I took a very violent cold, which brought on a severe cough, and in a few days I was unable to do any work. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the Kidney Complaint. For the next six weeks, I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs choking up and raising an immense spout, with a bad cough, after raising a spout, I felt as if I were choked, and I was unable to do any work. The last spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was not at all established. I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest nights without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly five bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption: my father, mother, and two sisters having died of it.

**FROM STEPHEN BARTLETT.**  
Bradford, N. H., July, 1860.  
DR. POLAND—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of 18 years standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But two bottles of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and the Kidney Complaints.

I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours was badly afflicted with a cough, that she sat up only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only one bottle of your White Pine Compound, and it cured her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

**FROM B. F. Aiken.**  
Godstow, March 14, 1860.  
DR. POLAND—I wish to bear testimony to the value of your White Pine Compound. You will remember how I felt when I was called on in July last. My chief complaint was inflammation of the kidneys. In addition to other disagreeable symptoms, I suffered dreadfully from severe pain. You sold me a bottle of the White Pine Compound, and before I had taken two bottles of the contents of one bottle, my pain had all left me. Although I have been afflicted with that complaint a long time, I have not had a return of the contents of one bottle, my pain had all left me. Although I have been afflicted with that complaint a long time, I have not had a return of the contents of one bottle, my pain had all left me.

Many cases of DIABETES have been treated with the White Pine Compound, and the result has shown it to be a wonderful remedy in that so called incurable disease. Here is a sample—

MR. ASA GOODRICH, of Bow, N. H., was so prostrated by Diabetes, in March, 1859, that neither himself nor any one saw him thought he could possibly live through the month. As a last resort, he thought he would try the White Pine Compound. They procured a bottle for him, he began to take it, and, to the surprise of all, he immediately showed signs of amendment. Eleven months afterwards, (Feb. 26, 1860), in a full statement of his case, he says: "I believe Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, under God, has been the means of my recovery thus far."

**The White Pine Compound,**

**GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor,**

Will be manufactured in future at

**NEW ENGLAND BOTANICAL DEPOT**

**106 HANOVER ST., BOSTON,**

Under the supervision of

**REV. J. W. POLAND, M. D.**

DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed.

Sold by wholesale and retail dealers in medicine everywhere. Sent by mail.

For sale in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM.

### NEW YEAR'S

### GIFTS:

1865.

ELEGANT AND USEFUL GIFT BOOKS!!

AT THE

**WOBURN BOOKSTORE!**

A large assortment of

ANNUALS,

ALBUMS,

POETICAL WORKS,

BIBLES,

TESTAMENTS, &c.

### JUVENILE BOOKS!

Of all Descriptions.

**PORT FOLIOS,**

Paper Knives, Inkstands,

Card Cases, Ladies'

Writing Desks,

BACKGAMMON BOARDS,

DOMINOES,

GAMES,

PUZZLES,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

**1088.**

Woburn, Dec. 31, 1864.

Encourage trade in its legitimate Channels.

**SCHENK'S SYRUP,**

**SCHENK'S SEA WEED TONIC,**

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,**

**SCILLIAN HAIR RENEWER,**

**AYER's SARSAPARILLA,**

**Wistar's BALM Wild Cherry,**

**Poland's White Pine Compound,**

and all the popular Medicinal preparations of the day for sale at the lowest market rates by  
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

dec24

**"Quick Sales and Small Profits."**

### NEWELL STILES,

SUCCESSOR TO

**J. W. HAMMOND,**

**LYCEUM BUILDING, WOBURN,**

Dealer in CLOTHING for MEN and BOYS; Also, HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS & FURNISHING GOODS. A large assortment of first class goods constantly on hand.

**BOUGHT FOR CASH!**

and to be

**Sold for Cash ONLY!**

— AT —

**Prices that will Defy Competition!**

dec 24-3t

**Piano Forte Instruction.**

Miss JULIA A. SULLIVAN respectfully announces parents, guardians, and others who desire instruction upon the Piano Forte for their children or wards, that she is prepared to teach the instrument. She refers to Mrs. Dr. Ephraim Cutter, to whom application should be



